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and this bar stays *here* to give you *Extra Help* with the wash . . .

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FELS-NAPTHA SOAP—
THE GOLDEN BAR WITH
THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

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PICTORIAL REVIEW

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ARTHUR T. VANCE, *Editor*

William Paul Ahnelt
President and Publisher

VOL. XXX. No. 7

APRIL, 1929

THE LATE DONN BYRNE

HAIL AND FAREWELL!

WHEN the cables flashed the news from Ireland last Summer that Donn Byrne had been killed in a motor accident it seemed utterly impossible to believe the message.

Donn Byrne dead? That magic weaver of golden spells no more? That spinner of romantic tales, with his lilting laugh and his love of living things, no longer here with us? It couldn't be true. And yet, alas! it was, and is. Donn Byrne, the man who has been so often described as one of the chief glories of American literature, will write no more.

But, altho Donn Byrne has gone from human view, his spirit still dwells with us in the rich legacy he leaves behind. Surely no man can be said to be dead who has bequeathed to the world such works of imaginative beauty as "The Wind Bloweth," "Blind Raftery," "Hangman's House," and "Brother Saul."

It has been Pictorial Review's privilege to publish some of Donn Byrne's finest stories, and just a few months before he met with his fatal accident we received the completed manuscript of his new serial, called "Field of Honor." This story is the last of Donn Byrne's work that we shall ever be able to put before our readers. The author described it as the best serial he had ever written.

"Field of Honor" is a magnificent piece of writing, colorful, romantic, glowing in rich beauty, and vaster in conception than any of his previous novels. It begins next month in Pictorial Review, and will be completed in just three instalments after the May issue.

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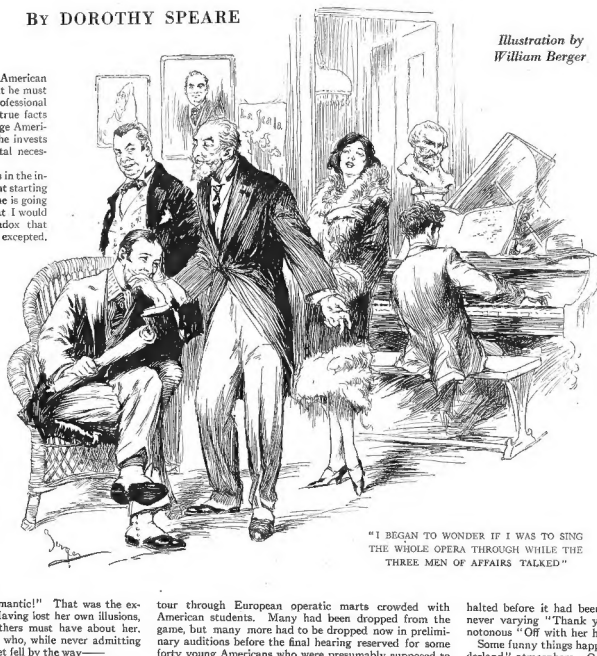
OFF WITH HER HEAD!

Here is the inside story of an American girl's début in Italy

BY DOROTHY SPEARE

Illustration by William Berger



"I BEGAN TO WONDER IF I WAS TO SING THE WHOLE OPERA THROUGH WHILE THE THREE MEN OF AFFAIRS TALKED"

I WISH that every young American singer who considers that he must go abroad to begin his professional career might learn the true facts of what happens to the average American singer in Europe before he invests the by no means small capital necessary for such a venture.

Of course the catch here lies in the inevitable fact that every student starting out on a career thinks that he is going to be the exception; and what I would have him know is the paradox that even the exceptions are not excepted.

Only yesterday I was talking with an American opera-singer who served a very long apprenticeship abroad before she was rewarded with a Metropolitan engagement.

"If I could have foreseen what I had to go through over there," she said, more than a little bitterly, "I would never have set foot out of New York. I could have gotten just as far here and not been permanently warped in the process!"

"I wish," I told her, "that you would be frank about it when you write your autobiography."

She shrugged her shoulders. "My dear, there is a certain illusion that singers have to keep up for their public. You don't seem to realize—I am La Cavallini, I mean Romance to the man on the street, and the truth of what happened to me would be far from romantic!" That was the exception who did succeed. Having lost her own illusions, she clings to the illusions others must have about her. And as for the rank and file, who, while never admitting they were the rank and file, yet fell by the way——

I witnessed a wholesale slaughter of these one hot Summer's day in Milan. The great American impresarios had come to town. It was the moment toward which every American singer had been working and waiting and hoping. This was the final test, which, if not passed, meant that the years of preparation and the fortunes of outlay had been made in vain.

In any other branch of art there could not be so sharp a division between success and failure. There is more room; there are more different standards. There is more than one academy for painters, and in each exhibition the work of hundreds is accepted. Writers have open to them a varied field of publishers, magazines, and periodicals. Actors have a wide range of producers and theaters wherein to try their luck.

But for this vast army of singers which throngs European capitals there is only one small outlet. The two great American opera-houses may each engage perhaps five new artists every year. The disparity between supply and demand is almost ludicrous.

When the great impresarios came to Milan they were confronted by hundreds of applicants for auditions, whose sales talk was generally identical.

"You heard me sing in Boston (or New York or Chicago). You told me to come to Italy for my experience. Here I am. When will you hear me?"

"They send you to Italy to get rid of you," I heard an American teacher once tell an ambitious student. "They think that once you get there you will be eliminated by the Italian operatic system and then they won't have to bother with you any more!"

Yes, many of those who had been sent to Italy by American impresarios were out of the running by the time those impresarios reached Milan on their disheartening tour through European operatic marts crowded with American students. Many had been dropped from the game, but many more had to be dropped now in preliminary auditions before the final hearing reserved for some forty young Americans who were presumably supposed to have a chance. Of these forty some few had letters of introduction from powers that could not be ignored. The others were those who could credit themselves with professional records in Italian opera-houses.

All sorts of prices had been paid for those Italian operatic records—mental, moral, physical, and in the majority of cases large sums of money to boot. Milan is crowded with haggard women of fifty waiting for some one to take their money and let them sing. A sad picture; but sadder still was the audition of those Americans who had reached the point of being allowed to sing in Italy.

THE hearing was strictly private. It took place behind guarded doors in one of the biggest opera-houses in Milan. As a decidedly contraband article, I had been stowed in the depths of one of the dark, empty boxes, with orders not to move forward or I would be seen. The owner of the opera-house had smuggled me in there. I was engaged to sing a season under his management, and when I meekly suggested to him that I might like to make an American audition he responded with the offer to hide me where I could hear what the American audition was like.

I could not see how many people down below formed the committee of choice, but I heard the names of at least two famous orchestra conductors, and I knew that my Italian director, the owner of the opera-house, was gloating over the honor of sitting with the great American impresario.

I was trembling with suspense over the ordeal that was before the singers who were herded back-stage like so many lambs waiting for the slaughter. The potentates were talking of other matters with a callousness that shocked me at first, before I understood. If they were not callous they would go mad. I myself nearly went mad that afternoon.

One by one the lambs drifted out on that vast, empty platform. By some freak of fate the piano had been left down in the orchestra-pit, an unexpected separation of instrumental support from the singer which worked tonal havoc in many cases. The one aria by which the candidate must stand or fall was announced. A ghostly (and off-key) chord came from somewhere below, and, frightened to death at the arrival of the supreme test of her career, the singer summoned all her forces to bring a melodious tone out of her palpitating body. Sometimes sound obeyed command; more often it wavered with the faltering breath of terror, and before it could recover, a voice from the front of the house would cut the aria in two: "Thank you very much!"

One dumb, agonized look that recognized the end of everything, and the victim would walk off the stage to make room for the next. From the detached isolation of my box it all resolved itself into a nightmare in which the committee below became the *Queen of Hearts* in "Alice in Wonderland," and each time a limping voice was halted before it had been allowed to finish its song, the never varying "Thank you very much!" became a monotonous "Off with her head!"

Some funny things happened that intensified the "Wonderland" atmosphere. One tall young tenor strutted out upon the platform in full evening dress—this being three o'clock of a blazing August afternoon.

"I will sing for you," he announced with exquisite condescension, "'Céleste Aïda,' from the opera 'Aïda.'"

So eager was he to spread his wares before the distinguished merchants out front that he leaped into his song one measure ahead of the accompanist. The accompanist, not to be done out of a note of her rightful share, plodded faithfully along a measure behind. Voice and piano resolved themselves into a duel, each determined not to yield one inch. The committee of selection, powerless to interrupt, heard them through to an end that was triumphantly thundered out in the same ratio as the beginning.

Most of the women who sang that afternoon were no longer young; so many years it takes to work up to an audition of this kind. I knew some of those women and I knew their histories, of how they had spent their youth wandering from Paris to Rome and Florence to Vienna in search of the perfect teacher who would somehow transform "the voice" (it is in this deceptively impersonal manner that a singer refers to his "organ"). Families, lovers, husbands, children, all had been forsworn for years of drab expatriation—the years that had led to this inexorable moment, when I saw self-revelation on more than one face.

The audition was soon over. Forty people were eliminated with a swiftness that was appalling when one considers how momentous that elimination was for them. Before I could realize that so many careers had been disposed of, the stage was empty and the frozen committee down below had begun to thaw out in a little general conversation which had nothing whatsoever to do with the

Continued on Page 81

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THE DELICIOUS NUT-BROWN WHEAT CEREAL

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FOR HER CHILDREN—AND OTHERS

The amazing record of a woman who knew how to meet emergencies

BY WEBB WALDRON

THE HEROINE OF THE STORY

THIS woman has toiled up the precipitous trails of New Mexico mining-camps. She has bumped in lumber-wagons over the corduroy roads of the Michigan backwoods. Climbed for days and weeks up and down the staircase streets of San Francisco. Tramped miles in the rain through the dreary streets of New Jersey and Ohio factory-towns. She has slept in lumber-camp bunks, in chair-cars rumbling over the hot desert, on the ground in camp in the high Sierras, and once on a billiard-table when a deluge drove her out of her bed in an Arizona mining-town.

She has been doing this for thirty years, going on foot, riding in trolley-cars and railroad-trains and motor-busses, thousands of miles in the backwoods and countrysides and Main Streets of America, ringing door-bells, making friendships, talking hundreds of thousands of persistent words.

What sort of woman is this? A physical phenomenon? A tall, gaunt superwoman? An iron-legged, hard-voiced Amazon? No. She is rather short of stature, plump, with a round, domestic face, and her voice, tho clear-cut, is soft and gentle.

Thirty years, and to-day she is still at it, as active, vigorous, and cheerful as ever. To-day she is past sixty. You would be astounded by that fact if you met her. There is such a glow of youth in her face and her laugh. But she is that—sixty-odd—and still at it. Selling—selling not a thing, but an idea.

One day thirty years ago this woman, the wife of a school-teacher in a small city in Michigan, received an important letter.

To understand why that letter was important we must know something of her and her family. There were five of them, the school-teacher, his wife, and three half-grown children, a boy and two girls, and the total income of that five was the school-teacher's salary of fifty dollars a month. You may say that is incredible. How could five people live on fifty dollars a month? Well, families did live on that, and perhaps on even less, in little towns in the Middle West thirty years ago.

This family, for instance, paid six dollars a month rent for a six-room house—a house with no running water, furnace, gas, or electricity, but as comfortable as the average in that town. Beefsteak was ten cents a pound, eggs ten cents a dozen. Still, it was a close and fearful struggle. The family was always on the brink of debt and sometimes over the brink. Butter was spread thin, trousers patched and repatched, socks darned till they were all darn.

Of course there was not a penny for savings; a doctor's bill of five or ten dollars was a calamity. Once the family had ventured on the buying of a home for one thousand dollars at the rate of ten dollars a month, but after two or three hundred had been paid in, sickness of one of the children forced a lapse of the payments; the home and all that had been paid on it were lost. The family went back to renting.

The father, this school-teacher, was a quiet, scholarly sort, a tall, thin, blue-eyed man with a genius for teaching and none for pushing himself. After twenty-five years of chalk-dust in villages and towns of lower Michigan he found himself at fifty shunted into a routine job in a grade-school under a woman principal ten years younger than he, and it didn't seem likely that he would ever go any further.

Summer vacations, those two long, worrisome months of no salary, he worked in the hay-fields or in the carrying gang at Wheeler's Shipyard, and his wife fixed a soft pad under his shirt to protect his shoulder from the sharp edges of the heavy oaken ship-timbers.

Wheeler's and Davidson's Shipyards made almost the only life of this town, West Bay City. Once the river-front had screamed with sawmills. But the white pine had vanished from southern Michigan; the mills were silent. The shipyards themselves were in a decline, for the wooden freighters which they fashioned were near the end of their era on the lakes. So West Bay City was a sleepy place.

Each year the struggle of this family grew sharper. The children were growing up and prices were going up. Once a boy's suit could be bought for five dollars; now it cost seven-fifty. A little girl's shoes had cost one dollar; now they were a dollar and a half. Anthracite had jumped from five dollars to six-fifty a ton. When the boy was twelve he got a paper-route, and Summers he worked in the beet-sugar fields and so earned at least his clothes. Nevertheless it seemed that a time might come soon when this family would run into disaster.

Then one day in Autumn came this letter.

The schoolmaster and his wife were members of an organization called the Maccabees, a fraternal insurance society that had meetings once every two weeks or so. Will, the school-teacher, was an officer in the local "Tent"; Allie, his wife, an officer in the "Hive." Now it happened that at one of the meetings the commander of the woman's branch was present from headquarters. This commander was so impressed with the way in which Allie handled the work of the meeting that she wrote her a letter. It was the offer of a job getting members in the north woods of Michigan. The salary was fifty dollars a month. Allie was to pay her own traveling expenses.

THERE was a family council. Allie was frightened. She had no business experience. Besides, how could she leave home? Who would cook the meals, bake the bread, take care of the house, wash and mend the clothes?

"Will," she said to her husband, "I can't possibly go."

"We'll get along, Allie," he answered. And he urged her to go. The family had never been separated. It would be hard indeed to get along without her, who was the center of its life. But perhaps Will, the school-teacher, had an uneasy insight into the future.

So Allie went off to headquarters in another city for a week or two of instruction in her duties, and then one morning she said good-by and set off on the early morning train northward. Her territory was a row of counties up the Lake Huron shore. Narrow-gage branch railroads curved through the cut-over lands to scattered settlements where spruce and hemlock were still being lumbered and sawed, and farmers were struggling to raise oats and rye among the stumps.

To the women of these settlements the schoolmaster's wife came with a new idea—life insurance for women. It was new, and to many women of that country there was something almost improper in the idea, tho Heaven knows why. It was all right for men to be insured. But women!—few had ever heard of such a thing.

Allie went shrewdly and cheerfully to her task. She would seek out the wife of the storekeeper or the butcher or the sawmill manager or the parson, introduce herself, and broach her idea. Perhaps she met rebuff half a dozen times before she made her first convert. But when she had made one convert, like a true missionary she used that convert to help her gain another. She had taken the job to earn money to protect her children, and her job was to persuade other mothers to insure themselves in order to protect their children. So she spoke with special personal fervor. Of course it happened that women with broods of children, who most needed insurance, often could least afford the cost.

"Oh, I couldn't take out as much as five hundred dollars insurance! How much would two hundred and fifty cost?"

"Forty cents a month."

"I'll have to ask my husband."

So it went. When after days of tramping and calling and persuading she had a little group of fifteen or twenty committed to the daring idea of protecting their husbands and children with policies of two hundred and fifty dollars or five hundred dollars, Allie organized the group into a "Hive." These "Hives," with their regular meetings, the ritual, their mingling of business and social activity, were a shrewd device to keep members interested in their insurance, and sometimes they were the first social units, the first common meeting-ground for the women of these little towns of the backwoods.

Meantime Will, the school-teacher, rose each morning at dawn, cooked breakfast for himself and the children, put up his lunch, and hustled off to school. Home again at five, he helped straighten up the house and get dinner. The children washed the dishes, the school-teacher went to his evening's job of correcting spelling or geography papers, and perhaps he wrote in his diary, "We baked bread to-day." "We" meant himself and eight-year-old Katherine.

Once every two or three weeks Allie, the mother of this motherless household, rushed down from the north by train on Friday night; on Saturday did a family wash, mended underclothes, stockings, and socks; perhaps canned a few dozen quarts of peaches, did some shopping, made out her reports; on Sunday went to church and Sunday-school, wrote twenty letters, and on Monday morning took the train back to the north woods again. What energy! She was a small, high-speed dynamo.

Sometimes, on her travels, she found board and room in a decent home; sometimes her only refuge was a "hotel" whose bed was so full of vermin that she sat in a chair all night with her feet drawn up under her and her suitcase hoisted on the table! And sometimes she was snowed up in a blizzard in a distant settlement and could not reach her family for weeks.

The twenty or twenty-five dollars which she saved every month out of her salary above her expenses kept that family from disaster that year, and the next, and the next.

In some families, where the struggle was as sharp as this, the boy would have left school at fourteen and gone to work in a grocery-store or a shingle-mill. Not in this family. The passion of this father and mother for education was such that for one of the children to lose a day of school unnecessarily was a crime and a disgrace. So the son was urged on through high school.

At the end of that he stood hesitant. Could he go to college? It seemed impossible.

"Yes," said his mother, "you shall go!"

That Summer he worked in the sugar-beet fields. With the money earned he set off to college, where he took care of a furnace for his room and paid his board on odd jobs and the ten dollars a month his mother, the school-teacher's

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DOES YOUR LEFT HAND KNOW WHAT YOUR RIGHT HAND HAS DONE?

By Ethel Watts Mumford

Drawing by A. D. Rahn

"THE HAND IS TELLING THE TRUTH. IT CAN'T HELP IT. IT CAN'T BE BRIBED OR THREATENED"

YOUR right hand may have done a great deal or a very little, but it will surely tell about it. By which I mean that your left hand shows the faults and qualities with which you are born, and your right hand reveals how they have been changed and modified by your mode of living. Not that both hands are the same at birth—far from it. The right hand will already be lined by individual tendencies. That is, of course, unless you happen to be left-handed. The more active hand will, naturally, be the one to show the modifications of activity. Until your hands are folded to move no more, they will continue to change and develop. They will go on telling the tale of your intimate self—your unconscious diary—and it's the operation of your will that controls and models your hands.

I am quite prepared for a smile. If grins could be broadcast, I have no doubt my radio would crackle with amusement, but, being quite sure that very few of you have really gone into this matter of palmistry carefully, and being quite certain that *I* have, I do not join in the universal smile, and my tongue is not in my cheek as you think it is.

What do I claim for palmistry? I claim that it is more accurate in its revelations of character and inner motivation than psychoanalysis and has the further advantage of being able to present an analysis at once, without "observations," tests, or any other third degree.

I claim that it goes further and deeper into the ego, because the subconscious mind has acted directly upon these surfaces in constant use, without the hindrance of the middle man—the conscious mind—and furthermore I claim that the hands also record what the personal will and conscious mind have accomplished in the way of modification—also what they will probably do in the future.

I claim that palmistry reveals to an amazing extent the kind of inheritance with which an individual is equipped to start with. Often, not always, I can tell whether a subject is dominated by the characteristic strain of either feminine or masculine inheritance. There are indications that point to the "throw-back"—diverging completely from the types of both father and mother, and finding the source of personality in some more remote ancestor.

I claim that the hand shows health conditions—so, you may say, does any portion of the body showing both muscular and bony structure—but I claim that with the eye in second place, the hands win as a means of diagnosis.

Of what use is palmistry? Oh—lots of use. If parents would only watch their children's hands they'd learn a great deal more about them than by asking questions or listening to the neighbors.

Tendencies unfold year by year and are clearly indicated; the hand will show exactly how far along the road to their future personalities they have already gone.

If every district attorney's office had a trained palmist, and the reformatories, and the pardon board, and Ellis Island, the workhouses and the parole board, they would all find this member of the staff exceedingly useful. If ever this happens a lot of questions that vex the community as to crime and criminals will be answered with clarifying results.

If the public schools had a visiting hand-reader the children could have courses of appropriate instruction assigned to them that would do them some good.

One of the saddest sights in the world is a square peg trying to make good in a round hole. Well, palmistry could very decidedly select holes for pegs before they were conscious of their own shape, or found it out by the painful process of being jammed into an unfitting spot.

Of course any one acting in such an advisory capacity ought to be a person of absolute integrity and great experience. The responsibilities are as great as those of a neurologist, pathologist, and general practising physician, combined with the attributes of a first-class confessor, the detective instincts of a psychoanalyst, and the selective intuition of an occupational functionary—we don't come that way, alas! Who's perfect? But it's worth while, isn't it, to study a science that can get to the root of individual conditions, that in the aggregate show national and world tendencies?

How does one go about studying a hand? Here are a few simple rules and explanations. "Try this on your piano"—so to speak.

There are, broadly speaking, only three or four types of hands, and their combinations are endless.

1. The primitive hand—coarse, unresponsive, thick-jointed, thickly skinned—the fingers may be broad at the tips, a shape that is called "spatulated," or square; never will you find them pointed. The owners of such hands are, unavoidably, creatures of animal impulse, incapable of assuming responsibility of a mental kind, tho they may show great loyalty and devotion. The nature of the few lines present in such a hand will show whether the disposition is amiable or the reverse. Deep, dark-red lines in a primitive hand will be warning of physical violence. The life line is apt to be long and clear. (It is that line that runs around the thumb, marking it off from the rest of the palm.) These simple souls are apt to live long because they can't worry much—they lack imagination and live from day to day—overindulgence is apt to be the basis of their bodily ills.

2. The artistic hand is long-fingered, pointed or cushioned at the tips, a square palm, long thumb, flexible joints, thin-skinned, apt to show mottled color. Such palms are usually a network of lines, for there is great complexity and high imagination.

3. The scientific-philosophic hand is bonier, thicker-skinned, less "squeezable."

4. The purely scientific hand has a long, thick, straight cushion instead of bumps along the top of the palm at the end of the fingers, even including the mount of personal ambition, which lives under the first finger just above the crotch of the thumb. The scientific mind thinks more of the task in hand than of any personal rewards to be gained therefrom. The palm will be noticeably square—"grasp," which shows at the base of the hand, and "vision," which is indicated by the well-balanced square of the top of the palm, and accentuated if the fingers are long.

5. The luxury-loving hand is very thin-skinned, very marked as to mounds or bumps, thick-padded, soft. Very demanding are these hands and, unless balanced by affection and some good mental indications, very dangerous, for these self-indulgent people are going to have their creature comforts, and they don't very much care how they get them either.

Now, then, remember that type governs in reading a hand. Your first question must be: "Which type does this hand incline to?" Then read line formations as governed by that type.

You see, for instance, a fine, clear head line in a luxury-loving hand would modify the reading amazingly. You may have brought an art connoisseur. If strong lines of art are present they will denote that the luxury-lovingness is only the natural reflection of a real talent for expressing beauty or emotion. A short head line in a scientific hand would mean specialization, while a short head line in the luxury-loving hand would mean brainlessness, laziness, and "all uncharitableness."

You must balance and adjust in reading a hand. Use your common sense. There are no such things as real contradictions. The hand is telling the truth. It can't help it. It can't be bribed or threatened. It is for you to deduce from apparent contradictions what the facts are. I recall an amusing incident which illustrates exactly what I mean.

I was reading the palm of a very skeptical lady who treated the whole matter as a pastime game—rather fun, of course—but equally, of course, fraudulent. She shrugged at my observations, and looked wisely indulgent at her friends. I was moved to give her something to think about.

"Ah," said I, "you are absolutely dotty about dogs." They all laughed.

"Go on," said her friend; "she is—she has kennels." This time she sneered openly.

"You can't tell me there's a dog-lover's line!"

"Of course not," I agreed. "But you have no maternal instinct and superabundant affection. You want lavish love and little or no responsibility. What's the answer? Dogs."

She hesitated at that, then she continued, "Well, then, why not horses?"

"Because," I told her, "you are lazy, you hate exertion, and you are not fond of the great open spaces where men are men."

"Um," she said, "I guess there is something in it after all."

There you have the way of balancing and arriving at conclusions that enable you to put two and two together and make a statement of fact which, of course, is not founded on any one line or mound or shape.

NOW, then, let's look at lines. There are four major ones. The life line which circles the thumb. I read it from the wrist upward. Long observation has convinced me that in both hands the lower part refers to conditions of childhood and youth. A clear, definite life line indicates healthy tendencies; breaks and irregularities will show bad physical conditions at the approximate time of their location. Often the life line is double. This is known as a "protection line," and means that no matter if physical conditions are adverse, there will always be time to take the matter well in hand before things have gone too far, or, in the case of accidents, they are either averted, or so much less serious than they might have been under the circumstances, that there is reason for congratulation. It is odd that this protection often appears in the hands of the most placid persons of uneventful health record. It seems to be a sort of insurance policy that may never be needed, but is, nevertheless, there in case of accident.

Lines that cut across the life line, coming from the outside, are always adverse. If the small lines cross from inside the life line (the cushion under the thumb-joint) it only means that the usual troubles incident to living will be shared with others. People whose small thumb cushion lines do *not* cross to the palm keep their troubles to themselves.

The fate line begins at the wrist, and to be an A 1 line it should finish at the root of either the second or third finger. This line concerns itself with material benefits—success either socially, professionally, or otherwise. Sometime

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If you play hostess to a family

...enlist the cheery aid of a floor that has no "don'ts"

Your living-room floor works many hours a day. It takes all kinds of punishment. But a damp cloth will keep it sparklingly bright if it's Armstrong's Accolac-Processed Linoleum. Spot-proof, stain-proof. The Armstrong Floor in this living-room is a rich Embossed Inlaid effect (No. 6600). The interlinens are actually pressed below the surface to give realistic texture. All the colors go clear through to the heavy burlap back.

Look for the CIRCLE A trade-mark on the burlap back

New De Luxe Marble No. 13030

No tell-tale spot, even when black ink spills on an Accolac-Processed Armstrong Floor.

New Embossed Inlaid No. 5216

FAMILIES are certainly hard on floors! And it's not always easy to play the part of hostess when tiny folks continually track in mud, when grown-ups carelessly let things spill and spot.

"Don't . . . don't! I've just cleaned the floor!" Sometimes you feel like *shouting* it. Vexing . . temper-ruffling. And, at that, not much protection for the poor old floor.

Just suppose for the moment that this living-room was in *your* home. Even if ink should accidentally spatter on the floor, it wouldn't cause you one bit of worry. For the floor you see is spot-proof, stain-proof. It's the new-type Armstrong's Linoleum, its surface sealed and protected by the dirt-resisting Accolac Process.

Ordinarily all the cleaning care this labor-saving floor needs is a quick dusting. Waxing and polishing, too, is now a quick, easy task. Even in kitchens or wherever floors may call for frequent washing, maintenance is simplified—just an occasional coat of Armstrong's Linoleum Lacquer quickly restores the satin-smooth luster. (Do not lacquer over wax.)

There are other worthwhile virtues to this Armstrong Floor—to any Armstrong Floor you will see at local furniture, department, or linoleum stores. Beauty to begin with—just the colors and designs you need to make any room color scheme come out right. Comfort—so springy underfoot and quiet, too. Warmth—no drafty cracks when cemented over builders' deadening felt. And permanence—a floor built-in to last as long as your house.

New Ideas . . . worth copying. A bookful of help and information on home decoration is yours if you write for Hazel Dell Brown's "New Ideas in Home Decoration." Tells how to create correct color schemes, how to make your floors part of your room picture. Offers you the author's personal service. Includes a "Decorator's Data Sheet." Just send 10c to cover cost of mailing. (Canada, 20c.) Address Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 916 President Avenue, Lancaster, Pa.

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for every room in the house

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Pies - 4 types. And a pastry short-cut

DEEP-DISH PRUNE TART

A Middle Western novelist is so fond of deep dish pie that he eats it with a soup spoon! Mothers may disapprove of the soup spoon but no member of the family will disagree with his choice of dessert. Bake it in a transparent dish and you can almost see the flavor before you taste it. Cover it with a Crisco crust and it becomes pie that is pie.

1¼ lbs. dried prunes
about 3 cups water
½ cup sugar
2 tablespoons shredded orange peeling

Wash prunes and just cover them with water and soak until puffed. Stew gently in same water with sugar and orange peeling, until swollen and plump. Remove pits. Place in Crisco deep pie dish (or individual deep dish). Pour in enough juice to fill the spaces between prunes. Place Crisco crust on top. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) for 15 minutes. (To serve a large pie, cut crust and spoon out the fruit as you would a pudding.)

FLAKIER PIE CRUST

with a time-saving suggestion

Crisco pie-crust is flakier, more tender—sweet-tasting, too, because Crisco itself tastes so sweet and fresh.

And because Crisco *stays* sweet, you can keep this pastry-dough, already mixed, in the ice-box for a week and bake a crust just when you need it. The thorough chilling will make the crust even flakier than usual.

2 cups pastry flour
⅔ cup Crisco
¾ teaspoon salt
6 to 8 tablespoons cold water

Sift flour and salt together. Cut Crisco in well with two knives until consistency of small peas. Add only enough water to hold mixture together. Roll ⅓ inch thick on floured board.

For baked shell, take half of recipe and cover inverted pie plate. Leave enough dough to fold back to make a firm edge. Prick well with fork to prevent bubbles. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 15 minutes.

For two-crust pie, bake 10 minutes at 450° F. then reduce heat to moderate (350° F.); bake until filling is done.

MATTY'S LEMON PIE

I call this Matty's lemon pie because a man from Missouri told me it was as good as that made by an old colored cook named Matty—and he once rode 10 miles on horseback and rowed a mile across the Missouri River just to eat her lemon pie. It's just sweet enough—with an overtone of fresh, piquant fruit, crowned with a pert meringue browned to a golden glow and served in a Crisco pastry shell, as crisp on the bottom as it is around the edge.

1 lemon, juice and grated rind
1 orange, juice and pulp
2 egg yolks, beaten light
2 tablespoons cornstarch
1 cup granulated sugar
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons Crisco
1½ cups water

Beat egg yolks light and stir in mixed dry ingredients. Add liquids, lemon rind and Crisco. Cook in double boiler until thick. Cool. Pour into baked shell. Cover with meringue (2 egg whites beaten stiff blended with 4 tablespoons granulated sugar and 1 teaspoon lemon juice). Brown in moderate oven (350° F.) for 15 minutes.

You taste milk. You test eggs. Now, taste Crisco-then any other shortening. Then you'll understand why Crisco's own sweet, fresh flavor so improves the flavor of your

CRISS-CROSS APPLE PIE

Up in the Kentucky hills is an old hotel famous for its pies. Every day the menu lists three kinds: "open, criss-cross and covered—all apple."

The criss-cross pie was so different and so good that I brought the recipe home. The pie crust, of course, was Crisco crust. For while their ice supply was uncertain, their pie crusts couldn't be. They knew that Crisco always stood for sweetness and freshness in shortening (and in pie crust) no matter where the thermometer stood.

6 large apples sliced thin
½ cup granulated sugar
½ cup brown sugar
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon nutmeg
1 tablespoon flour
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons Crisco

Line pie-plate with pastry. Brush with melted Crisco to prevent soaking. Place a layer of apples in crust, sprinkle with part of mixture of dry ingredients. Dot with bits of Crisco. Proceed with similar layers until crust is filled, ending with sugar mixture and Crisco on top. Cover with narrow pastry strips to form lattice work. Moisten ends of latticed pastry first so they'll stick to lower crust. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 10 minutes, then reduce heat to moderate (350° F.) and bake until filling is done.

ALL MEASUREMENTS LEVEL: Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

CANADIAN PINEAPPLE PIE

Between the crusts of this pie is a story that dates back to olden days when sailing vessels plied the seas from England to the Indies and brought home silks, spices and the rare, exotic fruit—pineapple.

"So expensive it was," says the originator of this recipe, "that it was served only to guests one wished to honor. And thus it became the symbol of hospitality: beds in the guest rooms had pineapples carved on the posts and some houses bore the symbol above their doorways. That is why, centuries later, pineapple pie is our company pie." And how good it is in a crust made with Crisco—a shortening that actually tastes sweet and fresh itself!

1¼ cups grated canned pineapple
¾ cup pineapple juice
¼ cup orange juice
1 teaspoon lemon juice
2 tablespoons Crisco
2 egg yolks beaten light
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ cup sugar
2 tablespoons flour

Mix flour, salt and sugar. Add to beaten egg yolks. Add fruit juices to this mixture and cook until thick in double boiler. Remove from fire and add grated pineapple and Crisco. Line pie-plate with Crisco pastry. Brush with melted Crisco to prevent soaking. Pour in the filling. Moisten edges of crust with water. Cover with pastry; bake 10 minutes in hot oven (450° F.). Reduce heat to moderate (350° F.); bake 25 minutes.

Free! 12 dozen Time-saving Recipes

Here are 144 recipes for dishes that are simple and easy to prepare—recipes with ingenious little wrinkles that cut time in the kitchen and save labor. In no case has the deliciousness of the food been sacrificed in the cause of easy preparation. Busy mothers and business housewives will find these recipes invaluable. Free: simply fill in and mail the coupon at right.

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Winifred S. Carter (Dept. XR-49), P. O. Box 1801, Cincinnati, O.

Please send me free the cook book, "12 Dozen Time-Saving Recipes."

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Drawing by E. F. Ward

"AND MANY MORE BELIEVED ON HIM WHEN HE ROLLED THE STONE AWAY AND WALKED AMONG HIS PEOPLE"

A LETTER FROM PONTIUS PILATE'S WIFE

Rewritten by Catherine Van Dyke

EDITOR'S NOTE

This is rewritten from an old traditional manuscript first found in a monastery at Bruges, where it had lain for centuries. When Madame de Maintenon became consort of Louis XIV. of France she had this letter read every Good Friday before the court assembled at Versailles. In some of the older communities of Europe its reading follows the washing of the feet of the poor on Good Friday, in remembrance of Christ's washing the feet of His disciples. A copy of the original letter was also found among the private papers of the late Czarina of Russia, and was given by her in trust to a friend to keep until the Czarina expected to return from the fateful last journey to Tsarskoe Selo.

YOU ask me, dear and faithful friend, for an account of some of the rumors which have already reached you concerning Pontius and myself, and you appear frightened at the mystery by which we are enveloped. Read this, my scroll, and give to me, at least, an understanding, for, O Fulvia, I am the wife of the man who condemned Jesus Christ to death.

If even here in this little Gallic mountain town where Pontius and I have been driven, he by remorse, I by the scorn of Rome as well as that of Jerusalem—if even here children slink away from us, and women draw their veils closer, let me believe that somewhere some woman will understand, even as she the mother of Jesus would have understood.

But first remember my childhood in Narbonne. You will recall that I had scarcely completed my fifteenth year when I was betrothed to Pontius, then holding an honorable position in Illyria. I had never seen Pontius before my marriage feast, nor did I know any love, nor how that flame may burn within the human breast. Pontius somewhat praised my beauty, and I know he esteemed my wealth, for he was ambitious. Love he held a weakness fit only for women, for Pontius was a philosopher.

Altho the flute-players pleaded all night before my bridal chamber, they did not know I lay alone, for Pontius had put me from him, saying, "I seek truth, the truth of life." Often he would rise from his library, closeted with his scribes, and poise, against the dawn and my empty arms, the question, "What is truth?" Thus five years passed before I became wife enough to be a mother. Then I lived a new life in the rapture of my child.

But, Fulvia, only love can beget love and its perfect image. My son, Pilo, so beautiful, so bright in his smile that the very slaves looked up when he passed, my son had a withered foot. But soon he learned to walk with a very little crutch. Pontius was divided between his chagrin in a son who could not be a soldier and pride that he yet had an heir to his name, old as Rome itself.

Now ambition stirred in him the politician. Cæsar's favor named him Consul of Judea, a step toward Egypt. Thus we came to Jerusalem. None of all the vast lands that paid tribute to Rome was more beautiful than these purple hills folding back into the yellow sands. Roses and scented myrtle trailed to every roof-top, while the palms, lovelier even than those at Delos, waved above gnarled gray

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"AT LAST, IN A FANFARE OF TRUMPETS, THE LIGHTS WENT UP, THE MASKS WERE REMOVED. ANY ONE MIGHT DANCE"

THE PATIO OF THE RED ROSE

BY MARGARET BELLE HOUSTON

Illustrations by R. F. James

CHLOÉ had just closed the big gates and gone into the house when the gate-bell rang. The gate-bell rang by means of a chain that hung through the iron lace-work of the gates. Its tinkle sounded behind the fig-trees at the back of the patio. The merest touch on the chain made a tinkle, so sensitive was the gate-bell. And Chloé could always tell who touched it, whether it was a friend, or Ramon with his band of tourists, or a stranger come to inquire about rooms.

Ramon always arrived at about three in the afternoon, directly after siesta. It was not always easy to rouse one-self and open the heavy gates; sometimes one was tired and the day was hot. But there were not many of the old houses that admitted strangers; and what is a visit to New Orleans without the glimpse of a patio in the Vieux Carré?

So Ramon, presuming on old friendship, made daily profit from Chloé's patio. Ramon's touch on the bell Chloé knew best of all. It was confident, debonair, as if he were saying to his tourists, "Here is where I am very much at home." And Chloé, having opened the gates, the tourists would flutter into that cool enclosure, where rain and years had dyed the flagstones in the colors of ripe fruit, and where the oleanders and the cactus-flowers, the pomegranates and the Cape jasmines, seemed still a little shy before visitors.

"The Patio of the Red Rose," Ramon would say, point-ing to the fountain in the center, where a broken Naiad stood amid a tide of roses. "The Patio of the Red Rose."

And the tourists would all look at Chloé.

Ramon would lead them out by way of Hester's studio, which was the room that had been the parlor of the house, the great front room, flush with the sidewalk. Here Hester would receive them rather gruffly, her smock, and prob-ably her nose, all over paint. And the tourists would some-times buy a picture or two, the chance of which was Hester's only reason for letting Ramon tramp with them through her studio. Then out they would go, through one of Hester's door-like windows, into the Vieux Carré again.

When the bell rang this afternoon Chloé knew that it was not Ramon. She knew, moreover, that it was not merely a friend. The sound came again, gentle but im-perative.

Chloé flew back across the patio. Creak. The key turned in the lock. Creak. The big iron gates swung open.

And there stood a man taking off his hat.

Young. Very young. And blond. His bare head was quite gold in the sun. He was husky-looking and tall. His eyes smiled—oh, quite politely.

He had no doubt come to inquire about rooms, and there was no room left. If only he had appeared the day before she would have given him the one the "foreigners" had taken. She was uneasy about the "foreigners."

The stranger was standing still, his hat in his hand. Twice, very casually, he had rung the bell, and now the gates had opened on a dim old courtyard, and a girl with a face like a star jasmine and midnight eyes.

"Is this 16 San Saba Street?" he asked.

"Yess."

"I should like to see Juan Gildez or Tony Monterey."

He was asking for the "foreigners."

"They went out," Chloé informed him. "They have not return."

She spoke slowly, her red mouth forming the words with apparent care.

"No matter," said the stranger. "I think I know where to find them."

He was looking into the patio, and Chloé stepped aside as she always did for Ramon and the tourists. The stranger accepted the movement as an invitation. He entered, looking at the fruit-colored flagstones, the dead fountain, the roses and oleanders.

"Restful," he said. "Isn't it?"

Chloé lifted a shoulder slightly.

"You are used to it, is that it?"

"Oh, yess. Always."

There seemed nothing more to say. At an abrupt sound of hammering the stranger turned.

"What's that?" he asked.

"Noboddie but old Pierre. He frame the paintings."

She led the way to Hester's studio. Hester was not there. Hester was out in the Vieux Carré, painting pictures of doorways and courtyards. She had come from the North, but she had caught the spirit of the old French Quarter as no native had done. The stranger looked about him at Hester's doorways and courtyards.

"You know," said the stranger, "it means a good deal to see the inside of one of these old French houses. Most of them are sealed up to strangers."

Chloé nodded. "My *grand'mère*," she confided, "keep' the house closed. But I open him. And I rent rooms."

"That's fine. I'm in New Orleans only for the day. I wish I were going to stay. I'd get you to put me up."

Silence, except for Pierre's hammering.

"Any of these for sale?" asked the stranger.

"Oh, but yess. That is why they are painted."

He stopped before Hester's masterpiece, the old "Ca-bildo," seen through rain.

"How about this one?" he asked.

HESTER had never put a price on the "Cabildo." But one could compute the price by the size, adding a bit because it was its creator's favorite. Chloé decided it was worth sixty dollars. The stranger counted out the money in fresh yellow bills. He said he would wait while Pierre boxed the picture to be shipped. He and Chloé sat down on Hester's sofa.

"You don't like New Orleans 'nough to stay?" sug-gested Chloé.

"Like it? I'm crazy about it. Only I came to take my boat, and it leaves at daybreak. I'm going around the world."

Chloé's black eyes grew big and dreamy.

"I'll be back in a year," he added.

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Pierre announced that the picture was boxed. Would m'sieu' like anything written on it? Pierre was very proud of his print-like hand. M'sieu' stood beside Pierre's bench and dictated an address. He decided after all he would leave the box to be shipped. He didn't know, of course, how careless Pierre was about things like that.

"Good-by," he said to Chloé as they stood by the open gate. "I'll be back next October. Even if I land at Seattle I mean to pass through New Orleans."

"I am glad you like him."

"I do. And this old French Quarter, I want to visit it longer."

"That will be nice."

"Well—good-by."

"Good-by."

He had gone. The gate-bell had rung portentously, and all he had done was buy Hester's "Cabildo" and go, to return in a year—perhaps.

"YE GODS!" shouted Hester, who had come in by way of her own window. "The 'Cabildo's' gone! Somebody's stolen the 'Cabildo'!

Chloé left the gate open and stepped into the studio. The bills were still in her hand.

"I sell the 'Cabildo,'" she said.

"You *sold* it?"

"*Mais, oui.* You tell me always sell them when I have chance. Here is yo' money."

Oh, well. Hester counted the money, brought a painting of the "Old Absinth House," and hung it where the "Cabildo" had been. Chloé stepped into Pierre's workshop, got the boxed picture, and took it out. She would ship it herself.

In the patio she met the "foreigners" and told them that a gentleman had called.

"*Robusto?*" they inquired of her. "*Muy blondo?*"

"Yess."

They looked annoyed. Then they went up the stairs leading from the patio to the balcony that ran along the upper rooms. Presently they came down again and went out.

Chloé closed the gate and went to her room, which was just below that of the foreign gentlemen. It had been the dining-room of the house. Chloé had reserved that and the kitchen for herself. Next to her was Pierre and his hammering, and over Pierre was an actor. Over Hester, on the front, was a sculptress, and over the kitchen a poet. Whenever Chloé made gumbo he seemed to know, and would come and sit on the patio stairs and chat with her. Presently Chloé would bring him a bowl of gumbo. He would demur, but he would eat it every bit. And Chloé would forgive him his arrears of rent.

"You are an inspiration," he would say. And Chloé would know he meant her gumbo. She liked people to enjoy the gumbo. Conchita had taught her to make it—old black Conchita, who had gone the way of all the other treasures of 16 San Saba Street.

Chloé Lapelleterie had nothing now but that crumbling old stucco house where the dark-eyed former women of her name had peeped at the world from behind grilled windows, or tripped in dainty slippers through the fountain-cooled patio to their carriages. Ladies with jewels on their frail, dusky hands, and little black boys to fan them when they took siestas.

For Chloé there were no black boys at all, except fat Ganymede, whose mother did the heavy washing, and whom sometimes she called in to scrub the patio or drop the crabs in the hot water.

Ah, well, most of the Vieux Carré had parted with its treasures. Look at Ramon there, a mere guide about the Quarter. Not that anything could prevent Ramon's being the last of the de la Vegas. No more than renting rooms and scouring the heavy black gumbo-pot could prevent Chloé from being the last of the Lapelleteries. You couldn't get around things like that. Chop off her head, and the Queen of France would still be the Queen of France.

Chloé supposed she would marry Ramon one day. *Grand'mère* had proposed it more than once. Moreover, Ramon was not bad to look at, with his slim figure and black, long-lashed eyes. The girl tourists were always flirting with him. Not that tourists counted—very ignorant people, most of them.

Grand'mère had rather depended on her marrying Ramon, and *grand'mère* had been very kind, taking care of Chloé till *grand'mère* herself had gone. They had had just one roomer in *grand'mère's* time; that was Hester in the big front room. After *grand'mère* died Hester brought other roomers. One had less of worry now, and needn't go on selling the old rosewood and the silver. But it kept one jumping, this making of beds and washing of windows, and running up and down the stairs. And often one did not feel like jumping. One felt like lying in the hammock under the lemon-tree, or dancing perhaps, or singing to Ramon's guitar.

As, for instance, now—this morning—Chloé felt like doing nothing but hunt the big atlas one of the roomers had left behind. And hunt it she did, finding it at last behind the kitchen stove. She took it into the patio, and, sitting on the flat rim of the fountain, turned to the map of the two hemispheres.

The poet came and sat on the stairs.

"Isn't this Thursday?" he asked.

Chloé nodded as she crossed the Atlantic.

"Not making gumbo? You always make gumbo on Thursday. Aren't you to-day?"

Chloé gave up her trip around the world.

"Yess," she said. "Come do the crabs."

Ramon serenaded her that night. It was not easy to serenade Chloé, for Chloé's window and door looked only upon the locked patio. Ramon had to go into the court-yard next door and play his guitar at a crack in the wall behind the fig-trees.

But Chloé heard. In the big four-poster, under the voluminous mosquito-bar, Chloé heard. She didn't feel like listening to-night. There came a sudden downpour of rain, and Ramon's music abruptly ceased. Chloé turned over and fell asleep.

She awoke, sitting upright. Something was happening up-stairs in the "foreigners'" room. Shuffling, bumping, pounding, jumping—now here, now there, with the plaster beginning to fall. Now it was on the balcony outside, and now a sharp, splintering sound as if the rail had broken, and now a thud. Something had fallen into the patio.

A stark silence while Chloé sat in her bed, her heart thick in her throat. Then steps again, back in the room, fleeing steps down the stairs; a creak of the gate's unlocking. Silence. Were they still there? What was it?

Then Chloé remembered. Hester and the sculptress had gone with the actor to a Hallowe'en party up-town. Pierre was in his shop only in the daytime. If the poet was not in his room she was alone. She was alone with the thing lying in the patio.

She slipped from the bed, fumbled in the dark for slippers, robe; stole to the door and opened it. The patio lamp burned dimly beyond the fountain.

Then suddenly in a lightning-flash she saw it, rolled and twisted, lying among the cactus-bushes not twelve feet from her door. It was lying so still that Chloé ran to it fearlessly, kneeling down beside it on the pools of the flagstones.

She jumped back. The gate had creaked. A man was closing the gate, coming toward her. Another flash showed her that it was the poet. Chloé felt herself beginning to cry. Her hands were wet. She had thought it was with rain, but it was a dark wetness, and warm.

"What's this?" said the poet. "What's all this?"

"Help me," commanded Chloé, "he fall—from there."

"Well, for— Where do you want him?"

She pointed to her room. It was the nearest place. They laid him in the big four-poster bed.

"And now," said Chloé, "go for a doctor."

It was not until she had lighted the lamp and brought it over to the bed that she knew who the crumpled figure was.

AT DAWN the brisk little doctor rose from the chair beside the bed and said to Chloé in French:

"He will be all right. He fell in the cactus. He will not like the feel of his head when he wakes up, but tell him he might have broken his neck."

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"ANOTHER FLASH SHOWED HER THAT IT WAS THE POET. 'HELP ME,' COMMANDED CHLOÉ. 'HE FALL'"

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The fortunes of Peter Clos, who started life as a vagabond

BY
RUSSELL DAVENPORT

Illustrations by Fortunino Matania

PART TWO

THE GENTLEMAN KING

SYNOPSIS: When Peter was fifteen he ran away from his foster-home because Mother Clos had died and blacksmith Clos, her husband, beat him unbearably. Peter knew that he was an orphan and that the mysterious letter which he always carried with him would reveal his identity. But he could neither read nor write—a common circumstance among the peasants of France in the sixteenth century when Francis I. was King.

So he set out, with his donkey, to learn his letters from his betters and chanced upon the kindly curé of Ardente, Father Gaspard, who took him into his home and gave him an education in return for Peter's services in the simple household. But Father Gaspard taught poor Peter French and the letter was written in English.

Some three years later, when Peter was working in the curé's garden, the magnificent Count Duprès, the seigneur of the castle on the hillside, rode by. Knowing Father Gaspard as a worthy priest and Peter as a likely young fellow, the seigneur summoned Peter to the castle to fence with his son Philippe. The seigneur said that Peter must learn to handle the sword and so serve the seigneur's family.

Philippe was about the same age as Peter, but he had a sister named Renée, who was somewhat younger. She was very beautiful, and Peter fell in love with her as he gradually became an expert fencer. But he was wise enough to allow Monsieur Philippe always to defeat him, until one day Peter accidentally stabbed the young nobleman. Knowing that a poor peasant had no chance for vindication in the community—especially as Monsieur Philippe was a braggart and a coward Peter borrowed a horse from the count's stables and galloped off to safety. And with him he carried a jeweled sword, which Monsieur Philippe once had given him, and his mysterious letter.

For some time Peter served as a horse-boy in a country inn and took his daily dose of cuffs and curses, but he held always in his mind that he must learn the English language and keep secret his precious document. One day he turned upon the landlord, who had abused him once too often, and knocked the fellow down. A huge outcry arose from the other retainers, who were about to set upon Peter and destroy him, when a bold horseman dashed up and offered Peter his stirrup, and off they rode together.

And as they rode the stranger took note of Peter's good appearance and offered him refuge with his own retinue, which Peter gladly accepted. But it turned out that the stranger was a robber-baron who inhabited a mountain fastness with a great band of thieves. Peter was led blindfolded up the trail and made one of their number. But he was not allowed to accompany them on their raids because he had never shot down in cold blood any of their unransomed prisoners.

So Peter played the clown for the outlaws, and all the while he sought a secret means of escape. Finally he discovered a hidden trail down the mountainside and laid his plans accordingly. But still he kept safe his mysterious letter. When would he ever be able to decipher it or trust another to translate it for him? His next adventure is to outwit the baron and elude the band of outlaws.

PART TWO

AND so the outlaws lived through the Winter of 1525, a weird, even mutilated band of good-for-nothings. And it was already near Easter when their retreat was suddenly invaded by a stream of messengers, arriving two or three a day, to hold hurried conference with the baron. It had been a prosperous Winter for the robbers.

Since the shooting of Jean Sendrecy every one of eight captives had paid his ransom. Consequently Peter was not yet a rider. He felt deserted as he watched the brigands preparing for the expedition which these messengers seemed to be arranging. He wandered about with his hands in his pockets, grinning but unhappy. Many of the men were grumbling. A few fat burghers would not be missed, but to prey upon the armed nobility was to take brigandage seriously. Yet the men either did not know or would not tell Peter the name of the baron's intended victim.

HAVING passed the stage of débutante at court, Renée's immediate problem was that of marriage. This was a cold-blooded affair in the old régime. A girl's husband was apt to be chosen for her by the state; in fact, should the King and his council have taken no interest in the matter Renée would have felt insulted.

In her case the difficulty was not the lack of suitors. Offers for her hand had come in from all parts of France, not only because of her father's wealth and power at court, but also because of her beauty, which was becoming legendary. For some time one of the Bourbon princes had been talked of, in the hope that such a marriage would reconcile the severed houses of Bourbon and Valois. But Renée and Philippe had a slight claim to the small duchy of Savona in Italy, and it was thought dangerous to put such a claim in the hands of the Bourbon family.

Accordingly Louise de Savoie, the queen mother, suggested Jean Joseph de Savoie, her own first cousin, as a [illegible] match for the heiress of Duprès. This man was

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"SWORDS CLASHED AT HER WINDOW. PISTOLS WERE FIRED. THEN SHE HEARD THE LEADER CRY, 'YIELD UP, DUPRÈS! I'VE GOT YOU NOW!'"

handsome and had all the dash of the Savoyard princes. The fact that he was poor was compensated for by his close relationship to the French throne. Renée had never seen him, but was favorably impressed by the gossip about him at court. The Count Duprès was eager to please the queen mother. And so it was decided.

It was a long journey from Blois to Savoy. Prince Jean Joseph was involved in local feuds and could not come to France. The Duprès family, anxious to have the match consummated as soon as possible, decided to journey to Savoy in force and to hold the marriage at Turin. There were about fifty in the party, thirty of whom were cavaliers in full armor. They had been on the road ten days.

Dusk gathered as Renée looked out of the window of her litter admiring a long blue ridge of mountains on her left, with white cliffs rising into the sky. Somehow those cliffs made her wonder about her future, far away from Ardente, beside a husband whom she had never seen.

But her reverie was broken by a loud commotion ahead. Swords clashed almost at her window. Pistols were fired. She heard her father cry, "You? Riancourt!" And then the harsh voice of the leader of the attack, "Yield up! Yield up, Duprès! I've got you now!"

About half past nine that night Peter, who had just gone to bed, was wakened by a tumult around the castle. Hungry horses were neighing, excited men shouting. Great fires had been built on the grounds in front of the castle. Peter ran out into their light. He noted that many of the brigands were wounded. They were loaded with booty and they had captured several horses. They had also four prisoners. Peter was surprized to see that one of them was a woman. Supposing now he should be asked to earn his freedom by shooting a woman, Peter went closer. One long horrified look assured him that it was Renée! And her father and brother!

Her dress was stained with the blood of those who had tried to defend her. Peter saw, too, that the count was wounded. The baron had just managed to bring him off the field alive. There was Monsieur Philippe, like a ghost, licking his thin lips, with his hands tied behind his back.

The other prisoner was a stranger to Peter, a notary who traveled with the count to execute official documents and witness Renée's marriage in Savoy.

No sooner had he understood the scene than Peter heard the baron order all the prisoners into the castle, with the exception of the count, who was left standing on the platform alone. The two ancient rivals faced each other.

PETER quailed at the look of malignity on the baron's face as he confronted Count Duprès, who stood proudly before him pleading for his children's lives.

The baron's lip curled into a smile. "They will not be harmed," he said. "I do not fancy that the young count, as he soon will be, is going to refuse my conditions. Your daughter is destined to high honor. I have chosen for her one whose blood is equal to your own, whose courage has never failed myself—the Prince of the Thousand Devils!"

"Unfasten me! Give me a sword! What? Will you stand about like a flock of crows?"

"Calm now," said the baron, his arms folded. "You don't listen. She shall not become my wife unless she agrees willingly. She will have the consent of the head of her house. Not you, sir! Her brother will give his consent. I would not deign to marry her otherwise. And we'll have all the forms," he leered. "The notary here, whose life I spared on purpose for this; the priest there in the crowd; the chapel there. We are all ready, I assure you. We've been ready for a dozen years, Duprès!"

"But my children have nothing to do with this!" cried the count.

"Was I not officially engaged to their mother? Monsieur, I consider them my children. I shall bend them to my will."

"The mother loved me; she detested you. You bring the curse of God upon yourself."

De Riancourt laughed harshly. "I have already experienced it, Monsieur, in the shape of schemes and double-crossing by you. You thought you were rid of me, Duprès. Now, it seems, I am to be rid of you."

"I have no grievance there," the count said. "You can do as you wish with me. I ask safety for my son and my daughter."

"Safety? What is more safe for a woman than marriage?"

"She will not marry you!"

"She will marry me. Her brother will force her to do so."

"She must not—she will not! Renée! Renée!"

His voice, weakened by loss of blood, shrieked into the night. The crowd was silent.

"It is useless, you see," said the baron. "But your children will be safe unless they cross my will. I do not wish to kill them. The ruin which you wrecked upon me shall be returned three times upon you. There will be first your own. Then there will be your son's—I'll show him up a coward; he'll give away your daughter. And then your daughter's ruin. Ah, my lord!"

The count had become calm.

"One moment! A word!" he cried.

"Well?"

"That son of mine has no power to give away my daughter! My son is a bastard!"

"So? And whom have you made your legal heir, Monsieur?"

"What business is that of yours? If you boast of honor, you can't obtain my daughter's hand by an illegitimate heir! And now where are you, sir?"

The baron folded his arms. "Duprès, I am still here. I take you at your word—he is no heir! Yet, by the way that you have educated him, I suspect that you have made your will in favor of a bastard! Do you deny it?"

The count withered.

"Off with him!" cried the baron. "I'll execute him myself!"

They disappeared in the darkness beyond the platform. Peter sat on. What horror! He alone was left between these two children and the baron's vengeance. He saw torches waving around the spot of execution, heard at last the pistol shot. He must act. They were returning.

"SEND for my lord, the Count Duprès!" cried the baron as he stalked back into the firelight. "And bring mademoiselle," he added. Then he went and sat down on the bench behind his judgment-table. Several men approached Peter.

"Did he get him clean?" asked Peter.

"He always gets 'em clean. Then he picked the old man up an' pitched him over the cliff."

"Um." Peter was thinking.

There were Renée and her brother standing on the platform.

"Monsieur the Count Duprès," said the baron, removing his hat, "I have the honor to be the first to address you by your new title. And you, Mademoiselle, permit me to congratulate you upon the advent of your—eh—brother."

Renée was stunned as the baron's face disclosed the full meaning of his words. Then as he put his hat back on his head she saw blood on his hand. Her father's blood! She clutched her brother's sleeve.

"Do you know any reason, Monsieur the Count, why you should not follow your illustrious father?"

Renée looked up. She waited. Her brother said nothing.

"Monsieur the Count," cried the baron, "permit me to introduce myself. I am René Auguste, Baron de Riancourt, at your service. My family is as noble as and older than yours. I was banished by your late father, who likewise robbed me of the woman I loved. Your mother, Mademoiselle."

Renée stepped backward.

The baron continued, "Time, Monsieur, has so softened my heart that I ask permission to become allied to your illustrious family. Before your father died I promised him that I would ask your sister's hand of you: that should you both refuse, you both would die; or, should you both accept, then you, my lord, are free. I ask no other ransom."

"Monsieur, the honor is too high," said Philippe with a sneer.

"Indeed?" The baron turned to Henzau. "Put a rope around him!" The hangman jumped forward and threw a noose over Philippe's head. Philippe, nearly jerked from his feet, staggered under the gallows, crying, "You hounds! Hang me! Renée, say something!"

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"Monsieur the Count," said the baron, "I have the honor once more to ask you for your sister's hand."

"You can have the honor of going to the devil!" snarled Philippe.

"Sir, I am already there. Tighten the rope, George."

Philippe screamed as the noose gripped his neck.

Renée stepped forward. "For the love of Our Lady!"

Some one in the crowd crossed himself.

"Be still!" cried the baron to the crowd. "Mademoiselle, Our Lady of the Mountains has already yielded you into my hands. Do not pray to her. You must marry me, with your brother's permission, or that gallant over there—swings! Pull the rope, George!"

Again Philippe screamed. His toes momentarily left the ground. "Marry him! Marry the carrion!" he cried inarticulately. "I'll—get—you out of it!"

But Renée's eyes had returned to the baron's hand. She watched it in its motions. Then she lifted her arm and pointed at it with silent, dramatic finger. Philippe looked. They all looked. No one but Renée had noticed the blood that stained the leader's hand.

"You *murderer!*" Renée cried.

It was a strange cry—almost a scream. The baron stepped backward, covering one hand with the other. He was vexed; he ought to have wiped it off. He scowled and sat down behind his judgment-table. Meanwhile Philippe seemed to be dying.

"Kill us!" cried Renée. "But I would take the vilest of your band rather than my father's murderer!"

"Renée—" gasped Philippe.

"I can not!" she cried. "I am afraid. Wipe it off! No! Give me the filthiest——" Peter jumped to his feet.

At the same time the baron rose and waved his hand toward the hangman. "Give that weasel some air, George!" He was struggling with his own voice.

Peter had made a profound observation. When Renée pointed to the baron's hand he noticed the revulsion that passed over the brigand's face, and he wondered. Then looking at Renée, Peter saw the likeness between her and her father, tho her features were more delicate. Now, as Renée stood forth, Peter realized that the baron thought he was confronted by the man he had just thrown over the cliff, and he was overcome.

Peter suddenly understood that the baron sought a way out of the situation. He really did not want to marry Renée. Casually Peter walked to the edge of the platform. He was chewing a straw and his hat was tipped back on his head.

"Hold on, gentlemen!" His voice was so unexpected that everybody jumped. He mounted the steps of the platform noisily. "Baron," he said, making a deep bow; and just as he said this he tripped over himself and sprawled. The brigands laughed. But de Riancourt seized him by the collar and boxed his ear with terrible force.

"Keep out of this, you clown!"

Now, this was precisely what Peter expected.

"I was just thinking," he said, "that monsieur"—he gestured toward Philippe—"might like some diversion while he is deciding the fate of his sister."

The baron was too angry to speak. He advanced on Peter, his fists clenched. He was about to let forth a stream of abuse when——

"You!" shouted Monsieur Philippe, staring at Peter. "So you're here, are you? You scoundrel!"

The baron stopped. "So?" He looked from Peter to Monsieur Philippe and back again. "Something of a reunion, I see."

Philippe bit his lip and remained silent.

"Come now," said the baron, "I always like to bring old friends together. If there are any difficulties from the past it is then so easy to settle them. What have we here, Peter?"

"Your highness of the devils," said Peter, bowing, "be so good as to send some one to my room in the stable. There, hanging on the wall, he will find a sword. At this moment you would be interested in that sword."

"No fighting now, Horse-boy," said the baron.

"I fight?" said Peter. "My lord, I am more fitted for love than arms, as you well can see."

"Go fetch the horse-boy's sword, George," said the baron to the hangman.

George disappeared from the ring of light around the fires.

"What is this clown to you?" the baron asked Philippe.

"He was my lackey and he ran away."

"Oh, is that all?" Peter broke in.

The baron snarled. "You are both of you taking liberties," he said.

"My lord," said Peter to the baron, "I gather that monsieur has taken liberties with people from the very day of his birth."

The brigands laughed. Philippe, who had never been told that he was an illegitimate son, did not know what they were laughing at, but he saw that it was at his expense. "Take that mucker out of my sight!" he cried.

The baron turned on Philippe. "Monsieur," he said, "this personage is the devil's horse-boy. No one has given you the right to call any of the devil's servants bad names. You will kindly address him as his lordship."

Philippe sulked.

"Beg the clown's pardon!" cried the baron.

Philippe would not speak.

"The rope, Henzau!"

"*Aïe!*" cried Philippe as the rope tightened again. "I beg your—pardon—d—— you——"

"My lord," said the baron.

"My—lord——"

The rope was loosened.

Peter bowed to Philippe. "It's quite all right," he said. "You see I am accustomed to more refined language than that which you use."

THIS got a laugh from the brigands, and Peter turned to them. "I hope I haven't intruded on your business, gentlemen, but I have been brought up in an atmosphere of chivalry, and when I heard mademoiselle call for me——"

"How is that?" the baron interrupted. "Call for you?"

"Why, yes," said Peter. "Didn't she ask for the filthiest?" He turned to the crowd. "Behold the gentleman in person," he said, indicating himself.

The baron was amused in spite of himself.

"How did you know I was here?" Peter asked, turning to Renée. Thus far he had not looked at her. Now, as he met her eyes, he was almost unnerved by the rebuke that he found in them. She thought he was making fun of her.

Peter bowed so that he would not have to look into her eyes.

"Have you ever seen this boy before, Mademoiselle?" asked the baron.

"Yes. I have seen him before," she said.

"There," said Peter to the crowd. "You see what a dashing fellow I used to be."

"I see what a low creature you are!" cried Philippe.

"Ho, ho!" said the baron. "We have a skeleton in this closet, it seems. Come on, Horse-boy! Out with it!"

When Peter stepped onto that contorted stage he had had no plan of action, but he was unable to sit by while Renée and her brother were tortured. Then having suggested a mystery in his relationship with Renée and Philippe, he hit upon a plan evil and scurrilous in itself, but the only means of saving the brother and sister. Since it was a question of saving the girl he loved from such destruction, who shall blame him?

George now arrived with the jewel-hilted sword.

Peter turned suddenly on Philippe. "Have you ever seen this before?"

"Yes." He sulked.

"Yes what?" said Peter.

"Yes—my lord."

The brigands laughed.

"Where did you see it?"

"It was mine," muttered Philippe. "I gave it to you."

"You who?" said Peter threateningly.

"You, my lord," murmured Philippe.

"Why did you give it to me?"

"Because I was a fool!"

"The truth at last!" cried Peter, laughing and flinging himself across the stage to address the baron.

"Enough of this, Horse-boy," said the baron. "Tell us how you got the sword. I want to finish off this business."

"It's a very romantic story, your highness," Peter said. "I was in love with the sister of this sword."

"Come, come," said the baron. "Let's understand you, or get off this platform."

"Why did you give me this sword?" Peter asked Philippe.

"I tried to bribe you with it. You took it and then played foul!"

"My lord?"

"My lord."

"What did you try to bribe me to do?"

"To keep your mouth shut."

"My lord?"

"My lord."

"To keep my mouth shut," said Peter, turning to the crowd. "Oh, gentlemen, I held the destiny of these children in my hands in those days! You see," he said, beginning his yarn, "I was the servant of a priest. Every afternoon, as I weeded the garden, there used to pass by beyond the fence a group of riders, and in that group were monsieur"—he gestured toward Philippe—"and mademoiselle"—he bowed toward Renée. "Who shall say that it was presumptuous of me to fall in love with mademoiselle—I whom the Prince of Darkness has chosen for his clown? It was not presumptuous, gentlemen, but it was unfortunate.

"Altho it is evident that I am better fitted for love than war I shall perhaps do better at war." The brigands laughed. "And yet I loved! I would gather flowers for her—did I not, Mademoiselle? Do you remember the big clover that grew in that field just at the curve of the road? You loved the clover, did you not, Mademoiselle? You loved it better even than the daisies around your château or the hollyhocks outside your window. But I used to surprize her, gentlemen. I tried to find a new kind of flower every day. And I was such a trustworthy servant! Ah, you would be surprized, you gentlemen, who have seen me in another life—you would be surprized at how well I was loved as Peter—Peter the favored attendant. Was it not so, Mademoiselle?"

Strange power of the human voice! Only half of the art of oratory lies in the words; the rest is in the voice. As Peter turned to her with these last words she was breaking.

"Stop him, stop him!" she cried.

"Go on," said the baron.

"Oh, you are cruel," said Renée. She bit her lip to keep from crying.

Peter himself was nearly unnerved. but he pressed on. He turned to Renée. "Why do you wish me to stop, Mademoiselle?"

She could not answer.

Peter suddenly advanced on her. "Are you ashamed of your former lover? What?"

Renée shrank away from Peter. "What do you mean?"

Peter laughed. "There was a day when you would come to the stables to be with me. And now you stand here denying what you called the happiest moments of your life. Oh, Heavens!"—he waved his sword in the air—"keep me away from women!"

He stopped suddenly. There was amazed silence.

"Baron de Riancourt," said Peter, "will you have some one uncover the count's right shoulder?"

The baron gestured to the men around Philippe. Henzau ripped open Monsieur Philippe's expensive shirt.

Pictorial Review's $5,000 Annual Achievement Award

It is now time to submit recommendations for the 1928 Pictorial Review Achievement Award of $5,000.

As the years have gone on, it is six years now since the award was instituted, interest in the plan has greatly increased. With the idea in mind of making this award a still more important event, last year Pictorial Review decided to widen its scope in the hope that a broader plan would stimulate more women to greater achievement in all the fields of human activity.

Heretofore the award had been given for work accomplished within the twelve months preceding the current year in which recommendations were made. It is now given to the woman, American by birth or naturalization, who within the preceding ten years has made the greatest contribution to our national life in letters, art, science, philanthropy, or social welfare.

This wider interpretation acts in two ways:

Women who are engaged in important work are given sufficient time to consummate their ideal.

Women of already great accomplishment spreading over a number of years and carrying on down to the present day, are afforded the opportunity for merited recognition and reward.

It is understood that the five women who have already received the award are ineligible.

We wish it to be borne in mind that this is not a voting contest. The recommendations, which may be made by any one, are submitted for judgment to the Pictorial Review Achievement Award Committee of distinguished men and women.

Because of the great number of recommendations we can not guarantee to return material sent in by the applicants or by those who recommend them.

The time to send in recommendations is from now until August 1st. Recommendation blanks and full particulars will be sent upon application to the Achievement Award Editor, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th St., New York City.

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"What do you see?"

"There's a big scar," Hennau said. "See? It's a sword-wound."

"Yes," said Peter. "I gave him that with this sword!"

"You scoundrel!" cried Philippe.

"Do you deny it, Monsieur?"

Philippe made no answer.

"You see," Peter said to the brigands, "he can't deny it. But he knew nothing of mademoiselle's love for me."

"Oh!" cried Renée. She reeled.

"Get the wench a chair!" cried the baron.

Peter continued. He gave them the story of his duel with Philippe, this time telling the truth. Suddenly he burst out violently:

"By what right did you steal my simple happiness away from me, to destroy the little that I possessed in my own name? To flatter your selfishness you forced me into that duel! In wounding you I had to flee, forsaking"—he gestured to Renée—"all that I possessed, while you, Monsieur, had you not countless wealth? But who am I to talk like this? The horse-boy of the devil—the filthiest—the lowest—ha, ha, ha! —the clown—ha, ha, ha!"

The baron arose. "Enough!" he bellowed. He turned to Renée. "Mademoiselle, have you any defense?"

Renée lifted her head. "Defense? But of what am I accused?"

"Have you not heard the accusations that my horse-boy has brought against you?"

"Oh, Mother of God! you don't believe—" she fainted.

"Fetch some water at once!" cried the baron.

"This is a farce!" shouted Philippe. "The accusation is a trumped-up slander!"

"So? Why then did you fight with this horse-boy?"

Philippe was trapped. "Why—why—I was practising with him."

"Practising with sharp rapiers? My lord, you grow incoherent."

"Don't be a fool!" Philippe shouted. "I wished to practise with sharp swords."

The baron's mouth twisted. "Mmm. I can see through your game better than that, Monsieur. What would any gentleman do in similar circumstances? Why, hold a secret duel with the knave. If possible, be wounded so that his servant could be imprisoned—sent out of town. Oh! you are clever, you Duprès. But not clever enough, sir!"

BY THIS time Renée had revived. She sat up a little, and her eyelids fluttered. Peter stood to one side with folded arms.

Philippe cried, "Oh, Renée, marry de Riancourt!"

"Marry me?" cried the baron to Philippe. "Marry me, you whelp! Do you think I am one to disgrace the name of Rivecourt with such as her? I have escaped dishonor by the skin of my teeth! I consider your sister honored to be given to my clown!"

He was putting on a fine show, Peter thought. Peter could see through his words as if they were glass. They were a pair of devils. And, indeed, Peter was just as bad as his brigand chief. He had as yet no regrets for the terrible accusation brought against Renée. He was intent on winning his goal.

The notary was put at the baron's table. His hands were shaking so, he could scarcely write. "Mind you, fellow," the baron hissed, "Not a word too little or too much. Tis a pity I shot the late count so precipitously. He would enjoy seeing his daughter married to my horse-boy."

"Really," Peter said, "I'd rather not——"

"Silence, sirrah! Who are you to choose? You are an instrument of my vengeance—nothing more!"

The notary looked up. "What is the last name, please?"

"Peter the varlet," said the baron.

"No," said Peter. "You may indicate my last name by the letter P."

"Peter P?" said the notary. "Dear, dear!" When he had finished he wanted their signatures. The baron turned to Peter. "Make your mark, Horse-boy."

Peter took the pen and flourished it. This was his great moment. In a handwriting as neat as the notary's, and much bolder, he signed the document, "Peter P."

"What? You write?" cried the baron.

"Certainly," said Peter.

"An accomplished buffoon you have won to your family, Count."

"I learned to write at the Château Duprès. Mademoiselle taught me," said Peter.

"It's a lie!" shouted Philippe.

"Assume him a little, George," said the baron.

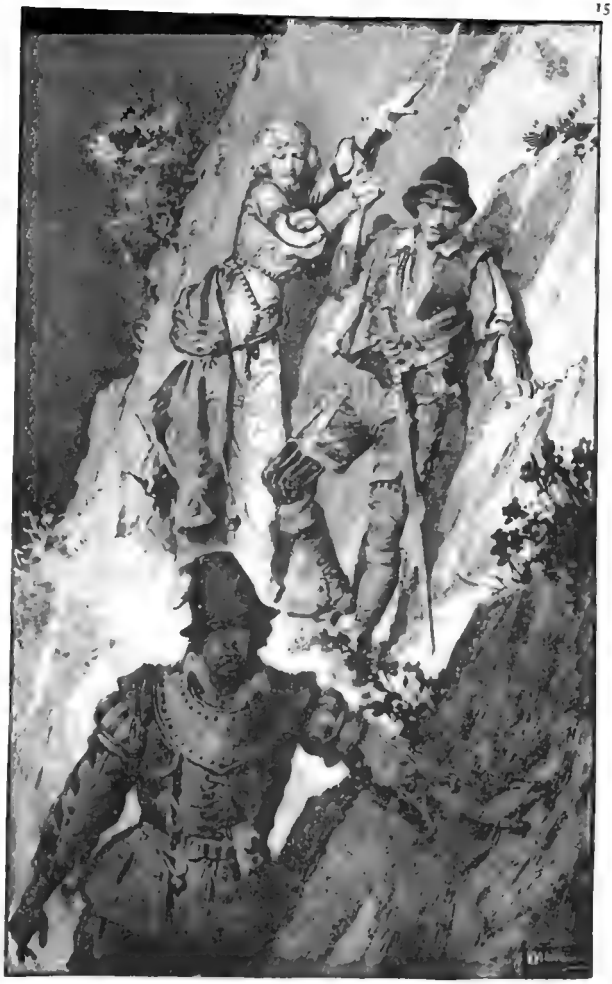
The rope was tightened. Standing on tiptoe, Philippe was forced to sign his sister away to Peter, his lackey.

Then the baron, Hennau, the clerk of Padua, and finally Renée had to sign the document, which was folded and given to Peter. "It is yours for the present," said the baron, "until it is needed to claim your wife's fortune. Just now to the church, gentlemen! How happy the bride appears! Monsieur the Count, you will give her away."

The baron was in high spirits. "Hennau!" he cried, "tell those lazy cooks to prepare us a feast at once. We'll have a wedding breakfast, tho it's past eleven. Serve champagne and Burgundy. Eh, Peter?" He slapped Peter on the back.

Yet Peter's task had only begun. He was tense and excited. He realized that, more than Renée's life, her honor depended upon him. This marriage was only a hoax. Renée would be taken away from him and put among those women in the castle. What horror!

He must escape with her. But how? Would it be possible to lead her successfully past the needle-rock? And, having gotten her there, would it be possible to follow a tortuous mountain trail he had never seen, and to progress faster than the horsemen who were sure to pursue him? Impossible! And yet it must be done. Suddenly he thought of Lucy. Lucy had just ridden over the trail! Lucy could be made to do anything for flattery!



"THEY WERE ALL THREE TERRIFIED BY THE SOUND OF FIRING ABOVE THEM, OF SHOUTING AND OATHS."

Peter went up to him as if to receive congratulations He drew Lucy aside a little. Then he said:

"Lucy, you're a rider now and you ought to have a woman. I'm only a horse-boy and I don't deserve one. I'm going to take this one to my shack right after the priest fixes it, but you know as well as I do that they will take her away from me. Now, I want you to have her, because you deserve her. Will you let me give her to you?"

Lucy smiled. "Sure, Peter. That's generous of you."

"Well, I'd keep her myself if I could. Now listen. You meet me right in the shadow of the château wall on the west side, next to the cliff. You know where I mean?"

"Sure."

"Don't come down to my shack with the rest of them,

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NOW THAT IT'S SPRING

By

STELLA RYAN

Illustrations by Robert Lawson

ALL the windows of the subway train were open to catch any breath of air that might be seeping down from the heavy April night. The woman who had just entered was glad of the half seat showing in a yellow crack between an aged Jew and a young negro girl. She wedged her bulk between them, and, throwing open her coat, stirred all the curled wires of grizzled beard trundling down into the aged Jew's lap.

She had not intended such a violent gesture. Seeing the long green earring of the negro girl trembling against the rouge of her cheek, she murmured, "Excuse me," aware the apology could not be heard above the vast noises of the train.

The endless roar of the train through its black tunnel built liquid, transparent walls that surrounded and divided each person wedged so tightly against the other. Under cover of this noise pouring over her like enamel, the woman gave herself utterly to the thoughts whipping the sides of her head. She tried again to plan how in secret, without her daughters' finding it out, she was to bury the man who had just died in a sailors' lodging-house near Chatham Square.

She kept recalling that he had died about ten seconds before she reached the narrow, dusty room. He had died, perhaps, as she had walked along the lower landing, perhaps just as she put her foot on the first step of that last bare flight of stairs; for when she was midway up a man came out on the top landing and looked down at her. She thought by his face— A feeling of relief swept through her, yet she said nothing, mounting one step at a time, inquiring with her eyes of the man who, with mouth slightly open, ready for the declaration, continued to withhold it, waiting for her to gain the landing.

She was forced to ask, "Is it all over?"

"Yes, Ma'am. That room at the end of the hall." He pointed to the room and walked away, but came back to say, "The priest ain't come out yet. It's a small room; the sizes go according as you can pay. Maybe you better wait till he comes out." He went away and appeared in a moment with a chair, continuing, "He's a young priest; he'll pray a long time. Want a drink of water?" She declined the water. He went hurriedly down-stairs, saying through the banisters, "Anything I can do, let me know."

She sat alone, facing the room at the end of the hall. The door was open, and the priest, standing just within, with his back to the hall, seemed to have his heels on the threshold. He lifted a long white stole from the shoulders of his overcoat and began to fold it up, alternately obscuring and revealing, with the motion of his elbow, a sailor's pea-jacket hanging on the bedpost.

A sleeve of this jacket hung down in full view. She could see it had retained perfectly the shape of the great arm that had worked inside it, that, lifting and lowering, had made along the inner bend of the elbow nine eternal wrinkles. She counted them with a sudden leaping pain at the back of her head.

As tho she had cried out, the young priest turned and saw her, and stepped into the hall, cramming his stole into the pocket of his overcoat. He said, "You're just too late. But I doubt if he would have known you. He wasn't really able to finish his confession." He looked at her with kind, troubled eyes. "Kitty Donovan that was Kitty Foley, I suppose that's you?"

He spoke too distinctly and too loud. She shrank into herself at hearing her name, and winced, preparing to receive a message. She tightened her hands together the better to hold her courage while the young priest was bringing a bit of paper from an inside pocket, an envelop on the back of which something was written.

Her stout hands in their tight gloves pressed too hard, one into the other, causing a little explosive sound where a gap opened along the seam of a thumb.

SHE saw the clean white edges of the burst kid and at the same time her mother's face as it appeared years ago stooped angrily over the counter of a glove-shop in Cork. She had stood behind her mother while her mother shouted at the clerk, "They split and she only trying them on! It ought to be your own pride would want you to take them back, for it's not every girl that goes to America wearing gloves. Unless it is you don't care if they put us down for a country of barefisted greenhorns."

The young priest was again speaking her name, reading from the bit of paper. "Kitty Donovan that was Kitty Foley, and lived at 562 Hamilton Street, Brooklyn." He handed her the envelop. "There's a few bits of odds and ends he had in his pockets. I gathered them up when I was writing to you. There's nothing of value, I'm afraid."

"That was the old address," she hastened to remark as he turned from the hall toward the room. She wanted to delay a little longer before going in. "I had to give up living there after I got the good work in Yonkers. That was why the letter took so long to find me."

He stood aside for her to pass into the room. "You needn't be afraid," he assured her. "He's still a handsome man."

She caught the young priest's arm. "Father, you won't be saying anything about this to any one? You see, I've three girls, three grown girls, and each one of them teaches in the schools. I wouldn't want them disgraced by this getting out, and maybe the children saying something to them in the classroom. I don't want them to even know I came here. They don't know I got the letter.

"You see, Father, I figured it out years ago when they were little. When I saw he wasn't coming back to me I told them he was dead. And you mustn't be blaming me for a lie, for he was as good as dead to me, and it's father as well as mother I've been to them."

"I suppose, then," said the young priest, "there'll be no trouble about money."

"Oh, no! I can take care of burying him. I can see to that. The girls make seven thousand a year between them, and they're very good to me. I will say that for them."

The young priest was now directly ahead of her within the room. She noticed on the shaggy surface of his black coat little woolly balls that had been rubbed up into minute wiry nests. She thought, "I'll be bound that's a piece of cloth from home," and she was about to say, "You bought your overcoat on the other side," but checked herself in time. For it was a poor and trivial thing to be saying when she was just about to look on the husband of her youth, and him dead.

She made her dreadful effort and lowered her eyes to the bed. She had expected to be wrenched with pain, but, surprisingly, her only sensation was wonder that the man lying there had remained so much the same.

Save for the lines that had bitten in at the corners of mouth and nose and eyes he seemed marvelously not to have changed since that first day when she had seen him lying like this on a bed. She had been washing a hospital corridor, swirling her suds over red tiles just beyond the threshold of a ward. A man in a bed near the door had called to her, "I'll bet they didn't have tiled floors where you came from."

"And what's so wonderful about tiles?" she had flashed back. "You should see the hospitals at home in Cork! The floors, they're so waxlike you can see your face in them, and the brasses, they do be shining like the day!"

He had laughed at her. "I know all about the hospitals in Cork. I was born there. Sure I'm here from Cork just eight months Sunday."

Her heart lifted. She inquired if by chance he knew her brothers, the Foley boys of Kinsale. "You might have seen them with my father on a market day. They're all younger than me, just boys you might say, but strapping."

He said he knew them well, and immediately she felt she knew him. "Which one did you know the best?"

"Dennis."

It was an omen, for Dennis was the brother she loved most, and her homesick heart fastened on this other boy who had known him. He praised Cork, and he especially praised Kinsale, and she began to love him not only for her heart's sake but for her pride's sake that he could raise up again in her esteem the little town which she had begun secretly to think so small and mean.

Marvelously he had not changed since that far day when

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"THEY ASKED, 'DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE DOING? WILL YOU BE HAPPY?'"

"SHE'S A LONGSHOREMAN AND FOLLOWS THE SHIPS FOR MONTHS AT A TIME'"

eye was the pot of ferns on the dining-room table, the green fronds clamping a sheet of paper with her message to the girls: "I've gone to see a sick woman. If I don't get home in time put down the potatoes."

Myra would be home first. She would pluck the sheet staring up at her from the fern-leaves, reading it with black, astonished brows. Then Kate would come, mildly inquisitive.

"Kate, where do you suppose she went?"

"Wouldn't you think she'd say? Suppose anything happened her!"

She'd have to give an account of herself. She'd have to name the sick woman and tell where she lived. The girls had no right to be so exacting. A woman who was always running here, there, and the other place was wise. Her flittings were taken for granted. Such a woman made for herself a hundred places to hide in. But to walk always in a few short ways, to be going to church on Sunday and nowhere else, to be going to the butcher on Tuesday and the baker on Wednesday, to be every day in the kitchen at five o'clock peeling potatoes——

Only the young were given without question a little free time for roaming. They could escape with no more than, "I'm going up the road a bit." How many times her mother had excused her to her father with, "Oh, Kitty's just getting a breath of air up on the hill!" And she'd be out walking free along the road, stopping maybe to put a finger under a stiff little daisy-head growing on a wall, or stopping to watch a cow putting her soft lip over grass, and maybe herself would be chewing a few blades, knowing very well it was sweet they were especially at the root.

And at the back of her head she'd be wondering what was the something she was always going down the road to meet. For there was a something that took her out to stroll, a something that had no shape or name, and when she'd come to the big beech a little voice would be whispering inside her, telling her to sit down and see what would be coming there to meet her.

She'd sit down and lean against the tree, and the sharp bones of her thin back would be prodding into the gray bark, and there'd be not a thought in her head save the blue of the sky and the green of the leaves and the still tops of the hills. She'd be stretched up to the tallest branch, the little white clouds sailing through her, and there'd not be a feeling in her whole body that was less than the sun on the leaves or the wind coming over the clouds. The whole of her just happy and waiting.

A GIRL came hurrying into the subway train and sat down across the aisle. The young man with her was careful to hold a wet umbrella away from his knees. Some one had neglected to close the door between cars, and the wind raced through, bringing a cloud of torn paper to eddy along the floor. The girl who had just entered put a hand on either knee to hold down her skirts.

It had been windy the Sunday they were married. She remembered holding her skirts as they went up the flight of stone steps to the big bronze doors of the church. A girl who worked in the hospital laundry was bridesmaid and lent her sweetheart to be best man. They were to be married right after vespers, and in their nervousness they arrived too soon, while vespers was still being sung.

They stood waiting in the vestibule between the great inner and the great outer doors, abashed, important, bold, ashamed, uneasily conscious of their shining new clothes.

They laughed, and then in fright lest they might be heard within the church, put hands over mouths to find their lips were trembling.

Behind the doors the organ rolled like thunder. The voice of the choir swept out to them. "*Magnificat anima mes Dominum,*" the choir sang above the organ, and the sounds smote down on her breast-bone, in against her thighs, until her whole body gave back the sweep of the glorifying Latin syllables.

The dark eyes of the choir mistress at home came into her mind and the fields behind the church where the gulls wheeled in the Spring. She heard her mother's voice, as it had sounded when she was ten years old, saying, "Run, Kitty, and see if you can catch me one of the great white birds, and don't stop till you do. You've too much fat on the back of your legs entirely."

The gulls were rising and gliding, rising and gliding above the spaded brown potato-fields. She crept up on one, her feet bare, sinking deep into the soft earth, making no sound, so close she had the sensation of holding the white-feathered body between her hands, so close she could feel the feathered pulsing, the wings, mighty beyond belief, straining under her pressing fingers. The struggle of wings that took place if it was only a young sparrow you plucked from its nest in the hawthorn!

"*Sicut loculus est ad patres nostros,*" sang the choir, drawing to a close. Suddenly there in the vestibule of the church she heard a terrified beating of wings that seemed to be taking place in her. The child with the fat legs was

"SHE TRIED TO PLAN HOW IN SECRET SHE WAS TO BURY THE MAN"

he and she had stood beside the rustic gate in the photographer's back room. They were to be married, and a special photograph of him had to be taken so she could show him off to her people at home. She wrote on the back of the photograph:

"You can't judge by the picture because he has them large blue eyes that always take so light. They're very dark blue sometimes, but mostly they're like Mat Hogan's eyes, do you remember? that old Mrs. Hogan used to say they were two pieces clipped from the dress of the Blessed Virgin. But he has no freckles. As I said in my letter he's nineteen years old and very strong and his business is unloading ships. I do want you to say it's all right, but you can ask the boys, and if you go see his mother as I said in my letter, I'd like you to tell me all she says."

It was then he confessed he had never seen Cork or Kinsale. He had been born in New York and had lived there with a married sister. He had lied merely to cheer her, knowing she was homesick. Couldn't she see it was just a kind of joke? "But why say your mother was alive and living in Cork?"

He could hardly explain that. He had said it on the spur of the moment. It was an old craving coming unexpectedly into being. Early in a precarious life ruled by his heavy-handed sister, he had been convinced that a mother confers not only comfort but prestige. Wishing to impress his girl, he had lied about a mother as some men lie about money in the bank, or the value of their work, or the esteem in which they are held by other men.

She did not find it difficult to accept his excuses. She was very much in love with him by then, and if need be would have invented a hundred excuses of her own. It was only the opinion of the people at home that caused her to worry. "What can I say if they go to visit your mother at the house you told me?"

"They'll not go without some new finery, and they'll be writing to you, hinting for the money to get it. You can say then that my mother's come over here; something like that."

The photograph was sent, and her mother wrote back, "There's no denying he's handsome, but we think there's a wild look to him. I haven't gone to see his mother as I'm waiting to see what Dennis can do for me now that he's a jurwey, for I ought to have new shoes and a hat if it can be managed. Besides you're in America only twenty-two weeks, and I must say you're a disappointment, for you know very well I never sent you to get work at scrubbing, a thing you could do just as well at home, and now on top of it, it does look as tho you couldn't wait to get a husband, but must go hanging your heart on the market-cross."

THE subway train came to a stop. She saw the great mass of people struggling in an outward flow, bodies, arms, legs, all sucked in one direction, impelled, held together like carpet-tacks on a magnet. But in her mind's

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there beside her, and the young girl who had sat so often with her back against the beech-tree. They asked, "Do you know what you are doing? Will you be happy? Are you sure?"

She could not answer their questions. The beating within her shook her into panic. She gathered herself for flight; but the sexton, coming to open the outer doors, stopped to ask, "And is this the bride?" above the heads of some little girls who, slipping out under cover of his noisy exit, had paused to stare.

This man she was about to marry caught her by the arm, looking at her as her mother used to look at her after she had been sick in bed and could be once more scrutinized by the open window. The girl from the laundry was telling her not to forget to hand over her bouquet once she reached the altar.

The young man sitting across the aisle of the subway train got up and closed the end door. His umbrella left a trail of water. She judged it must be raining hard. Whatever would she say to the girls? As soon as she opened the white door of the new house Myra's questions, and Kate's questions, and Anna's questions would be leaping on her like a pack of wolves.

MYRA'S would leap fastest. "Couldn't you have telephoned me? What's the use of having a car if we don't use it? Look how wet you are!" And then like the good girl she was she'd be running up-stairs to get her dry things.

He had never seen Myra. He had never even known he had this third child. Not caring. Yet caring enough to carry in the pocket of his coat the old address. As tho the news of his going out of the world were more important than the news of Myra's coming into it. If she had reached that little, narrow, dusty room a moment sooner she could have told him about Myra. That would have healed the hurt. She'd carried that hurt so long. Years ago, kneeling before the altar and being churched, had not helped; nor had the whispered plaint at the end of confession. She had tried to tell the story:

"Please, Father, I want your advice. I've had a baby and the father doesn't know anything about it."

"What do you mean?"

"My husband —he stays away for months at a time."

"Don't you know where he is?"

"Well, he's a longshoreman, and he follows the ships. He goes to Boston, or to Baltimore, or some other place when work's scarce here. That's what he tells me, but I've found out it's the cards. When he loses he's ashamed to come home, and the longer he stays away the more ashamed he is to come. For a long time now the luck must have been against him."

"Go around to the rectory and wait for me. I'll talk to you just as soon as I'm through hearing confessions."

But what had the brown-papered walls of the rectory parlor to do with the healing of her hurt? It had been easy to speak to the dim, bent profile framed in the little window of the confession-box. But in the rectory parlor the wooden chairs would creak, and in the strong light there'd be a meeting of eyes.

Of course he thought she needed money, but she'd begged at home for that. Her pride had given way toward the end, and just before the baby came she'd written to Dennis. He had sent her the sterling-notes folded in between the letter-paper. He would have died before sending an order through the post office. For what would the neighbors say if they got wind of them in Ireland sending money to her in America?

She had not gone to wait in the rectory parlor. There was an ache in her heart, but her body was strong again. The weight had lifted from the back of her head as soon as she had found the good steady work at the mill. Yonkers was a green, sunny place in which to bring up the children.

As she walked along in the cool end of the October day she thanked God for the fine bracing air, remembering the heat of that past June. Every morning the papers said it was the hottest June on record, and noted the number of the dead. It was then that the weight began to grow at the back of her head. She couldn't bear the mass of her hair. It kept dragging at her head, preventing her from remembering whether it was twenty-eight weeks or twenty-nine weeks since he had been home.

She cut the heavy black waves to her shoulders, hacking them with a sewing-scissors that slipped and slid, lashing at them as tho they were a mortal enemy. Yet once off, tight in her hand, all those strands were more than a doll's wig, and just as harmless. Nevertheless she burned them.

But when she caught her short hair into a little knot at the back of her head and saw her changed aspect, she began to feel she had taken up residence within a stranger. An idea became fixed in her mind that he had come home one night and, not knowing her, had gone away again. She tried not to sleep at night so that in case he came again she could cry out, "It's me! It's me! Don't you know me?"

Finally she set a limit to her waiting. She said, "If he doesn't come to-night—" She sat up all night. In the morning she said, "If he doesn't come to-morrow—" He did not come, but still she extended the limit of her patience. "If he doesn't come this afternoon——"

She opened the kitchen door a little so she might hear his step as soon as it sounded on the stairs. She sat facing the open door, and when the children called to her she made no answer; when they cried she heard them with no greater discomfort than she would have heard the wind. Her mind was out listening and looking, searching the docks, going up and down the byways of tide-water cities, imploring a man to come home.

Late in the afternoon she asked a neighbor across the hall to mind the two children while she went to the store. She had a nickel in her hand, and in her mind was the highest place she knew, the platform of the elevated road. Over and over, as she walked along the street, she kept running up the interminable stairs to that high place and putting the nickel on the deep, polished lip of the window beside the turnstile.

No more than that. Her mind refused to take her beyond the rattling turnstile. She was walking slowly along the street, but so many times had she in anticipation run up those stairs that when she actually came to them she was already panting. When she had climbed them she had to lean against the side of the window to catch her breath.

She fixed her eyes on the far end of the platform. That was the spot she had thought of as being away from the crowd. She hurried toward the railing that guarded that far end, but she closed her eyes too soon. Not feeling the railing against her outstretched hand, she opened them and saw the thing she wished not to see, the street below. Crowds of people were walking swiftly and close together as if bent on keeping abreast and toe to heel. They passed with a relentless purpose in a procession that never stopped. There was no chance for her wild downward flight, no crack in their ranks, no cranny, no pause to receive her. She waited, leaning, ready, but people kept getting in her way.

She hung there until dusk, and the crowd increased with the going down of the sun. That year women were wearing lilacs on their hats. Below her dizzy eyes they moved like flower-baskets carried on the head. They moved like pink hawthorns under a wind. She was at home lying flat on the hill behind the house, looking down into the pink

PERIL

By H. deNoe Eames

Do you remember how the
rain-drenched streets re-
flected light
When we two went together
through the night,
One in our hope and one
in our alarm?
Your courage held my
courage like an arm
Infolding—was it another
life than this?—
So far away, yet so distinct
it is!

hawthorns blooming above the river. The hawthorns stood still. It was the green water of the little river was so restless.

Some one touched her arm. "What's the matter with you? Are you sick?" It was the station-man looking at her with a close, unfriendly scrutiny. His gruff voice roused her. She felt he had divined her terrible intention. A galling, bitter shame burned through her. Without answering him she turned away and went down to the street.

The young man sitting across the subway aisle dropped his umbrella, and it fell slanting toward her feet. He lunged to recover it, and, straightening, was immediately back about the task of putting, without unduly emphasizing the act, his arm around the shoulders of his girl! He was forgetting now to hold the wet umbrella away from his knees.

Awkwardly his knees had come clapping together above his sprawling feet, while his body, twisted toward his girl, no longer pretended to be in accord with the shoddy suit of gray tweed which now arched away in a monstrous curve at the collar, at the same time creeping sufficiently up one leg to remove even the shadow of disguise from the hole in his sock through which the skin of his heel showed in a small white moon. He was conscious only of his arm creeping around the girl, who stiffened from him back against the seat, withdrawing herself by an imperceptible straining away of the muscles while she continued to gaze at him with melting brown eyes from beneath a yellow hat.

This boy and girl enclosed there in the protective glass case of their mood were not to her a tableau of the subway, but a memory etched on her heart. It seemed to her that the boy opposite was no other than the boy she had married. The girl under the yellow hat was no other than herself. She began to feel that encircling arm, to withdraw for no other reason than the sheer delight of finding that it continued to close upon her.

This thin boy's arm had molded the shoddy sleeve of his coat. It too was wrinkled at the inner bend of the elbow. Examining it, she saw a blue pea-jacket hanging over a chair as it used to hang during that first year of her marriage.

During those first nights when he was away working late, she would wake suddenly and lie rigid, not daring to move, because some one had just opened the hall door and was feeling his way across the kitchen. She would strain her ears, fastening her eyes on the white marseilles counterpane folded across the foot of the bed. The girl in the hospital laundry had given it as a wedding-present, and it was always carefully folded on the wrong side. The street light sending a blue gleam through the window would mark strange new patterns by shadowing the dimples and wells that were the hollow nothingness behind the fine raised design of its outer face.

Straining to catch each footfall in the kitchen while a dark terror spread from her mind, swallowing into deeper blackness the unlit room, this square of white became the serene presence of a friend holding her back on the pillow and keeping her from crying out above jostling thoughts of robbery, of murder, of rape, all jouncing like casks from a sinking ship and dimly catching the light on the height of the black wave, until a footfall, giving out something familiar in its stealthy tread, lent her the courage to call out, "Is that you?"

"It's me, Kitty."

"Oh, you frightened me!" Suddenly the bureau would be there squarely against the wall, and there would be the patient, waiting chair's seat. The whole safe, friendly aspect of the room would fold around her just at the moment when he appeared in the bedroom doorway and dwarfed it, towering above her bed.

SITTING on the side of the bed, he would launch a tale of how long he had worked and how hard, and how he had beaten every other man. He would be working that night, too, only he was afraid she might be uneasy about him.

She would have her arms around him. "You'll kill yourself with working. A man can't work forever, even if he has the strength of Dan McGrogan's bull."

"And who was Dan McGrogan's bull?"

"Don't make fun of me. You know very well what I mean."

But he'd have all his money in his hand to beat down her arguments. "Count that while I'm washing up." Often he'd bring something out of a broken crate—fruit or nuts. Once it had been fifteen tiny bottles of spicy perfume. She never lit the gas to examine these gifts or to count the money. She knew without admitting it to herself that its yellow light would drink like a draught of home-coming, sharpen its edges, define it, limit it, just as at home a suddenly lighted lamp used to obliterate into mere smoky legend those mighty kings who lived so valiantly in the dimness of smoldering peat.

So she would thrust the unlimited fortune under her pillow, and with excited fingers explore the paper package spread open on the quilt across her knees. Once there had been dozens and dozens of little objects molded into flower forms, smooth, soft when she pressed them with her nail.

She broke one in two and sniffed at the inner heart. It smelled faintly bitter-sweet like the inside of an old wooden tea-box. She called out, "What are these little carved things in the paper?"

"Put your teeth in one," he called back from the kitchen.

How yielding and cool they were! For a moment there was nothing but a sweet, mealy softness in her mouth; then the delicious flavor of almonds.

She lay there in the dark eating the soft, sweet things.

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SHIPWRECKED MARINERS

By GUY FLETCHER

Illustrations by Frederic Anderson

"LIPS TREMBLING, SHE GLANCED AT THE RECEDING YACHT AND THEN AT HIM. 'YOU BEAST!' SHE SAID. 'YOU BEAST!'"

How a social leader sought to escape by sea and yet was satisfied by land

AS CAPTAIN JIMMY "BOY" GALE, D.S.O., M.C., waded through his wife's hopeless bills on that damp March morning, he couldn't help thinking of what he had given up. He could see hounds running from scent to view in the finest country in the world and a happy-go-lucky fellow with a glowing face on a deuced stout horse. He had been a wise bloke, "Boy" Gale, until he had become a benedick.

Oh, bachelor days! Now everything gone—hunting-box, hunters, happiness—just because she had a flair for extravagance.

And he wasn't poor. Oh, no. Tho he soon would be if she went on like this. What did one do? Advertise in the newspapers that one was no longer responsible for one's wife's debts? But could he? Not on his life?

The worst of it was he loved her, adored her. Just because she had a fancy for one, he had bought her a steam-yacht she never used. It was in Southampton Water, eating its head off.

Bit of a mug, wasn't he? But—Heavens!—three thousand on sheer extravagance! No wonder he couldn't live at Melton. He had got rid of the place to be alone in a barrack of a house in Mayfair and pay her bills. Yes, that was his job—to pay her bills!

He picked up his pencil again. Bond Street, twelve hundred; other London shops, seven hundred; Paris, eight hundred and fifty for frocks—good Heavens!—Monte Carlo, two hundred and fifty.

No—it couldn't go on. She knew he hadn't Aladdin's lamp. She knew—oh, yes, she knew he loved her. But did she love him?

And he smiled wanly, did "Boy" Gale on that damp March morning. Love between husband and wife was out of date. You sometimes met and passed on. Life was such a rush. A man just had time to shave his jaw and a woman her neck. To kiss your husband was "oysters without the lemon."

Then he swore a mighty oath, did Gale. Was he a dolt? When the young entry at cubbing race after an old fox doesn't one stop them? Wasn't his wife racing after the old fox of vanity and illusion?

Stop her! But how?

The door opened—she came in, exquisitely gowned. She was tall, fair, and lovely, who had been Lady Viola Meadows, daughter of John Victor Meadows, Duke of Flamborough, and was now Lady Viola Gale. "Oh, Jimmy, have you any small change?"

He rose, laughing. "Sit down, Vi—I want to have a talk with you."

"But I'm late."

"Sit down, Vi."

And something in his quiet voice made her obey. Or was it the bills she saw on the table? "Well?"

He thrust hands in trousers, but not for change. "Well? No, it's not by a long chalk."

"What do you mean?"

"Tell me, do you get value for my money?"

She colored. "Don't be *bourgeois*, Jimmy."

"Oh, but that's how I feel this morning—and curious. You come home with the milk. I used to and thought I was a dog. Do you get that thrill?"

"'The sermon was long and the preacher was prosy!'" she mocked.

"But it's got to stop, Vi."

"What has?"

"Our rotten life."

Her eyes glittered. "You mean mine?"

He said softly, "Your life is my life, isn't it, Vi?"

"How frightfully Victorian!"

"Call it Albert Memorial—I don't care. It's how I feel about it and how you felt about it once upon a time——"

"I'm lunching at Claridge's, Jimmy."

"Well, you're not going yet."

"Is it those bills?" she asked.

"Perhaps."

"Of course, if you want me to go without necessities."

He whistled. "That's rich, Vi—richer than I am." And he picked up an account. "Eight-fifty for six frocks from Paris is pretty good going."

She smiled. "After all, I'm your wife."

"That's my grouse."

"Tell me," she said sweetly, "if you want a separation."

"I've darn well got one," he replied, "whether I want it or not."

"I'm lunching with royalty, Jimmy."

"Black or white?" And he looked at the bills again. "It's all footling this, you know. You've hundreds of hats and shoes and stockings. It's more, more, more."

"You do bore me."

"Do I, Vi? I didn't once."

But that didn't touch her. His keen eyes, his little dark mustache, the close shave of his jaw—all of which she had so admired when they were first married—almost irritated her now. Why should she be on a bearing-rein? "Do give me some change."

He emptied his pockets; she filled her bag. He gazed at her, bewildered.

"Good-by."

There was half roguishness, half insolence on her face as she looked at him. "As a matter of fact, Jimmy, I sha'n't be buying any more clothes for a week or so now." Then, as if to forgive him, she kissed him, he believed, for the third time that quarter.

He held her close for a moment—she looked rather scared. "Let's have another old honeymoon," he said.

"Jimmy, don't be ridiculous."

He went to one of the windows and saw her step into her limousine, and then he had a fit of the blues. It was her he wanted—he didn't give a rap for her bills.

ON a night toward the end of June, "Boy" Gale looked in to the Duchess of Flamborough's dance for the principal reason that he knew his wife would be there. He felt a hunger to see her.

It was the customary scrum. His mother-in-law had somehow failed to check the enterprise of those modern adventurers known as the "gate-crashers," who as usual had bluffed their way in. She told him distractedly that there wasn't a *foie gras* sandwich left in the place. He murmured sympathy he didn't feel, for he glimpsed across the ballroom his wife dancing with Toby Radnor. A girl bumping him shouted, "Shipwrecked mariners!"

"How? Where?" When another cried, "Hullo, 'Boy'! What a dog-fight!" And they were dancing. Her hair was as short as his own; she exhaled the flower-fields of Grasse. Before she left him she said too, "Shipwrecked mariners!"

"What the devil—?" But she was gone.

Perplexed as to the meaning of this latest catchword, he moved slowly across the Louis XIV. Debusson carpet spread in the hall, and reached the marble staircase. The crush was appalling. He wondered what pleasure any one got out of it.

A third girl of his wife's set, being pushed down the stairs as he was being pushed up, also shouted, "Shipwrecked mariners!" He called back, "Albatross!"

But the buffets up here, like the ones down-stairs, were about as getatable as those at a race-meeting. A friendly face, red as the sun on a Winter's afternoon, beamed into his own. "This way!"

Grateful, he followed his brother-in-law, the duke's heir, the little Marquis of Edenbridge, down the servants' stairs to the butler's pantry.

"Morning, Bowling. Champagne and stout in two tankards."

"Yes, my lord."

Peer and commoner sat on the table. And presently:

"What's this gag about shipwrecked mariners, Tubby?"

"Ha, ha!"

"You know?"

"A sister's more confidential than a wife, 'Boy.' I've got both."

"Well?"

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"Seems six young people seek a new sensation. Shipwreck by moonlight off an uninhabited island. Vi's stunt. She's supplying yacht and gadgets down to flea-bags, I gather."

"Vi is?" The Neo-Georgian shandy shook in the Georgian mug. For "Boy" Gale was learning things. She didn't stop at much. She did at "affairs," thank Heaven! But there might be some one of the party who— "You're making this up, Tubby?"

"No fear."

"When do they sail?"

"Dunno."

"Where's the show to be?"

"Ask another."

"Who are the others?"

"She knows—I don't. I was to tell you after they'd started. 'Stand to,' old son!"

"Boy" thought hard. Five others were going. Who? He cleared out—out into Little Grosvenor Street, through Shepherd Market, into Piccadilly.

Shipwrecked mariners! And she hadn't breathed a word. She was capable of going off for weeks, months, without saying good-by or where she was going or who with. That was a bit hot, wasn't it? Never mind ruining him, she was snapping her fingers at him. He walked faster, furiously.

She was taking her own line—a fine thing at hunting. Well, he would do another—he would "try forward." She wasn't in when he reached home, but her maid was waiting up.

"Flea-bags come, Lawson?"

The woman looked surprized, then, evidently believing he knew everything, answered, "They reached the yacht to-day, sir."

"Oh, good! So you start to-morrow?"

"For Southampton—her ladyship and I. The party join the next morning."

He felt fate had sent him dancing, and then a clock struck three. "Do you generally sit up to this hour?"

"No, sir. Her ladyship usually tells me to go to bed when she intends being out late."

"Take it as said."

"She has been suffering from insomnia these last few weeks. I stroke her head, and that sends her off to sleep."

Leaving the loyal, wan woman in the hall, he went up to bed. Somehow this revelation of intimacy between Vi and her maid made him feel deucedly lonely. He longed to take her in his arms. Shipwrecked mariners! She and he threatened to be that, only she didn't know it.

"HER ladyship would like you to go up to her, sir."

It was next morning. He felt dog-tired—he didn't know what she felt. Into his wife's bedroom he went, a stranger. The beauty of her made him tremble as he sat on the eiderdown. Her white throat in the powder-blue and silver-silk pajamas; her pale-gold hair; her big limpid eyes in their shadows. He wanted to say, "Let's try again?"

But she forestalled that by remarking, "So you pumped Lawson."

"Yes."

"I had no intention of telling you, Jimmy, as you might have tried to stop me. Are you going to?"

"It's your yacht."

"Well, come to that you pay for it."

"Generous of you to mention that!"

"Are we going to have another scene?"

"Not here."

"When I get back?"

"Who knows?"

"You seem peeved. You can't possibly mind my going."

"Mind? I'm not consulted. I should have known nothing at all about it but for your gang last night."

"Or did Tubby split?"

"No."

She wondered. "I feel I'm getting on your nerves," she said with her dazzling smile. "You want a holiday."

"I do? My aunt, you've a sense of humor, Vi!"

"Drive me down to Southampton?"

"I will. By the way, who are the mariners?"

She said offhandedly, "Oh, Audrey Stiles, Grace Newlands, and one or two more."

"Toby Radnor going?"

Her face went hard.

"He is. Why?" His color deepened. "Do you mind?"

"When I cease to trust you, Vi, it will be the end."

"Don't be melodramatic! I'm so terribly"—she yawned—"tired."

"Have a sleep, old girl." He rose and left her.

So Toby Radnor was going. The world knew, and he knew, Toby's reputation. He had spoken the truth—he did trust his wife. But Toby Radnor!

They drove in the touring-car to Southampton, found the *Fifinella* in the docks: Captain and Lady Gale, and Lawson, her maid. Now they were here, now the sea was in sight, Vi's excitement was intense. The yacht looked stunning in scarlet and fawn; the skipper saluted; Lawson went on board; and she said indifferently, "Well, *au revoir*, Jimmy."

"*Bon voyage*," said he.

Thus she left him. Up the gangway she went, down into the saloon. Coffee was waiting; Lawson arranging things; the skipper looked in.

"Everything correct, Lady Gale?"

"Yes, thanks so much, Captain Dawes. You realize it's a stunt, don't you? Has the raft come?"

"Every segment clearly marked."

"And the bell-tents?"

"Both."

"I don't suppose we shall stay more than a week on the island."

"Just as you like, Lady Gale."

"It *is* uninhabited?"

"Oh, yes."

"It would be marvelously frightening if there were cannibals on it."

"There aren't."

"I expect my friends at ten in the morning. We can start directly they come?"

"The moment I get my orders."

He went out; she stretched her arms. "Lawson, turn my bed down. I shall leave everything to you."

"Very good, my lady."

"There ought to be a Mah Jong, a Sandown, and records. Oh, dear!"

No need to have her head stroked. She was too tired to think of the good fun she was leaving, of the better fun she was pursuing. Almost the moment she touched the pillow she was asleep.

But some hours later she woke with a start. It was pitch-dark. She sat up startled and astonished, for the boat was moving; she could hear engines running; her bed was swaying under her, and water splashing on the port-holes.

What on earth were they doing? Was Captain Dawes going to turn the yacht round or something? But why in the night? Then the suspicion that something was wrong became a conviction. Yes, Heavens, they were sailing!

She sprang up frantic; pitched against the wall as she tried to find the switch; swore loudly and rang for her maid.

She ought to have matches somewhere, but she couldn't find them. And the yacht was speeding on! Desperately now she groped her way to the door; outside were low lights indicating cabins—those already prepared for her party. Her party! They would turn up at Southampton in the morning, and, unless she did something soon, the *Fifinella* would be Heaven knew where!

Where *was* Lawson? The yacht pitched; she almost fell headlong.

A door opened; electric light framed a figure in pajamas. A man's. His dark hair was ruffled, but he was unperturbed. His eyes indeed twinkled. She stared at him in a cold fury of realization.

"Can't you sleep, Vi?"

"I don't understand."

"That I love you? No, you never have understood that."

She made a furious gesture. "What's the meaning of our—our running through the night?"

He said wistfully, "To reach the dawn quicker."

"You've dared?"

"I never see you on land."

She was shaking with passion. "Where is the skipper?"

"On the bridge possibly."

She swept past him, but the yacht dipped again.

"Allow me," said "Boy" Gale, and held her reluctant hand.

She snatched it away. "Tell him to put back at once."

"Oh, no, Vi"

Her eyes glinted dangerously. "I warn you, Jimmy!"

He said, "I'm not afraid."

Self-possession left her completely. "How dare you? How dare you? They'll be on the landing-stage in the morning. You can't make a fool of me!"

"You've made a pretty fair one of *me*."

Her red mouth trembled.

"Think I was going to stand you careering the seas with Toby Radnor?"

"I've never yet accounted for my actions to you," she cried hotly, "and I don't propose to do so!"

IT WAS his turn to smile. "You know, Vi, there won't be much need for the next few weeks."

Her mouth opened. It was a curious situation. Husband and wife arguing in pajamas at midnight with the good ship *Fifinella* breasting the waves. He had never asserted his authority; she had never dreamed of being dominated.

"Are you going to put back?"

"No."

She grabbed a coat, found the companionway and the deck. The wind blew her sideways; spray drenched her. Good Heavens! She saw over her shoulder the receding lights of Southampton.

"Captain Dawes!" she shouted.

He handed over the wheel and came down. "Yes, Lady Gale?"

"Put back at once, please."

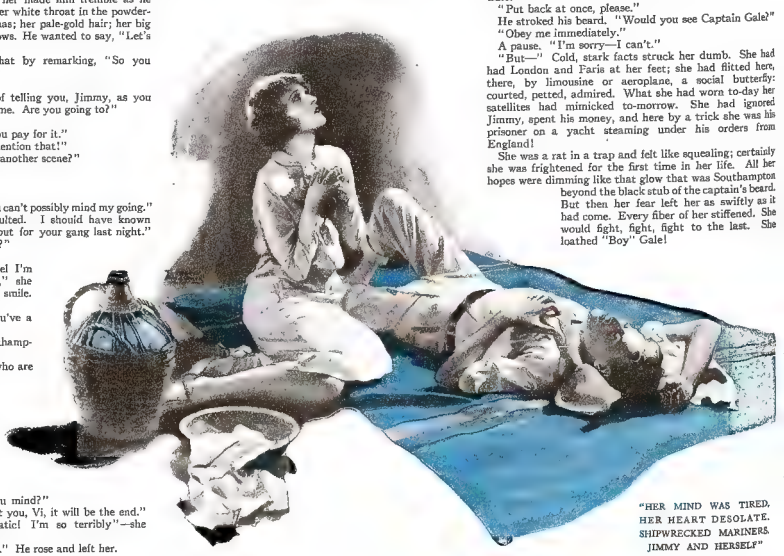
He stroked his beard. "Would you see Captain Gale?"

"Obey me immediately."

A pause. "I'm sorry—I can't."

"But—" Cold, stark facts struck her dumb. She had had London and Faris at her feet; she had flitted here, there, by limousine or aeroplane, a social butterfly: courted, petted, admired. What she had worn to-day her satellites had mimicked to-morrow. She had ignored Jimmy, spent his money, and here by a trick she was his prisoner on a yacht steaming under his orders from England!

She was a rat in a trap and felt like squealing; certainly she was frightened for the first time in her life. All her hopes were dimming like that glow that was Southampton beyond the black stub of the captain's beard. But then her fear left her as swiftly as it had come. Every fiber of her stiffened. She would fight, fight, fight to the last. She loathed "Boy" Gale!



"HER MIND WAS TIRED, HER HEART DESOLATE. SHIPWRECKED MARINERS. JIMMY AND HERSELF"

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Along the deck staggered a woman with a rug "You will catch cold, my lady."

"Lawson, go back to your cabin," she said sharply; and, the skipper returning to the bridge, she clung to the rails and gazed over the swirling sea.

Then started. The *Fifinella's* siren was screaming on the night. It seemed a pæan of triumph jangling her nerves, and in spite of her resolution she quailed. What a fool she had been to walk into it! What a feeble fool!

TIME can be entrancing or tedious at sea—it depends on others. Alone you can hate the horizon, want to wave with delirium at passing ships, and pine for land.

Day had followed day. One evening, no different from the last, she sat on deck under the awning. They spoke before inferiors. He lounged in a dinner-jacket, legs crossed as he stared at the night. She sat, a book on her lap, seeing nothing of the print.

She was still furious, tho the vision of her guests arriving at the docks to find the *Fifinella* gone was no longer in her mind.

Sometimes she appraised coldly, almost contemptuously, this spruce, spare man she had never seen so much of since the idiotic ecstasy of their honeymoon.

"Boy" Gale, who passed the pepper and smoked a pipe and no doubt silently gloated. But seeing him here, black and white and peaceful, she could hardly believe she owed her imprisonment to him.

What an unconscionable distance away were private parties, dances, stunts! She was asleep at ten; daylight waked her. She had really no need of Lawson; she neither suffered from headaches nor had occasion to change her frock more than once a day.

And it followed that, because it is human to believe what is good for one to be boring, she almost resented her improved health. There being now no necessity to soothe overwrought nerves with cigarets and cocktails, she found the taste of both displeasing, and blamed "Boy" Gale.

As he had deprived her of sensation, so he had deprived her of the need for sedative or stimulant.

That was unforgivable.

"Deuced close, Vi," he said suddenly.

Rage welled up in her. "I suppose you think because I'm taking this lying down——"

"Not a bit of it." His voice trembled a little. "I took so much lying down myself."

She rose without a word and went below. In her stateroom she undressed She was long used to the rhythm of the engines, to the economy of space and comfort even on a luxurious yacht. She uttered a defiant laugh. One might almost suppose he was the injured party. How she detested him!

Did he think he was going to beat her like this? Had he such a poor opinion of her spirit? But she was so bored. She ate to live, slept because of the sea air. She imagined if you kept going on you struck land somewhere. And he would say perhaps, "Here's New York. We'll stay at the Knickerbocker and have a good time." She breathed quickly. He would have the surprise of his life when he found her returning to England by the next liner.

She got into bed, turned out the light. The fun she had looked forward to. To end like this. Like this. She wished they could both be drowned.

SHE woke early next morning conscious that something was awful. The engines had stopped. It was with excitement she sprang up to look out of the window. Was she to see the Statue of Liberty?

No. She saw an island seventy yards away, green with palms and white with sand. A delightful place!

She thought of the shipwrecked mariners, and her mouth shut tight with vexation as Lawson entered.

"Captain Dawes says may he speak to you, my lady?"

"What about?"

"He says he has had the raft assembled, and wonders if you would like to try it."

The raft! She had almost forgotten it. Her expression relaxed. Liberty! To get off this stifling yacht for a bit—to swim!

"Lawson, put out my bathing-costume—and—and where is Captain Gale?"

"I have not seen him, my lady."

In three minutes she was on deck staring over the rails at the island, which glittered in the blue sea under a faint haze.

"That's the one I had in mind, Lady Gale," said the skipper.

"Oh, is it?" she returned haughtily, for she had not forgiven him his part in the affair.

"I thought you might like to see over it."

"I think I will. Tell my husband, will you, that I shall stay there for hours?" She turned to Lawson. "And bring my breakfast ashore."

Wearing a sleeveless "matching-coat," cornflower-blue piped with primrose, she descended to the raft, which was being held in readiness by some of the crew.

It was thrilling. The sun shimmering her white arms, she sat there; a dingey towed her—she rode the surf. Shipwrecked mariners! What a rag it would have been! Well, she was enjoying it anyhow. The blueness of the water, the hot sun, the glimpse of coconuts. "Let go now!" And she was free.

She stood up. Slipping off the coat, she dived, came up. What fun! What topping fun! She would stay on the island—refuse to come off She would keep Lawson And Jimmy should be fooled. Yes, she would demand unconditional surrender!

The raft was drifting out. Let it. Oh, but she must save the coat! It was hot as Summer bathing in the Mediterranean. Standing soon, feet sunk in the warmest sand, she flung coat ashore, returned to the Atlantic.

The raft was a speck far away, while the dingey had long ago put back for her maid and breakfast. Laughing, she gathered sea water to her face and sank. Down, down till she came to the sand, and there she burrowed round

How long she stayed in she had no idea, but, flopping in the shallows presently, to her amazement she looked up to see a man approaching along the shore with a valise

Rising up, she cried, "What are you doing here, Jimmy?"

"Dawes said you were going to stay for hours. Thought you'd like some clothes."

"You needn't have troubled," she said coldly. "It's quite warm and I'm expecting my maid."

"There's many a slip, Vi."

There was something about him she didn't like—she forgot her plans.

"I'm going back in a minute."

"Oh, no, you're not."

"What do you mean?"

"You and I are going to make the great decision."

She looked at him.

"Go on with -or end our marriage, Vi."

She splashed through water to him.

"Look here, Jimmy, don't you think you've played the fool enough?"

He put the valise down. "Our home's round the corner," he said. "Two bell-tents—you bought 'em. Two flea-bags—you bought 'em. Our rations too. You'll learn to know what are necessities here."

An arm drew; she swung round with a gasp of horror. The yacht had turned and was steaming to sea. Twice fooled!

He caught her arm.

"Let go!"

But his grip was like iron. "Look here, Vi -it's no use. If you go in I'll come after you and fetch you out."

He released her then. Lips trembling, she glanced at the receding yacht and then at him. "You beast!" she said. "You beast!" Then snatching up her bathing-wrap, she draped it round her, grabbed the valise, and crept humiliated to the shelter of the palms. The voyage seemed nothing, but this——!

When she emerged she saw him loosing canvas. His arms and feet were bare. She watched him, awed. It was incredible. He was about to make her a shelter for the night, like the first man for the first woman.

"JUST what exactly are you aiming at?"

"You."

It was two mornings later—the first time she had spoken to him since. She looked from his soiled shirt and ducks to her sea-stained shoes.

"Do you think this is the way to win me?"

He smiled wistfully. "I kidded myself I had done that two years ago."

The sun blazed down on the coconut-palms above them, on the blue sea. She picked up a handful of sand and let it tricicle through her fingers. "Where is the yacht?" she asked harshly.

"Coaling at Havana. I wanted some cigars."

"Is this the Caribbean?"

"Guess again."

"Where are we?"

"In the Gulf Stream."

She looked out to sea. "Why do no steamers pass?"

"Ask Dawes."

A cold shiver ran down her back. "Jimmy, when does the yacht return?"

"Heaven knows."

"Can't you do something? Signal?"

"To Cuba? It's a deuce of a long way."

Her voice gathered speed. "I'll never forgive you for this." She jumped up, eyes blazing. "I hate you! Loathe you!" And she stormed away. Along the shore, stood by the sea, gazed out. Not a whiff of smoke, not a sail. And he had provisions, water. She looked round. He lay there sucking a pipe.

But if in an assumed indifference of pride she could bear the days, the nights all but broke her spirit. Lying in the flea-bag she had bought for a lark, she wondered how long her humiliation was to last. She had nothing a woman needs—neither powder nor cream; not even a mirror. In sheer terror of a land-crab crawling in from the darkness, she would compare her privations with the dazzling past, and bite back tears.

It was unbelievable that one of her own set could do a thing like this. If she had married an outsider. But Jimmy! Jimmy, "Boy" Gale, chivalrous to the core! The man she had once loved for his gallantry in France—behaving like a cad!

And all the time she thought this, she little knew that, like an Indian servant guarding his mem-sahib, he lay outside her tent. He heard her turn and sigh, but never call him.

It was a desperate throw he had made. He remembered her in London, Paris, New York looking more beautiful than any lady of fashion out of a Romney painting; but she was even lovelier now. No aids to artifice: her fair, silken hair wind-blown, the glow of health on her cheeks and on her God-given rosebud mouth. She might be the mother of his children if he won; she would never be happy in the end if he lost.

Instinct told him as much as he traced figures on the moonlit sand. He often shivered. Why didn't she call him? He prayed that she might.

Thus Captain "Boy" Gale, D.S.O., M.C., who might have had most women for the asking, but—odd fellow!—only wanted his wife.

ATYPICAL morning dawned a week later. He bathed, but the sun must have touched him a bit. He had a deuced headache, anyway.

About nine she woke. Going down herself for a dip, she returned as usual to smell bacon cooking.

"Lovely morning, Vi."

Without reply she disappeared in her tent to dress.

The stove roared, waves lapped the beach; she came out to find the cloth, as always, weighed down by coconuts. Yet she couldn't see romance in it—or in him. He cooked for her—well, some one had to. She was growing as used to his attentions as she had been to her maid's. He was a necessary part of her life on this island, which, still foul, had appeared to her unbearable a week ago. There was the sea and sand and coconut-palms and Jimmy—Jimmy whose once-white clothes, like her dress, were getting less presentable every day.

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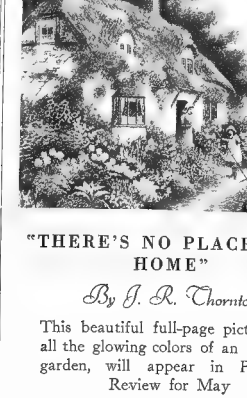

"THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME"

By J. R. Thornton

This beautiful full-page picture, in all the glowing colors of an English garden, will appear in Pictorial Review for May

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Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

The conclusion of this serial and the key to the crime

THE DISAPPEARANCE of MARY YOUNG

BY MILTON M. PROPPER

Illustrations by Joseph Maturo

TOMMY RANKIN caught the Chicago-Western Flier that left at one-fifteen Friday morning from Broad Street Terminal, and sped westward toward Gary and the Windy City. Despite the strange and unexpected developments he slept soundly. During the following day he mulled over the turn of events as the clicking wheels under him fell into a monotonous rhythm which seemed to say, "The right trail, the right trail, the right trail."

Marv Young, secretary—Mildred Yaeger, heiress! Heiress of what, to whom? The initials were the same for both girls; the description that arrived just before he left was similar. Mildred Yaeger had been missing for three months; Mary Young had appeared three months ago as a boarder of Mrs. Schmidt's. Rankin passed the time by studying the newspapers again. This time, however, he searched for the name "Yaeger," and the he discovered nothing applicable to Mildred Yaeger, the name figured on the second page of every paper.

The paragraphs were daily reports concerning the health and progress of one Lawrence Yaeger. Briefly, they indicated that he was stricken with cancer, but for the present was holding his own. Lawrence Yaeger appeared to be a man of consequence; else these items would never have been printed. Their exact relation, however, to Rankin's problem was not clear. All sorts of vague hypotheses ran through his mind in regard to them, but he refused to consider them.

Other problems were more intriguing. For instance, if Mildred Yaeger had been missing for three months, why should the Gary police delay their inquiry for her until the present date? Unless they had not known until now that she had disappeared. And if they had waited three months, why not four?

What also was the strange connection between the fatal illness the *Tribune* described and the sudden telegram? Rankin was impatient to unravel these clues and reach his destination.

The Flier drew into Gary close upon midnight on Friday. As it was so late he sought a convenient hotel and registered for the night. He slept fitfully, but in the morning a cold bath and a substantial breakfast set him up for the day. A half-hour later he was closeted with the Chief of Police.

Frank Lowry was a stern-faced, lantern-jawed, middle-aged man who had risen to the head of the force by close application to duty.

Rankin told him only what he deemed necessary, and was relieved when the chief asked but few questions. He didn't want to show his hand or disclose his true objective. Anyway, a cautious policy was always the best, he had found.

"And so you believe that Mildred Yaeger is the same girl as the one you are investigating in Philadelphia?" remarked Lowry when he had finished. "Well, it looks mighty like it, I must say."

"Exactly that," Rankin replied. "And if it's true, it's a bigger affair than I imagined. So what is it all about? Who is this Mildred Yaeger? And why haven't you been searching for her before this?"

The Chief of Police smiled. "Those questions aren't so easily answered, and to some of them I don't know the reply myself."

"What do you mean by that?"

"The people who are concerned in the affair refuse to go into details. They just come to me and say, 'Mildred Yaeger is missing. Go ahead and find her.'"

"That's peculiar. Who are they?"

"The most powerful, respectable, and wealthiest people in town. And for that reason I have no choice but to obey orders. Take a look at this." Lowry reached for a copy of the Gary *Tribune* which lay upon his desk, and pointed to a column on the first page. "It's yesterday's paper. That's the beginning of the entire business as far as I can see."

Rankin obeyed. In staring head-lines was the following news:

MILLIONAIRE STEEL MAGNATE DIES IN GARY HOME AFTER FIGHT

LAWRENCE YAEGER SUCCUMBS TO THROAT CANCER AT 1:30 P. M. YESTERDAY HAD BEEN ILL FIFTEEN MONTHS

A distinguished and respected citizen of Gary, Ind., passed away at 1:30 yesterday afternoon after a bitter struggle against a cancer infection of the esophagus which lasted over a period of fifteen months. Lawrence Yaeger, well-known steel king and distinguished philanthropist, succumbed to the virulent disease. He was sixty-eight years old. The trouble began during the Spring of 1926, but appeared to be combatable in its first stages. Doctor Sanford, eminent surgeon, who was his constant attendent, held out hopes for recovery throughout last Fall and Winter.

Late in May, however, increased infection made it clear that Mr. Yaeger's days were numbered. Nevertheless, all hope was not abandoned until a week ago, when Mr. Yaeger proceeded to sink very rapidly. Yesterday he died. He is survived by a nephew and by a niece who is visiting friends in the East. Both have been summoned home and are expected to arrive shortly. The people of Gary, who have always possessed the warmest affection for Mr. Yaeger, followed his condition, as reported daily by the TRIBUNE, with great solicitude. The details of the magnate's will and the disposal of his estate will not be made public for some time, according to Driscoll & Ellery, his attorneys.

Under this was a summary of the magnate's life-work, accomplishments, and charities. His wealth was derived from the steel industry, of which he was a director and vice-president.

When Rankin finished these details he folded the paper and returned it to the desk. The Chief of Police watched him shrewdly.

"Very interesting," commented the detective, "but I must confess I'm at a loss to see the exact connection. There were some papers from Gary in Mary Young's room, and I noticed some items in regard to the magnate's sickness. But whether they have anything to do with my problem, unless his death makes Mildred Yaeger an heiress—"

"That's just it. But the details are kept under cover, so I really don't know. Still that item about the niece visiting friends in the East is the crux of the matter."

"In what way?"

"As a matter of fact, that niece is Mildred Yaeger, and she is neither in the East nor has she been notified of her uncle's decease. That's just the story that has been handed to the papers. She is the missing girl."

Rankin began to see light. "I understand. But if she's not visiting, where in the world is she and what's the idea of all the secrecy?"

"I wish I knew," the chief replied. "But I don't. On Thursday afternoon, Lawrence Yaeger died, with Doctor Sanford, his housekeeper, Mrs. Herman, and, I believe, several lawyers in attendance. Three hours later Driscoll came into this office with the information that Mildred Yaeger was missing and must be found. He gave me her description and said that she had left home three months ago. And then he took his leave."

"No reasons or explanations?"

"Not a single one. A good many of us knew Miss Mildred a popular girl in the younger set. Naturally, I wanted to know more about it. Some three months ago, just before old Yaeger's illness became critical, an item in the society column announced she was going East to visit and perhaps would enter college there in the Fall. So no one thought anything more about her absence."

"But it was untrue, of course?"

"I suppose it was, from what Driscoll said."

"Which was—?"

"That the girl had left home for a very different reason, and no one knew where she had gone. But he said that now she must be located and brought home at once."

"Surely he must have told you why."

"No, he refused to tell me a thing, tho you may be sure I asked about it. But Driscoll said that I had enough information for my purpose and that those things were family matters and couldn't aid me."

"What sort of person is this Driscoll? It looks as tho he were a martinet."

"Driscoll, of Driscoll & Ellery? They are the most powerful law firm in this part of the State. Ordinarily I'd insist on having the rest of the story. But one can't very well buck against them."

"Oh, can't one!" Rankin's voice indicated his pugnacious mood.

"So I merely went on," continued Lowry, "and proceeded to make the necessary inquiries and notified other cities in regard to the disappearance. Nothing has turned up so far, and if results weren't forthcoming to-day they were considering hiring a private firm."

"I'll do my best to make that unnecessary. But can you tell me nothing further than that the girl went away three months ago? Do you think this law concern is sincere in its desire to find her?"

The suggestion shocked Lowry. "Certainly they are sincere," he said. "Mr. Driscoll is Miss Mildred's godfather, and he certainly is attached to her. I believe this secrecy is in her own interest."

"But this Yaeger family—they appear to be one of the wealthiest in town. At what would you place their wealth?"

"The exact amount is not known. I should say it is in the neighborhood of $10,000,000. They are also the town's oldest family. But the lawyers know more about those affairs than I."

"And yet that sum is a big stake, you'll agree to that."

Lowry nodded. "But not to Driscoll & Ellery," he added. "It isn't a case of rascally lawyers cheating their clients; you may be sure of that."

RANKIN was almost persuaded. Nevertheless, it was not a possibility to be overlooked. He glanced at his watch and discovered it was ten o'clock.

"Does Mildred Yaeger fall heir to the entire sum?"

"Well, I wouldn't say that, but to the greatest part of it. Otherwise I can hardly see any object in this rush to locate her."

Rankin rose abruptly. "I think I'll go now and see Driscoll. Being Saturday, they might close early. Perhaps you had better inform them of my arrival, but don't tell them much. Merely that I'm an accredited police representative who might know something about Miss Yaeger. Now, where did you say the office was?"

"The Ellery Building, along this street, three blocks up. Will I see you again?"

"Perhaps. It all depends on what turns up. And where is old Yaeger's place?"

"Armour Avenue—230—but you'll have to take a trolley. Incidentally, Lawrence Yaeger is to be buried to-day, and you might find it worth while to attend the services."

When Rankin took his departure he had no intention of visiting the dead man's attorneys. Not at least until he had unearthed something more about his own mission. And where better could he obtain information than at the old man's home, the home of the missing girl? Accordingly he set out for the magnate's residence.

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It proved to be an old-fashioned limestone mansion with strangely protruding gables. In spite of its rambling structure there was a majestic appearance to the place. A neatly trimmed garden with a hedge enclosed both the house and grounds.

The woman who opened the door fitted into the sedate character of the place. Rankin saw the black crape upon the door and the drawn shades, and as he stepped into the hall felt the atmosphere of death.

Unconsciously he lowered his voice as he spoke.

"I've come to help you and Mr. Driscoll find Miss Yaeger. You are Mrs. Herman, aren't you?"

"Yes, I'm Mrs. Herman, and I've been housekeeper for Mr. Yaeger and Miss Mildred these many years. I raised Miss Mildred since her mother died. Oh, I do hope you bring her home, where she belongs at such a time. Come in and sit down," she said.

They passed down a gloomy hall, beyond a room the full panels of which swung partly closed. There she paused.

"That's where the master is sleeping," she said. "A wonderful man, sir, and a fine master. You may go in."

Rankin barely noted the darkened room, the magnificent coffin of inlaid mahogany, the mountain of floral offerings, and the two candles flickering at the head. His entire attention was riveted upon the face of the dead man, whose kindly features were handsome even in age and death. The ravages of his months of suffering had left no trace.

The housekeeper shut the door, and Rankin felt a moistness in his eyes. "You can still make him happy," Mrs. Herman said, "if you bring Mildred back to us. That was his last thought when he died."

"I'll do my best," he replied, "and you must assist me in every way. Would you mind if I saw Miss Yaeger's room? There might be something there that will help."

"Do you think so? It was searched before, but nothing was found. It hasn't been touched since she went away. Heaven knows where she went, and for such little cause, just like the foolish child she was, three full months ago. Mr. Yaeger was always hoping she'd return before he passed away. They could comfort each other in the last moments. That's all she was—a headstrong child."

She led the way up a broad staircase. At a landing on the steps an ancient grandfather clock stood, ticking the hour.

"We've taken out the chimes since Thursday," Mrs. Herman whispered. "And such heavenly ones they were. Miss Mildred loved to sit and listen to them."

With a heavy sigh she continued up the steps. In the upper hallway the silence was oppressive, and a weird feeling stole through Rankin as the housekeeper, key in hand, opened a door.

"This is it, her room, waiting for her just as it was when she rushed away. It was wrong of her to think that her uncle would consider anything but her good. And she went just the same; so quickly none of us knew anything about it till it was too late."

But Rankin was not listening to her. His eyes were held by a dressing-table across the room. On it were toilet articles—perfumes, cream—lying in the disorder in which they evidently had been left three months ago. And there, also, was a photograph. It was of a girl, in riding-cap, with finely molded features, a straight nose, and lovely lips, curved in a captivating smile. The eyes beamed with the joy of life. It was a portrait of the mistress of the room—of Mildred Yaeger. It was also Mary Young.

Out of the Past

TOMMY RANKIN felt awkward as he proceeded to make a survey of that dainty room under the eye of Mrs. Herman. It was a spotless, speckless room, in pale gold and pink shades; a young girl's boudoir.

Rankin passed quickly over the bureau, which contained nothing but clothing, and gave the closet, filled with gowns of the richest quality, a cursory glance. If necessary, he could return to them later. It was a little desk that interested him.

He turned his attention to it at once. It was of dark walnut; the only article that failed to fit into the chamber's color-scheme. The waste-basket that lay beside it was filled with paper; evidently it had not been emptied. Rankin opened the desk-top and removed the piles of papers pushed into the shelves or lying in the drawers. On first view they all seemed to be letters from friends. One appeared to be a love-letter from some one signing himself "Bobby." There were also some checks from a Gary bank, some Chicago theater programs, and greeting-cards. The most recent was dated May 10th, and now it was late in August.

The waste-basket received his attention next. And here Rankin unearthed his first clue—three pieces of crumpled letter-paper. He lifted them out and smoothed them carefully. The first one began:

DEAR UNCLE:

Nothing followed the salutation but a huge blot; the sheet had been discarded for another. On the next sheet the writer had made some progress.

DEAR UNCLE: I simply can't go through with it. I must——

Evidently the author considered the start too abrupt, for that also ended suddenly. The detective realized the import of these notes. They were farewell letters addressed to Lawrence Yaeger on the eve of flight. Clearly, Mildred Yaeger was trying to express a suitable explanation for her actions. Eagerly he turned to the next paper.

DEAREST UNCLE: When I consider how good you have been to me these many years, I hesitate to cause you even a moment's pain. I know I seem a most ungrateful girl, but I can see no other way out of it. Your plan with regard to Bob and me has been a cherished one for so long that I can not expect you to forego it. And yet, tho I have done my best to obey you, I simply can not go through with it. And so, rather than remain and bring sorrow——

The letter ceased there. How difficult it was for her to write at all! Under what stress had she left home? What was this plan she referred to? The finished letter must have been found on the girl's desk after her flight; but this one left him satisfied with his investigation. He turned to the housekeeper.

"I think that will be all here, Mrs. Herman. And I want to thank you for making the search so easy for me."

"That's all right, sir," she replied, "if it only serves to bring Miss Mildred back. I'd be willing to do anything for that. Do you think you'll be able to find her?"

"Locate her, certainly." Rankin clung to the barest truth. "But more than that is difficult to promise. And I expect you to tell me just what happened here. I must have material to work with. You understand that, of course."

"I do indeed, sir, and I'll be only too glad to if you can promise to bring the poor girl back to us. Mr. Driscoll warned me not to answer any questions, but he meant of reporters and such like. This is different, I'm sure, for he wants her found as much as I do. Mr. Driscoll is the family lawyer."

"Yes, I know that. And remember, Mrs. Herman, you must keep nothing from me. I want perfect frankness."

SHE showed him into a cubbyhole of a room which contained only a sewing-machine and two deep rockers.

"My private sitting-room," she explained. "We can be comfortable here. And now what can I tell you, sir?"

"Everything, Mrs. Herman. The cause of Miss Yaeger's leaving, and what occurred before and afterward."

"Well, I hardly know how to begin, the situation has been developing such a long time. Miss Yaeger is Mr. Yaeger's niece, raised here ever since she was a tiny tot. You see, her mother died in childbirth, and her father just two years later. Mr Yaeger never married, himself, but he loved children. He felt a deep affection for her, and he had her brought here and gave her everything she wanted, just like a father would. And he was just as good to little Bobby Girard——"

"Bobby Girard? Who is he?"

"Besides his brother, who was Miss Mildred's father, Mr. Yaeger also had a sister, Clara. Bobby is her son.

"WITH A SWEEP RANKIN REMOVED THE WIG, REVEALING THE MAN BENEATH THE DISGUISE. IT WAS THE BOY OF THE PICTURE AT THE MASTER SCHOOL."

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Hers was an unfortunate affair and it caused much scandal. But Miss Clara was always a wild one; still, no one ever dreamed she would run away: Not even Mr. Yaeger's money could hush up the disgrace."

"Who did she run away with?" Rankin was determined to collect all details.

"A good-for-nothing salesman by the name of Julius Girard, who used to pass through the town and, in some way, got to meet her. She always had romantic ideas, but no one ever imagined there was anything between them until it was too late. He deserted Miss Clara when she had a baby, and he's never been heard of since.

"We didn't hear from Miss Clara after that for nine years, tho they scoured the country for her. Then came the news that she had died, but the boy was left with people in New York. They were very good to him, and Mr. Yaeger always sent them money for him. After a while he brought the boy out here to keep Miss Mildred company. He was just eleven.

"Then all the trouble started. Bobby was a clever little boy and Mr. Yaeger took a great liking to him. He got the idea that it would be a wonderful thing if the children would grow up together and be married. In the end, I suppose, they'd get everything he possessed, because he had no one else.

"BUT Miss Mildred didn't like Bobby. All the rest of us thought the world of him, but somehow she couldn't stand him. I remember when she came in one day crying because she said he had pinched her. And she said he was cruel—that he would catch butterflies and stick pins into them. Of course we wouldn't believe that, and Bobby always denied ever doing such things.

"In 1917, when he was thirteen, Mr. Yaeger sent him East to a boarding-school, and he stayed there for a long time, and when he wasn't at school he remained with the people who raised him. We never saw him again until recently."

"What school was that, Mrs. Herman?"

"A private school called Marcus—a very exclusive place. Bobby was there until he was seventeen. It is in New York city. Then he went to another school—I don't remember the name—and after that he went to Columbia University for two years. He didn't do so well there, and when he left we didn't hear of him again for three years. So, you see, he was grown up when he turned up again. Mr. Yaeger was worried about him, but he used to say to me, 'Sewing his wild oats, maybe. Well, when he comes back to Mildred and me he'll be ready to settle down.'"

"In other words, he held that plan of marriage all through the years?"

"That's it exactly, sir. So finally it was all settled that the marriage was to take place."

"And Miss Mildred," Rankin put in, "how did she take it?"

"That's just the tragic part about the whole affair. As soon as she was old enough Mr. Yaeger spoke to her of it. Naturally, she wanted to please him, and she said she'd be willing if it satisfied him. But the older she got the more unpleasant the thought was to her. She used to confide in me."

"But I thought you said that she never saw her cousin from the time he was twelve or thirteen years old until recently."

"That's true—in fact; Miss Mildred never saw him since then, for she was gone when he arrived. That's why she went—because he was coming. But she remembered him, and came to hate the memory of him. But she wouldn't tell her uncle, because she couldn't bear to cross him. So she just kept on being unhappy."

She leaned forward confidentially and lowered her voice.

"But I know this, sir, that if Mr. Yaeger had ever suspected how sorrowful he was making her he would have dropped the idea. But of course he didn't know, and she never let him find out any different. And of course I couldn't interfere, being just a housekeeper, tho I told Miss Mildred to let her uncle know how her heart felt about it."

"And then young Girard came home. Is that it?"

"Oh, no, not yet, sir. But when the master was taken ill a year ago he thought it would be wonderful if they should marry at once and settle down in case anything should happen to him."

"How did you find young Girard then," he asked, "if you didn't know where he was?"

"Well, we wrote to those people who raised him. He used to write to Miss Mildred from there during his college days—little love-letters. They made her angry, and she always tore them up and never answered him. Maybe she kept one or two. If so they'd be in that bundle you found in the desk."

At that moment a faint ringing reached them from below. Mrs. Herman rose.

"That's probably Mr. Driscoll. It will never do to keep him waiting. I forgot, he's coming up to make the final arrangements for the funeral. It is to be at four o'clock."

As soon as she was gone Rankin removed the letters from his inner pocket, and searched out the message that had been signed "Bob." The year of the message, he observed, was 1923.

DEAREST MILDRED: Just a line from your future *fiancé* to let you know that he is in good health; so you needn't worry about him. I'm attending Columbia, and the work is quite difficult, so I'm kept too busy to write lengthy love-letters. On my first recess I might possibly come West, in which case I shall expect a welcome such as befits me. I'll let you know more later.

The sarcasm in the words was apparent. In Rankin's opinion the writer was a cad. Evidently he knew the girl's distaste of him, and it was nothing less than a defiance of her feelings. Small wonder, then, that Mildred Yaeger hated him. She must have kept this letter because it was so disagreeable.

Rankin reviewed the information he had gained. He knew now why Mary Young had left home. How did it aid him in his quest for her murderer? He was certain of one thing, that Bob Girard, wherever he was, would be worth meeting. And so also would be the lawyer, Driscoll.

The appearance of the housekeeper interrupted his ruminations. Behind her stood a tall, portly man in high hat, cutaway coat, and spats. He carried a cane. Altho his features did not especially please the detective, the fellow was not crafty-looking. True, the heavy lips and cheeks betokened stubbornness, but the eyes had a softness in them.

Mrs. Herman was clearly uncomfortable.

"This is Mr. Driscoll, sir," she said. "But you haven't told me your name——"

"Never mind that, Mrs. Herman," the lawyer interrupted. "I'll find that out soon enough. Just leave us to ourselves; will you, please?" He stared at her and waited till she had withdrawn. Rankin started to rise, but the lawyer motioned him to be seated.

"Now, sir, will you kindly tell me the meaning of this?"

Rankin was undisturbed. "The meaning of what, may I ask?"

"My dear sir, there's no use your beating around the bush. I know all about your coming here and asking questions. You've been pumping Mrs. Herman, haven't you?"

"Well, you might call it that." Rankin regarded the walls with interest.

"So you admit it! By what right do you come here anyway?"

"So Lowry has told you nothing about me?" The lawyer was less dangerous than he appeared, and when he hesitated Rankin resolved to tell him the truth if necessary. With Driscoll he must come to an understanding.

"Yes, Lowry called me up. I have been waiting for you at my office. But that gives you no right to intrude upon this household."

"If I have done that, Mr. Driscoll, I am sorry; but I believe your chief objection to my appearance here is that I might learn something that you wish kept secret."

"Sir! I'll have you understand——"

"MR. DRISCOLL, we must come to an understanding at once. I am here for information, and I do not propose to be balked in obtaining it. I can understand your care in handling the affairs of your client, tho all your motives are not very clear——"

"Who are you to question my behavior?"

"I am not questioning it. I am merely making a suggestion. I have information, myself, which I will willingly exchange with you; but I shall say nothing if you are not frank with me in the matter of Mildred Yaeger's disappearance. I have most of your story already. I know, for instance, of Mr. Yaeger's desire to marry his niece to his nephew, and of Miss Yaeger's secret unwillingness. And that, I surmise, is the cause of her leaving home. But I would prefer to hear it from you."

Driscoll studied his opponent for a moment.

"You seem to be well informed, sir," he remarked. "What else do you know?"

"I have also heard the story of Bob Girard's boyhood and of the marriage arrangements. You realize, Mr. Driscoll, I am concealing nothing. It would be best if you'd follow the same policy. This matter is far more serious than a runaway or a disappearance. Your refusal to speak forces me to be very frank."

There was alarm in the lawyer's voice.

"What do you mean, Mr. Rankin—'more serious'?"

"It has to do with murder, sir!"

Driscoll's eyes widened. There was no question of the shock these words produced.

"Murder!" he cried. "Murder? Of whom——?"

"Of a young girl last Sunday night in Philadelphia. It will be a week ago to-morrow. It happened in a park resort, sir, on a scenic railway. You might have seen something about it."

"In a park? Why, I believe I did see something of it in the papers. But what could this have to do with Mildred Yaeger?"

Driscoll saw the look of pity in Rankin's eyes, and he grasped his arm.

"You don't mean— It can't be that— Good Heavens! it's impossible that the girl is——"

"Exactly, Mr. Driscoll. I regret to tell you that the dead girl is Mildred Yaeger."

Lawrence Yaeger's Will

"I CAN well understand, Mr. Rankin, how important is Mr. Yaeger's will in the light of what you have just told me."

After the first shock of Rankin's words was over and the story of the crime had been told him, Driscoll capitulated completely. Indeed, his surrender had the characteristics of a collapse. There was no question that he felt a great affection for the dead girl; and it was some time before he recovered his capacity for leadership.

"Because if Mildred died last Sunday," the lawyer went on, "and Mr. Yaeger passed away but two days ago, it means that young Girard inherits the entire fortune."

"Ah!" Rankin's suspicions were confirmed. "I have been expecting that. Precisely, then, what were the terms of the will?"

"That Mildred was heir to practically everything, but that, in case she died—" Driscoll broke off and produced a folded document. "Here, as it happens, I have a copy of the will with me. You can see the terms for yourself. It will save a trip to my office later."

Rankin broke open the seal expectantly. It was a lengthy legal affair, with the usual preliminaries. His eye ran swiftly through the column of bequests. There was a long list of them to charities and institutions, all in substantial amounts, but not seriously affecting the immense fortune Lawrence Yaeger had left.

The date, strangely enough, was quite recent—May 15th. Three months ago, approximately. If Mildred Yaeger had fled on May 10th, then the will was made following her flight—certainly a curious proceeding.

At last he came to the paragraphs he sought.

To Mrs. Herman, for her long and devoted years of service, I give and bequeath, to be hers, free of all bonds, the sum of $30,000.

To the son of my sister, my nephew, Robert Girard, I leave in trust until he is thirty years of age the sum of $200,000, the interest of which he is to receive yearly until such time when the entirety is to be turned over to him. The firm of Driscoll & Ellery is to administer this fund.

The residue of my estate, both real and personal, I devise and grant to my beloved niece, the daughter of my brother Richard, Mildred Yaeger, and to her heirs. Except in the case that she should predecease me, when the entire estate shall pass immediately upon her death to the aforementioned Robert Girard, in the addition to the aforesaid trust fund, and to his heirs after him.

As Rankin returned the document its significance came to him with double force. It indicated the strongest motive for the crime. Mildred Yaeger was the heiress of an immense fortune, and her cousin was left a sum that was paltry in comparison. But in case Mildred died before her uncle everything—an amount of perhaps $8,000,000—reverted to Robert Girard. When the will was made there had been no probability that the girl would predecease Lawrence Yaeger; and yet that was precisely what had occurred.

Driscoll spoke one word.

"Well?" he said.

"It is a very strange will," Rankin commented, "and it is very recent. The date is May 15th. Surely this is not the original will."

The lawyer smiled. "That is correct. It is a will made four days after the foolish girl had taken flight. Naturally, we did not want the true cause of her departure known, since it was purely a family matter; so it was given out that she had gone East to visit friends. But this act of my client proves that she was a headstrong and foolish girl. Mr. Yaeger was a reasonable and affectionate man, and had he ever dreamed that she was so unhappy about his plan he would never have pressed her to complete her marriage."

The very words, practically, that Mrs. Herman had used. It was evident to Rankin that a terrible mistake had been made. Had it not been, Mildred Yaeger would be safe at home, enjoying her inheritance, instead of lying in a distant grave under an assumed name.

"In what way does it indicate that?" Rankin asked.

"You see, my client had no idea how opposed Miss Mildred really was to his scheme—not until it was too late. She had then run away, and in a note had told him all about it. I believe I have the note in my office. We had private detectives out at once, searching for her. Even young Girard joined in the hunt when he arrived. And meanwhile, to show his good faith, my client changed the terms of his will at once."

"What were the original terms, then?"

"They provided," replied the lawyer, "for the passage of the estate on various dates. On the day of the marriage between young Girard and Miss Mildred there was to be a handsome marriage settlement as a gift; on the birth of the first child another portion passed. And on the death of my client it all went equally to the husband and wife. You see, it was written upon the assumption that there would be a marriage. But that was all changed in the second will. It was drawn on May 14th and completed on the 15th."

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"So that, by this first will, Girard would inherit an equal share, but by the will in operation to-day he stood to lose almost everything unless Miss Mildred Yaeger died before her uncle?"

"Exactly." Driscoll regarded Rankin apprehensively. "You are thinking that Bob Girard killed his cousin because of that. But I won't believe it."

"Perhaps not; for your sake I sincerely hope not. But you must admit that the facts point to it as a possibility. Did Bob Girard by any chance, know of the new will?"

The lawyer nodded his head.

"As it happens, he did know. That's what makes it seem so bad. And he found it out in a most peculiar manner, for ordinarily I would never discuss my client's business. On May 10th Mildred Yaeger fled; and we found her farewell note on the 11th. She went because her future husband was scheduled to arrive in the week. She could not face him. I could never quite understand her aversion to him.

"But young Girard did not arrive till a week after Mildred's disappearance, and we were still in an uproar about it. Then, the next day, he came to my private office, and amazed me by asking for $100,000 from the estate on the strength of his prospects!"

"One hundred thousand?" Rankin broke in. "That's quite a sum. Did he say what he wanted it for?"

"No, he didn't. That was the surprising part of it. He merely refused to tell me a thing except that he had to have it at once. He said that he would return it with interest as soon as he was married."

"If he wanted it so badly, why didn't he go to his uncle?"

"I asked him that, too; but he evidently knew Mr. Yaeger's attitude toward money. He would have demanded an explanation at once. And that was one thing Girard would not give. He merely kept on reiterating that he had to have it."

Rankin pondered the matter a moment. "It sounds pretty urgent. Do you think it might have been for gambling debts or something of the sort?"

"Yes, I thought of that and mentioned it to him as a possibility. But he refused to admit anything. And then there was no course left but to explain that there was to be no marriage and that he had no prospects.

"Of course it was a terrible shock. He was fearfully excited, the ordinarily he was very reserved. I must confess that the reason why I have been so secretive with regard to the estate was that I feared his arrival. When he learns that Miss Mildred has not yet been found he might start trouble that would make public our difficulties. But of course, since he is the heir, I shall at once endeavor to get in touch with him."

"Did he never go to Mr. Yaeger about his being disinherited? Didn't he try to do something of the sort?"

"He did, indeed—in fact that was the first thing he desired to do. But, unfortunately, it was impossible. On that very day Mr. Yaeger's illness took a serious turn, and after that no one could see him."

This statement coincided with the newspaper account. Rankin pursed his lips.

"And where is young Girard now?"

The lawyer wiped his brow.

"I wish I knew, but we haven't heard from him since that day. As soon as he knew all the facts he went East again to find Miss Mildred, he said. His intention was to bring her back to my client. But there has been no news of him at all."

"You have no idea, then, where he might be located?"

"Not the slightest. We did think we might be able to get in touch with him at Mrs. Murchison's in New York. But tho we have written there has been no reply from him, and Mrs. Murchison claims not to have seen him. She is the woman who raised the boy after his mother died."

"Yes, Mrs. Herman mentioned her. Who is she, exactly, and how did she come to take charge of the boy?"

"She lives in Harlem, I believe—at any rate, the address is 213 Camden Street. The boy's mother went to live there after she had been deserted by her husband, while she worked in some down-town store. Mrs. Murchison had a boarding-house then. She hasn't now, since client permits her to want for nothing, due to her kindness to the boy. She became greatly attached to him, and after his mother died she adopted him. She raised him until Mr. Yaeger took him off her hands and sent him to boarding-school. But he always returns there whenever he is in New York. I suppose now we shall have to begin a search for him. Do you think he'll show up when he knows he is the heir?"

"Quite likely," Rankin replied, "but if not, I shall try

"'SHE WAS SO DOWNCAST THAT I PERSUADED HER TO GO TO WOODLAWN PARK TO FORGET HER TROUBLES'"

to trace him. I was wondering whether I could find a photograph of him, so that I could have an idea of his appearance."

It seemed, however, that there was none to be had. And the description that Rankin extracted was not a very satisfying one. Girard was of medium height, light in complexion, with dark hair. His age was twenty-three. Those were all the details Driscoll could give.

Further conversation was interrupted by Mrs. Herman's appearance.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but the Reverend Mr. Lorch is coming up the drive, and I thought perhaps you might want to see him, it being almost time——"

"Certainly, Mrs. Herman. You did quite right."

Hastily Driscoll excused himself, and Rankin leisurely followed. He attended the services, but his mind was not on the solemn rites. He occupied himself in wrestling with the newest details of his many-sided puzzle, cataloging them into order.

There were so many new disclosures. He understood clearly the situation which had driven Mary Young from home. For years the plan Lawrence Yaeger had devised for marrying his remaining relatives had been in abeyance. Then the old uncle had been taken ill, and he desired the fulfilment of his scheme before he died. After various delays Robert Girard was located in the East early in May, and hurried West for the ceremonies. He arrived about the 10th to find that his intended bride had fled on the 11th rather than marry him. He had been disinherited by a repentant uncle who was moving mountains to bring about his niece's return—an uncle who was unapproachable from that day on till his death, three months later.

What an invitation it was to a bitter man desperately in need of money! For him there was only one way out. If the girl who had robbed him of his long awaited inheritance were to die before his dying uncle, then, accordingly to the terms of the latest will, the entire inheritance would be his. How he must have hated his cousin! Therefore he set out, ostensibly to find her, in reality to——

Conjecture tho it all was, it hung together logically. But the recollection of previous blunders prevented Rankin from falling into certainty again.

During a pause in the service, Rankin requested the lawyer to point out Dr. Sanford. After the last prayer he sought him and introduced himself as a friend of Driscoll's. The physician expressed himself as willing to help in any way he could. Rankin asked if his case against the missing nephew had any basis.

"It's curious that you should ask that question," replied the doctor, "because it was the very thing that happened. Young Girard came to me on that very day—the 17th of May, just after old Mr. Yaeger suffered the fatal change—and wanted to know what were his chances of recovery."

"You told him, then——?"

"Oh, I answered him vaguely, but he pressed me for details, claiming a right, as the nearest relative, to know his uncle's exact condition. I admit I thought his insistence rather curious, but finally I admitted to him that three months was the very longest his uncle could linger."

Dr. Sanford then started on an explanation of the patient's condition, to which Rankin listened with politeness until Driscoll interrupted them with an invitation to supper. This the detective accepted.

"There is a train for New York that leaves at nine o'clock this evening—it is the twenty-two-hour Limited. If we eat early I can take it back."

Driscoll's tone expressed his astonishment. "Have you found out everything so soon?"

"Practically," Rankin replied. "I believe I shall drop in at your office to see the copy of the original will and read Miss Yaeger's note to her uncle. Otherwise I can't see what else I can possibly unearth here. I firmly believe that the case will have its ending in the East—where it began."

Toward the close of the afternoon Rankin joined the lawyer and they proceeded to the latter's home. Driscoll lived in bachelor apartments, with a man and his wife as servant and housekeeper. The dinner was charmingly served and very good.

Throughout the meal they did not discuss the case. It was not, in fact, until the detective was about to leave that Driscoll broached the subject.

"So you are going to New York," he remarked, "in search of young Girard. For my sake I hope you find him. But I can never believe him guilty of that terrible crime."

"I do not say that he is," Rankin replied. "But there is a lot to be explained." He hesitated. "I wonder if you would do something for me, Mr. Driscoll."

"Certainly. I shall be glad to help you."

"In case you should hear from Girard will you let me know of it? You can get in touch with me at the Martini."

"Willingly," assented the lawyer as Rankin opened the door.

It was eight-thirty when the detective left. Twenty minutes later he was aboard the New York Limited.

Find the Nephew!

THE woman who opened the door to Rankin's knock, at 213 Camden Street, was weary and faded, drooping from a long struggle against poverty. Gray wisps of hair straggled over a deeply lined but kindly face, which expressed surprize at the sight of a man upon the steps. The house itself stood out from the row of brick houses only in that it had an approach of steps; and the others had their entrances upon the street level. If Miss Clara Yaeger

Continued on Page 32

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"HE, SHE, AND THE FOREST, TOGETHER IN A PUSHING SILENCE. THEIR LAST DAY! THEY WOULD HAVE DIED IF THEY HAD KNOWN."

JUST A BOY

A perennial bachelor reviews his peccadillos and reaches some conclusions about love and matrimony

BY NATHALIE S. COLBY

Illustrations by Edward Ryan

HE STOOD before his shaving-mirror, dabbing—dabbing. The suds turned his face to uncut marble. One downward stroke and then another—so he emerged razored and clean against the bathroom tiles. His polished cheeks caught the morning sun. Peter van Zile, bachelor—forty-eight or so—faced himself, spot-lighted, luminous. Saw himself clear as he might have seen a stranger coming around the corner.

Not a line anywhere. Not like Tom Sherwood's face, thank goodness! Tom, who had roomed with him, played beside him on the college football team twenty-five years ago.

Popping out of a subway last week, "Hello, Pete!" Tom said. Except for the voice one wouldn't have known him. For an old man in wrinkles was etched over the boy Tom's face. He had a fat woman with him—"My wife." And there wasn't a thing to remember of the girl who had walked like mist up the church aisle—and Peter van Zile the best man at the wedding.

"How are the kids?" all one could think to say

Old Tom had grinned and laughed, "Always a boy, Pete!" he'd said.

Poor Tom—old and finished! "Parent of four" pinned all over him. Didn't know the right people any more. How could he?—shabby coat and hat, and a housewife he couldn't take around except in subways. "Always a boy, Pete!" he'd said. It must have pinched him the way he, Peter, looked: still young, still living. Perhaps Tom had read it in the papers: "Peter van Zile among those present" at every party. Poor old Tom! His own fault too! If he'd listened to good common sense he might have been a boy himself, going the pace, not a thing to worry him—"just a boy."

Mimi too had said the words last night as, throwing off an ermine coat, she stood sheathed to an outline in her silver dress. "Sit down." Her fingers were little mirrors on his sleeve, pulling him down beside her on a Louis XIV. sofa. That sofa was a *mise en scène* for Mimi—it was amorously garlanded. He had sat on an embroidered ribbon—leaned against a Cupid. While behind him the heavy curtains were tight drawn—the ormolu clock was ticking on to two. Mimi's smile curved like a watermelon slice, pink depths to it. But the Mimi game was too old now—he knew every move of it. And there were always more Mimis around the corner—satiated, unsatisfied women who nosed out one's loose ends, came gliding at one in a ballroom: "You are a soul who understands." Just slanting their eyes, they confided in one—a man didn't have a chance.

Situation a trifle shop-worn, it's been fingered so many times—his feeling last night as Mimi opened her beaded bag, rubbed her mouth a red streak on her face, slumped against him, gave her lips to his. That kiss!

It committed him. He knew it for Mimi's scheme of self-enhancement. In it were infolded telephones, letters, secret meetings. A moment when she'd say reluctantly, "Well, if you insist—if you won't have it any other way"—and then the duet might continue for a year until one of them would say, "You kiss me differently to-day." After . . . you miss it, Pete?"

that there would be more noise, less feeling. He would have to watch Mimi making splendid scenes. She would tear her hair, scream. "You never loved me—" The break wouldn't leave a thing behind—not even friendship.

But if one didn't have a Mimi, was a wife much better? For Pete had to make a fresh "No" up every morning—and it got harder and harder—otherwise The One Girl would torment him all day long Well, if Mr. and Mrs. Tom's emergence from the subway wasn't enough to banish the Girl, one could go back twenty-five years to get a soothing answer.

Sitting in an easy chair in his room, bathed, shaved, smoking through an ivory holder, parents both dead, God bless them! five thousand a year paid regularly from their estate, not a human for him to look after, every meal provided, Peter van Zile, man about town, could just let himself go now, pitying Tom.

He needed to pity Tom—needed to, as a man needs a drink—to take the edge off that question. The One Girl—and he hadn't seen her for fifteen years—kept on asking him:

"Why did you miss it, Pete?"

Inane question it was too, and yet it put an emptiness between a man's heart and stomach—conscience. Could one call it that?

"The One Girl." She needn't take the name as a compliment. When a woman barnacled on a man's memory so he couldn't shake her off, when she seemed so real this morning that she turned the girl he used to know fifteen years ago into a ghost—what other name was there to call her?

She persisted. That's what she did—persisted. She hadn't any tact. Didn't know the meaning of letting up on a man. Was in the room now—and he could see her, as plain as anything, the corners of her mouth lifting, her lips forever brinking with the worn-out question, "Why did

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What right had she to ask him that? Ridiculous for a bunch of words to go on reverberating for fifteen years. "Miss it?" Miss what? Marriage, of course, was what she meant—no woman ever meant anything else, did she?

Well, that's where Tom's story came in. Tom answered her. Tom was Exhibit A of what marriage could do to a man. If one spread out Tom's life panoramically for her to look at over and over again so she got it by heart from start to finish, there wouldn't be a question left in her. Perhaps then she'd go away and leave him comfortable.

And he wouldn't keep a thing from her, would go back this morning to their college days, for that's the time he had begun to think things out for himself and Tom. Had to, otherwise they might have lost their heads—football heroes dancing every night in Boston with bunches of tulle trimmed with pink roses, hearing: "You're a won'ful dancer!" as satin slippers followed patent-leather shoes out on a polished floor. He'd let her know he'd kissed the young things under palm-trees, said "I love you" frequently on Commonwealth Avenue and in front of club windows. But "Will you marry me?"—she must understand that was a different thing. Even then there wasn't a flapper that could coax it out of him.

After the dance, back in their dormitories—The One Girl must have been a baby at the time—Tom and he used to talk the marriage question out from room to room. He had a whole philosophy doped out for Tom, would get in all he could before the boy snored: "In a year a bunch of tulle will turn into a butcher's or a baker's bill." That was the very best that one could hope for. But if things went wrong, if a wife got ill, then a man could stay caged in a bank all his life to pay for her. Anyway, they'd probably have kids—that could be counted on. "Think of them!—kids!—and a man moves to the country. They put crackers in his bed. Who hears of him again?"

Marry a poor girl? Not for Peter van Zile, he told Tom sightly. He wasn't going to play the game of ball and chain. He'd got his life all figured out: travel, experience, love. Then he'd write a novel. He'd be famous!

Well, except for the book—and he still had time to write the book, hadn't he? Sitting here this morning loafing on his sofa, what was there to prevent him, if he wanted, from writing all day long?

Well, what if he hadn't got at his book to finish it? The One Girl must see that he'd been dead right about marriage anyway. Wasn't he still young in spite of his forty-eight years? "Just a boy"—hadn't Tom said it at the subway? And whenever he put his nose into his club—"Peter ready for anything"—"No fun without old boy Pete."

"Yes, you will say I was right"—somehow it was natural to talk out loud to her—"You'll have to acknowledge Tom's failure was because twenty-five years ago he'd fallen for a fluff." For Tom, half-back on the team, muscles taut, great swerves and runs, halfway through senior year had become suddenly all weak and spineless, wouldn't listen. "I love her—you don't understand," was all one could get from him. One had to see him walk about on class day with the girl hanging on his arm—proud because he'd been caught in the trap!

Well, this is where The One Girl had to listen and do Pete justice, when she saw how step by step Tom's life had turned out, just as one prophesied it would. Well, hadn't it? he'd like to know. That was a question he'd like to ask her. He could prove his point, show it all to her. For there was Harbor House—that's what Mr. and Mrs. Tom called their summer box with a green lawn around it. Twenty years ago they had asked him to spend the week-end there. If he'd only told The One Girl about Harbor House when he first met her she would have understood from the beginning. But somehow he forgot all about the place that summer he was with her. Afterward he'd thought a good deal about that week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Tom. He'd worked it up into a monolog that held the whole marriage question in a tabloid. There was a laugh in every line. No serious faces anywhere when he gave his stunt. "Give us the newlyweds!" some one would call out at a picnic or after a dinner. Men and women would sit back and listen, smoking, drinking, thanking God they weren't suburbanites as he'd take them through that Saturday and Sunday at old Tom's. They all agreed he was professional! If The One Girl had ever seen him do Tom mowing the lawn while Mrs. Tom called out, "Hurry, your dinner's getting cold," she'd understand. Not much romance left when a woman rasped out reproaches at a man.

Once married there wasn't any blame to fix. He'd make her see that. Harbor House was like life if one didn't outwit it. The way it caught Tom and got a strangle-hold on him, held him so he couldn't move, so there wasn't any going about and mixing with the crowd for him. A man couldn't help having kids, could he? Tom had four under five. The audience always laughed while he pantomimed the four-year-old with snuffles, Tom wiping his nose, and the second boy calling "Daddy, Daddy!" for Tom to catch him vaulting down the stairs. And at night Tom walked the baby up and down. The child was teething, he explained. "Nocturne in Harbor House," Peter called this act. It ended with Tom telling him on the Monday morning train, "Transport is great; it gets a man back to his home at seven." Poor old Tom!

AND since last week Pete could add another act. A last one. Tom, an old man coming out from a subway, Mrs. Tom embedded in her flesh. "It would take an archeologist to dig out the girl she used to be." He would get applause at that. And The One Girl would see the whole question end in its great amen.

She would see plainly now that he'd told her the whole monolog from start to finish, that he'd preserved their Summer idyl for her. And wasn't it just like her, when he'd taken all that trouble to explain, to stand right here beside him, so that he had to look right through her at Bennett, who was coming in with "Coffee and rolls, sir, and the paper, sir," and the blue suit Mr. van Zile had wanted to wear for lunch was pressed out on his bed?

'JUST SLANTING THEIR EYES, THEY CONFIDED IN ONE. 'YOU ARE A SOUL WHO UNDERSTANDS.' A MAN DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE

It was ridiculous on the face of it for her to look like that—her face like flowers, the way they come fresh and damp from the garden. For she must be quite mature now —thirty-two or three—it was hard to be exact, fifteen years ago—and yet this minute in his room. She hadn't any tact not to thank him for his trouble, to go on like a parrot, asking him again, "Why did you miss it, Pete?" He might just as well not have explained a single thing to her!

But even if she wouldn't listen to his monolog on Tom, she must acknowledge that he hadn't been to blame for meeting her, that it had been the doctor's fault that they had met at all. "Bad heart, too much drinking, too much dancing—worn out with pleasure—you can't stand the pace and live." And when an old graybeard shot out words like that from behind a mahogany desk, one had to swallow his prescription: "A little inn up in the Berkshire Hills—plain food—early to bed. Why don't you read and write a bit and come back in three months?" For that was the dope—he was to recover by being bored.

When he saw it he'd cursed the white inn with green blinds. A smell of apples through the hall. Thirty-two years old and he was to stay there wasting months until September—thinking all the time of Paris and London waiting—the Derby, Monte Carlo—"Come with us, Pete old boy!"—"No fun anywhere without old Pete!" For the whole Summer had been offered to him without a cent to pay. But once he was well he'd get a whack back at life, he had thought, dumping his bag down on the yellow matting.

"Read!" He'd got out of the habit.

"Write?" He'd been class poet, and at college he had meant to write a book. Hadn't he, even what life was then, had believed all that earnest stuff. Didn't know existence then for a hither-and-yon affair—not a thing in it that lasted. How was a man to start again? he'd thought, sitting with his back against a tree, the day he crept out to the woods away from porch-women, rocking, rocking, knitting, knitting. "Once upon a time"—but no one began that way now. "Write as you feel" was the advice given to young authors nowadays, so one plunged right into one's experience. "I met a woman; she bored me, she loved me, she bored me, and left me." Then the same thing to write again. All he knew of life anyway—little roundelays of boredom, he had thought as he saw Her coming down the path.

"Bad heart?" It plunged like an escaping thing that first time. The way she moved—her forest lengths—the way her hair fitted like a golden helmet—the way the heart of the woods deepened toward him in her eyes.

She told him afterward he'd frightened her to death. Going white as a piece of paper. She'd thought he'd faint right then and there.

"Hello!" he heard her say. The words pulled him back. Thank goodness she wasn't going by! God bless her for spreading out her camp-stool opposite. It was a miracle to see her sitting there, putting a vista in his Summer. To see the sun spill through the leaves, and move the shadows across her dress.

No, she wasn't staying at the inn—couldn't afford it. She lived at a windmill down the road. She'd come up there to paint. Wanted to paint a tree —unless one got the roots firm and grappling in the earth, the blossoms wouldn't wave. She was after roots. He must do something. Did he write? She saw he did. Well, then—he must know how one had to learn to tether things on a square of white paper.

She was a girl who talked from the first minute as if she'd known one all her life. Wanted to know just what he'd written. Essays at college? Wasn't he going to write a book? Had he let all those years go by, let a talent waste? "Well, you must write now," she said. He hadn't known that eyes could sharpen, tear through veils, ripping one's excuses all exposed. And she didn't let him waste a minute. She had a knife all ready in her pocket—sharpened his pencils for him.

A comrade frankly glad to see him, a charming boy working beside him, was the way they began together. Not a decoy about her, not a shift of eye. No "Who are you?"—"Do you know So-and-so?" She never placed herself or him. To this day he hadn't an idea from where she came.

At first they met twice a week, then every day they spent together. Hours were fluid, running into one another.

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MAKING THE GARDEN FRIENDLY

Some inexpensive ways to increase the beauty of your garden

BY
OLIVE HYDE FOSTER

Photo by Hewitt

The low wooden fence at the left is doubly attractive when half hidden by delicate vines. A simple little gate, usually left ajar, can be closed against animals and yet remain friendly.

Photo by Rudd Studio

The arch-framed seat above can be shaded with fragrant flowers that bloom for months if planted with some of the new ever-blooming, semiclimbing roses. The Bloomfield Rocket and Mrs. George C. Thomas attain about eight feet, so are easily controlled on such a trellis; and the Mrs. Thomas blooms into late September.

The short white wooden pergola below, with gracefully curved top, makes an inviting approach over broad steps. Wisteria looks well on this support.

Photo by Hewitt

The rustic arbor above, when covered with an artistic grapevine, will attract to half-shaded seats all Summer, yet will provide delicious fruit, from the earliest varieties to those improved by late Autumn frost. Pruning each Spring should be as close as possible in order to keep the vines within bounds

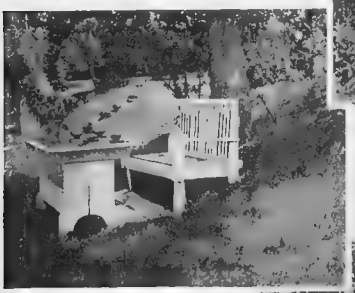

Photo by Hewitt

The white-slat seat above fits harmoniously into garden surroundings, and proves convenient with a corresponding wooden table. This should be of sound construction and have below a waterproof box to hold books and magazines. A sliding shelf under the top would serve as a writing-ledge, and a little close-fitting drawer would accommodate writing-material. Such a retreat under a spreading tree would invite any one to spend many happy hours of reading and study out-of-doors. It would also make a delightful place for serving afternoon tea or other outdoor refreshments.

The comfortable wooden circular seat below, around a tree, is charming. When underlaid with small flags or gravel this seat can be used at any time of day even tho the grass be wet.

The double white arch (above) of this unusual type provides a shaded seat on each side of the entrance of stepping stones. It attracts tiny tots at play, as well as nature-lovers entranced by the beauty and perfume of the garden. This arch looks well if connected at one end with a harmonious lattice boundary, designed to support hardy flowering vines and thus furnish a background. A small bird-bath or fountain close by will interest visitors as well as the birds, and preferably should be chosen of gleaming white. Both arch and fountain could advantageously be shaded by an ornamental tree like dogwood, which provides bird-food.

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WITH THE MEAL OR AS
A MEAL SOUP BELONGS
IN THE DAILY DIET

Why deprive your family of Vegetable Soup·· *because you "haven't time to make it"!*

No wonder vegetable soup is so seldom made at home! It's a bother to make, if ever there was one. Yet it's a soup the whole family enjoys so much and it is so good for them. So why deprive them of it when Campbell's famous French chefs do the work for you? Remember that they are at your service every day, helping you with your meals.

♥ ♥ ♥

Campbell's is the finest Vegetable Soup that can be made! And it's so easy for you. Add an equal quantity of water, bring to a boil, simmer a few minutes. And then serve!

Fifteen different vegetables in Campbell's Vegetable Soup. Even the best home-made vegetable soup does not contain anything like that number. So hearty and substantial that it is served as a meal in itself by millions of women. They consider it one of the most useful and attractive foods in the house.

Here's an ideal luncheon or supper—so tempting and convenient for those "in-between" meals. This soup is wonderfully healthful for the children, too. And how they like it!

♥ ♥ ♥

For variety in your menus, let your grocer supply you with selections from the twenty-one Campbell's Soups listed on the label. 12 cents a can.

I have within the will to win
And food for real ambition—
The soup that thrills, the soup that fills
With Campbell's rich nutrition!

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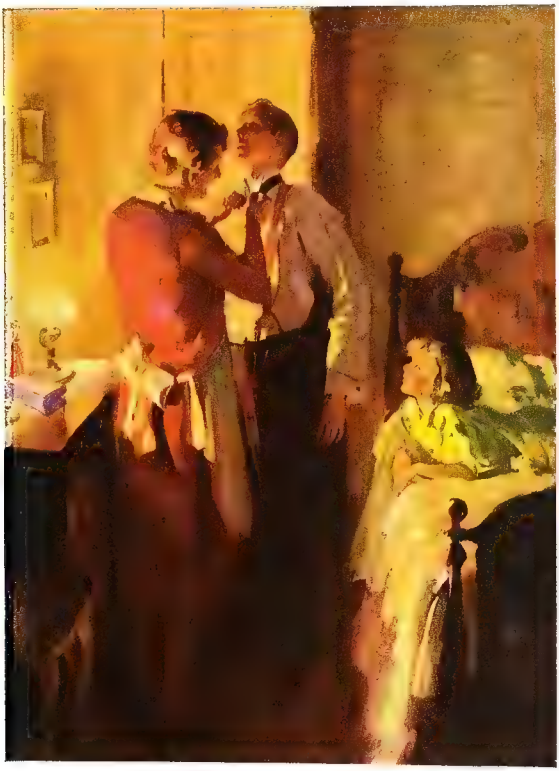
Now John goes to parties – more clothes for the wash!



ACTUAL VISITS TO P & G HOMES *No.* 17

One bright blowy day in a pretty hillside town, we chanced upon a white, trim house where a spotless wash was flapping gaily on the line. So we hurried up the brick walk to ask the mistress what she thought about soap.

"I should know a *lot* about soap," Mrs. Fleming* exclaimed with a smile, "with my kind of children! Now that John spruces his hair and takes girls to parties he puts on a fresh shirt every day. And it seems to me that he uses dozens of handkerchiefs now—"

Here, remembering the gaily-colored frocks we had seen on the line, we suggested, "And you have a little girl, too?"

"Indeed I have," she laughed, "and Peggy's clothes are the ones that really need a good soap like P AND G. That child is up trees and down banisters all the time. Dirty? I have to change her from the skin out—every day.

"With P AND G I let the clothes stand in the suds a little while—then I brush the dirt out of the soiled edges. Brushing saves the clothes—and saves my hands from rubbing. And P AND G spares the colors. Why, Peggy outgrows her frocks and bloomers while they still look bright and new!

"My mother said I was biased about P AND G," she concluded, "so I tried another soap which cost more. But it wasn't half so white and fine. I couldn't get back too quickly to my good P AND G."

Yes, P AND G Naphtha is marvelously white, and firm, and long-lasting. It loosens dirt quickly in warm water or cold. Yet, this superior soap actually costs less ounce for ounce than soaps which do not offer its advantages.

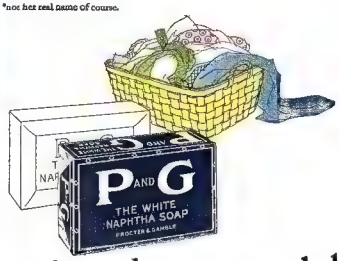
This is the reason: More women use P AND G than any other soap. This means that it is made in such enormous quantities that production-costs are lowered. Therefore you can buy it for actually less ounce for ounce than ordinary soaps.

P AND G is lower-priced because it is largest-selling. And it is so popular because *it really is a better soap.*

PROCTER & GAMBLE

FREE! "How to take out 15 common stains—get clothes clean in lukewarm water—lighten washday labor." Problems like these, together with newest laundry methods are discussed in a free booklet, *Rescuing Precious Hours.* Just send a post card to Winifred S. Carter, Dept. NR-49, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

*not her real name of course.



The largest-selling soap in the world

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FOR HER CHILDREN—AND OTHERS

Continued from Page 4

wife, eked out of her earnings won in cheerful tramping and riding and arguing through the settlements up the Lake Huron shore.

Another year passed. The six-dollar house was sold; the family was compelled to move to a house that cost ten dollars a month. That blow was more than parried by the mysterious beneficence of the school board, which raised Will's salary from fifty to fifty-five dollars a month. Allie's earnings, too, had risen a little. Perhaps the family was on a turn toward good fortune.

Then sudden tragedy. Will was stricken in his schoolroom. He was carried home. Telegrams brought Allie from the north and the son from college. For three days Will lay on his bed, his arms and legs paralyzed, his voice stifled to a ghastly whisper, his agony looking out through his eyes. Then he gasped and died.

THERE was one thousand dollars insurance money to pay the funeral expenses and debts and tide the family over the disaster.

What bitterness in that for Allie! In spite of her years of incessant toil, money worry had gnawed at Will, gnawed in his secret mind, till somewhere in his brain a blood-vessel had snapped.

The day after the funeral the boy said to his mother, "I am going to quit college and go to work."

"No," she said decisively, "you will go on!"

In the Autumn the family was established in Ann Arbor, the college town. There the son, with a job in the university library, was earning his way and a little more, and Allie, the missionary, was persistently at her idea in the towns of southern Michigan.

Her success had made her a figure in her organization. Her salary went up to seventy-five dollars a month. And that very success brought misfortune. A rival insurance organization offered her a job at one hundred dollars a month and expenses to start its work in Michigan. It seemed fabulous. She accepted. But at this time, a little over twenty years ago, insurance laws were not as strict in some States as they are now. Almost anybody could start an insurance company.

This concern with its fabulous offer of one hundred dollars a month and expenses was a new, ill-financed affair. Allie threw her energy into it. But, suddenly, it collapsed. She lost not only two months' salary, but over fifty dollars expense money she never could collect. The blow almost wiped out the family's slender bank-balance—the precious remainder of Will's one thousand dollars insurance money.

But Allie with her eternal buoyancy rose over the disaster. Presently she had another job, almost as good, in another organization, now known as the Woman's Benefit Association. Her children grew up while she ranged the towns of Michigan and Ohio, carrying her persistent message to women—protection.

LEAP onward four years. You see her son, graduated from the university, and after vicissitudes of ill luck and ill health, come to a mining-town in New Mexico as professor of English in the Territorial School of Mines. And when he rents a small adobe on the edge of the desert, and suddenly one day his mother appears from the East, a small, plump, domestic-looking person, you see the respectables of the town nod in approval. It is eminently right that a young professor in not too good health should have a mother come to keep house for him. Wise, too, perhaps, for this is a place where many pitfalls lurk.

Imagine the surprize of the town when, a few days later, that mother vanished into the night!

She had taken the train for Albuquerque. She was not a harmless domestic creature at all. She was not just a professor's mother. She had not come to the Southwest to keep house for her son, but to convert the women of the desert to her idea—her big idea.

Yes, she was at it again. She had never not been at it. She was merely going at it in a more difficult place. Almost as difficult as her first backwoods adventure in Michigan. That is why headquarters had sent this quiet, indomitable woman to the Southwest. Because it was a new, untracked field which demanded the vigor of the pioneer.

"I can not feel self-respect unless I am *doing* something," she said.

So, in the years that followed, you find her in Arizona, in California, in New Jersey, in northern New York, back in Michigan again—always at it. Her children marry and scatter. But she is still at it. There is a fascination in the work for her. She has protected her own children in the years when they needed care; now she goes on preaching to other mothers the need of protecting their children. She is past sixty. But she is still at it.

She will come hurriedly for a month's vacation to the home of her son or one of her daughters—a month every day of which she fills from morning to night with peach-canning, rag-rug weaving, creating curtains and cushions out of scraps, mending socks, making frocks, putting new collars on shirts, concocting grape jelly and apricot preserve and watermelon pickles, and then suddenly one morning she is up and gone—back to her job with a brisk:

"I've got to be *doing* something."

HOW many miles she has tramped afoot in these thirty years, she does not know. How many women she has converted to her idea of protection, she does not know. Once in Detroit she and three other workers got five hundred and eighty members in one month, mostly for policies of one thousand dollars each.

Every time I talk with this doughty, cheerful saleswoman of mercy I read a little with new astonishment the energy and resourcefulness and unsleeping alertness involved in this job of hers.

What stories she has to tell, what stark tragedies and riotous comedies she has encountered in these thirty years in the backwoods and back alleys and kitchens and parlors of America! I have listened, fascinated, to her stories for hours. And what insight she has gained into the inner selves of her sex! Loyalties. Unselfishnesses. Stories and stories of those But other things too. Duplicity. Treachery. Dishonesty. Petty dishonesty.

"If you have much to do with the women of this town you'll find that there are a lot of liars among them," a doctor said to her recently, after the two had waited an hour for a woman who had already twice broken her promise to come at a set hour for a medical examination.

But on past her disappointments and rebuffs she hurries cheerfully toward a new prospect, another woman to whom she hopes to sell the idea of protection. You may see her any day hurrying along some street in a little town in the Middle West or the Far West or the East, a solid, vigorous figure of a woman with short, quick, intent steps and a determined look in her gray eyes. You may find her on your door-step with an introduction from a friend and a pleasant smile. "I have come to try to interest you in—"

Is there not something intensely American in this incessant pioneership for an idea? In this founding of little organizations of women, with their ritual, their fraternal obligations, their common purpose of protecting their children, their relations to a central authority, in all the corners of mountain and plain and town? There must be many other women like her—yes, I know there are—obscure pioneers whose names will never get into the history books, workers whose enthusiasm and energy have helped knit America into a closer, richer fabric of relations and responsibilities.

I think with special emotion of her, for this woman, Alice Waldron, happens to be my mother.

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The "Left-behinds"

© 1929, M. L. I. CO.

A SHORT time ago a promising young business man, happily married and the father of two children, one seven and one nine, showed unmistakable signs of failing health. His doctor suspected the cause at once. A searching examination confirmed the doctor's suspicions. Tuberculosis. He was ordered to give up his business immediately and go to a sanatorium for proper treatment and care.

An uncle of the young man was greatly shocked when he heard the report. It didn't seem possible that it could be true. He asked for the evidence. They handed him x-ray photographs which showed that his nephew's lungs were seriously affected. The uncle asked permission to show the photographs to his own doctor.

When that doctor saw the photographs he said, "The right thing was done. Your nephew will probably get well. Now, what have you done for the man's family, especially the children? Have they been examined? You have no time to lose. While tuberculosis may not have made any serious inroads on their health as yet, it is hardly conceivable that his wife and children are entirely free from infection. An appearance of ruddy health does not exclude the possibility of tuberculosis.

Every child who at any age has had prolonged exposure to tuberculosis should have an immediate, thorough physical examination, especially including the tuberculin tests and x-ray photographs, to determine whether or not active or latent disease is present. While tuberculosis usually attacks the lungs, it may attack any part of the body—eyes, ears, nose, throat, glands, joints, bones or vital organs.

It is now believed that many cases of tuberculosis in adults are the direct result of infection in childhood. The germs may have been taken into the body when the person was very young and have remained dormant for many years.

Boys and girls who are apparently healthy may have latent tuberculosis; without a sign of infection—no cough, no loss of weight, good color. But years later, when some extra strain is put upon the body, the symptoms appear — loss of weight, persistent cough, "indigestion" and fatigue.

When every child is properly fortified against the ravages of tuberculosis, the final victory over this deadly enemy will be in sight.

This year there will be a great forward step in the battle against tuberculosis. Efforts will be made to protect "the others" —the family and friends of the stricken person—even before the signs of tuberculosis show themselves, but while the disease may be latent.

Organizations for the prevention of tuberculosis—national, state and local—will warn people of the infection which may follow living in the same household or associating with one who has tuberculosis. Their action-inspiring slogan, "Early discovery—Early recovery," will be displayed on billboards, car cards and banners all over the country.

By checking tuberculosis in its earliest stages, before the germs have had time to destroy bone or tissue, tens of thousands of lives can be saved. Send for the Metropolitan's booklet, 49-P—"Tuberculosis". It will be mailed free on request.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

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health and pep

SEE who makes these better bran flakes. Kellogg of Battle Creek! No wonder they are better in flavor. More appetizing. More popular. Crisper.

Only in Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes will you taste the famous flavor of PEP. And with this flavor you get the nourishing elements of wheat. Plus extra bran, to be mildly laxative.

With milk or cream, Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes are wonderfully wholesome. You'll say they are the best bran flakes you ever ate. Children love them. Serve Pep Bran Flakes at their luncheon or evening meal.

Grocers everywhere sell Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes. In the red-and-green package. Made by the makers of Kellogg's Corn Flakes.

Kellogg's
PEP
BRAN FLAKES

IMPORTANT—*Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes are mildly laxative.* ALL-BRAN—*another Kellogg product—is 100% bran and guaranteed to relieve constipation.*

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF MARY YOUNG

Continued from Page 25

found refuge here with her boy she must have been indeed in desperate straits.

With dull bewilderment the woman led Rankin into her darkened sitting-room.

"Mrs. Murchison, I am looking for Mr. Robert Girard and I have been given to understand that I could find him here, or that, at least, you could tell me where I could locate him."

"Are you a friend of Bob's?"

There was a slight suspicion in her tone and she looked at him closely.

"Not exactly that," he replied, "but I am most anxious to find him."

"You aren't a detective?"

He managed to conceal his amazement at this peculiar question.

"As a matter of fact, I am, Mrs. Murchison. But that's nothing to be afraid of. You see, his uncle, Mr. Yaeger, has just died and we are trying to locate him as one of the heirs."

SHE sighed. "Oh, I'm glad of that. I've been so worried about him in this last year, and there isn't anything I wouldn't do for him. If he would only listen to me. But when young men get his age they won't take advice."

She invited him to sit down. "You are sure, sir, that it's not some trouble he's gotten into?"

Rankin experienced a sensation of guilt at the course he had to follow to worm the truth from the woman.

"He hasn't, as far as I know of. Has he been doing things he shouldn't?"

"Oh, no, sir!" she replied. "It's not exactly that. It's just that I'm afraid he's been in bad company—gamblers and things like that. And nothing I could say would make him pay any attention to me. And since I haven't heard from him for some time, it's worried me more than ever."

"That's too bad. We'll have to see what can be done when I find him."

"Will you, sir? I'd be grateful to you. He used to bring his friends up to his room and they'd spend the whole evening there, together with wine and cards. And then there were lots of other things that I couldn't stop. I've been worried about Bobby ever since he was a youngster. You know, when poor Miss Clara came here she couldn't very well take care of him. But she was too proud to ask her people at home for help, tho I often urged her to. She said she'd rather die than do it. Well, that's just what she did, poor thing—died of working.

"My husband was living then," Mrs. Murchison continued, "but we never had children of our own, and we got very attached to Bobby. So when that happened we sort of adopted him and raised him until his uncle sent him away to school. We couldn't afford to do that.

"Mr. Yaeger was very good and sent us money to take care of him, as well as extra for ourselves; and he continued that after my husband died, until he took the boy off my hands. But Bobby always came back here to stay, tho he could have afforded much better than this. Sometimes I believed, tho, that it wasn't because he cared for me, but that he had a place to bring his men friends, where nobody would say anything. And that's all he's been doing in the last year—drinking and gambling. I'm terribly afraid he's in debt, tho I haven't seen him in some time."

When she had finished Rankin was silent for a moment.

"But you must know," he finally said, "where I can get in touch with him. It's rather important that I see him soon."

"I wish I knew. I'm so glad, for his sake, that he's come into money. Maybe he'll settle down now."

"But didn't he leave any word of where he might be? We haven't heard a word from Gary since he left in May to come East. You must have seen him since then."

"I did, just once; that was early in June. He dropped in during the afternoon, and said he had to be in Philadelphia by evening. But he didn't tell me what he was doing, or what had happened when he went West."

"He didn't say a word to you? And that was the last time——?"

"That's right—not since——"

Mrs. Murchison started to settle herself back in her chair, when she suddenly quivered. Her eyes dilated, and with a gesture Rankin couldn't quite understand she spoke swiftly:

"Just imagine my saying that when as a matter of fact I did see him again, just once! It was yesterday a week ago he came in the evening at ten o'clock, and was here till early morning."

Yesterday a week ago. And yesterday was Sunday! A week ago was the day of Mary Young's murder! Rankin's fingers dug deep into the arms of his chair.

"On Sunday a week ago? He was here at ten o'clock in the evening? Was that when he arrived?"

"That's right. He came just at ten o'clock. I can't see how it everslipped my mind. He was here till early in the morning because, I remember, I had to give him breakfast at seven o'clock."

"Are you positive, Mrs. Murchison, that it was Sunday night? It might have been Monday or Saturday, you know, and a single day may make all the difference in the world in tracing him."

THE reply came without hesitation.

"Oh, no, it was Sunday, because I spent the evening in. On Saturday night I went out with Mrs. Mulligan, who is my neighbor; but Sunday I knitted—in the house. I was quite surprized to see him, but I can recall it very distinctly. He was quite tired when he came in. He said he had come from the Grand Central Station and he wanted something to eat. So I took some cold things out of the icebox and gave them to him. Then he went right up to his room, to bed."

"Did any one else see him? He might have met some one he knew on the street, so we could be sure of the evening."

Rankin's insistence appeared to surprize Mrs. Murchison.

"Why, I tell you, sir, I know it was Sunday; there's no question of that. And it being rather late when he came, I'm sure she didn't see any one. He never knew a soul around this neighborhood."

"Where had he been?"

"Bobby didn't tell me that." She fingered her apron nervously. "But he never tells me anything. He just dropped in and was gone on Monday morning."

The alibi was complete. Robert Girard couldn't be in both Woodlawn Park, Philadelphia, and Harlem, New York, at the same moment. Nor a half-hour later, if Mrs. Murchison should happen to be mistaken about the time by that much. The fastest airplane could not have covered that hundred miles between the two cities in an hour. If what Mrs. Murchison claimed were true, Rankin's latest sus-

Continued on Page 49

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

The names and addresses of those who sent in the best solutions for "The Disappearance of Mary Young" will appear in Pictorial Review for June. Checks amounting to $1,500 have already been mailed to the prize-winners.

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1 Pond's Cold Cream for pore-deep cleansing is the first step in Pond's Method. Spread lavishly with quick caressing upward and outward strokes. The fine oils sink down to the very depths of your pores, softening and loosening dust and dirt.

2 Pond's Cleansing Tissues are the new way to remove cold cream, gently, completely. And such an economy of towels and laundry! Thistledown soft, safe for sensitive skin—the second delightful step.

3 Pond's Skin Freshener is the third step in Pond's Method. Always use it after your cold cream cleansing. A fragrant tonic and mild astringent, it banishes oiliness; closes the pores; tones, firms the skin, leaving it fresh as a rose.

4 Pond's Vanishing Cream is the finishing touch, the happy ending of Pond's Method. Apply the daintiest bit before you powder. It protects your skin and gives it pearly lustre, and makes your powder cling.

Among many beautiful women who use Pond's four products are:

The Countess Howe
(who was Viscountess Curzon)
Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.
Lady Louis Mountbatten
La Marquise de Polignac
Lady Lavery

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SWIFT, CLEAN-CUT, runs the modern rhythm. Young, clean of line is the modern silhouette. Alert and beautiful are modern faces—eyes bright with zest of life, clear skin kept firm and young with modern care.

Pond's famous Method is the open secret of the meticulous grooming of skin that modern life exacts, yet must achieve upon the wing.

No time? No matter!

Pond's four simple steps once fixed in habit, are swift yet scientific in the precision of their effect.

Pond's four delicious aids to beauty are the utmost modern science can offer in exquisite fineness, in amazing efficacy.

Light and pure, Pond's Cold Cream cleanses your skin immaculately, and Pond's new Tissues, soft, absorbent, remove the cream with welcome economy of laundry and towels.

Pond's Freshener is a delightful new discovery to keep your skin fresh and young looking, and a touch of Pond's delicious Vanishing Cream makes your powder cling for hours.

Chic and beautiful women everywhere use these famous four products in their daily régime for home treatment of the skin. They owe their lovely, clear, smooth, fresh, complexions to these four simple steps.

FOLLOW POND'S METHOD: *One!* Cleanse thoroughly with Pond's Cold Cream . . . *Two!* Wipe away cream and dirt with Pond's new Cleansing Tissues . . . *Three!* Close pores, tone, firm the skin with Pond's new Freshener, banishing oiliness . . . *Four!* Smooth on a little Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base and protection.

Give your skin this complete care as often as you need it through the day. At bedtime thoroughly cleanse with Cold Cream and remove with Tissues. Try this swift, sure Method!

Send 10¢ for Pond's 4 exquisite preparations

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What satisfaction it is to use a good cleansing agent which is also an antiseptic and a deodorant! 20 Mule Team Borax is actually all of these—and of equal importance, it is a *harmless* product.

You can clean fine painted surfaces easily with Borax without fear of discoloring or scratching. Borax is safe, too, for fine porcelain, glassware, and enamel.

Bathtub and bowls gleam as never before after a Borax scrubbing. For cleansing and sweetening the ice box and food cupboards nothing is superior to Borax.

For washing dainty curtains or blankets just use Borax along with the soap. It softens the water, loosens the dirt and makes any soap give 3 to 5 times more suds. A final Borax rinse completes a perfect laundry job.

Prepare for spring cleaning. Put "20 Mule Team Borax" at the top of your order list for today. And send the coupon now for free booklet giving many helpful hints to lighten your household tasks.

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Please send your free booklet, "Better Ways to Wash and Clean."

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Address_____

SMALL, CROTCHED TREE-BRANCHES ARE CROSSED TO FORM THE TYPICALLY SCANDINAVIAN DECORATIONS ON THE GABLES

A RUSTIC SCANDINAVIAN DESIGN

For vacation home, tourist camp, or wayside restaurant

BY COLLIER STEVENSON

Charles M. Talley, Architect

HERE'S a recipe for a real vacation home—so many logs and rocks, a convenient plan, a good design, and so much land! These are the very ingredients that have gone into the making of numerous unique retreats since the suitability of log cabins for Summer use was discovered not so long ago.

The American log cabin has, of course, persisted from earliest days as a practical type of pioneer house, but its evolution into a thing of picturesque exterior and conveniently equipped interior has largely come about within the past decade or so. The present trend toward ever greater individuality is evidenced by the interesting example shown here.

Altho primarily planned for family use, this distinctive cabin could be put to remunerative service as a tourist camp or wayside restaurant. Using the living-room as a restaurant, the game-room on the upper floor could be the family living-room, or it could be a bedroom, if the cabin became a tourist camp.

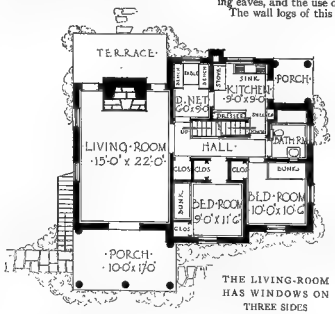
The cabin is definitely Scandinavian in exterior development, altho it is also suggestive of Swiss *chalet* influence. The dual character is easily explained by the fact that a close study of Swiss and Scandinavian designs reveals considerable similarity, particularly in the matter of outside stairways, balconies, widely projecting eaves, and the use of wood.

The wall logs of this cabin are peeled, thoroughly dried, and finished with linseed-oil. The oil acts as a preservative, and also tends to soften the natural coloring. Then, instead of weathering to dingy black and gray, the oil-treated logs gradually assume tan, orange, and yellow tints, which are most effective. The oil-finish is equally suitable for the windows, doors, and shutters; but, if some color-contrast is preferred, pigment can be added to the oil, tho paints and stains may be used instead.

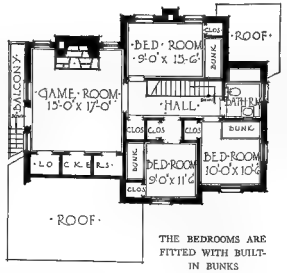
The cabin roof is covered with wood shingles, to be either stained, oiled, or left to weather. Cedar logs, with the bark retained, form the porch columns. No log cabin is quite complete without the ruggedness of stone. Here, therefore, we find stone used for the sturdy chimneys, the porch floors, the open terrace, and the walks. It appears again indoors, as the fireplaces in the living-room and the game-room are both of stone construction, with raked-out mortar-joints.

FREE PLANS

Complete working plans, elevations, and details of this log cabin, with an outline specification, will be sent free on receipt of a stamped envelop addressed to yourself. Address House-plan Editor, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.



THE LIVING-ROOM HAS WINDOWS ON THREE SIDES



THE BEDROOMS ARE FITTED WITH BUILT-IN BUNKS

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NEW FRESH CLEANLINESS IN THE CITY OF SUNBRITE

Roughened skin and nails—how your hands resent these tell-tale traces of housecleaning! Try Sunbrite Cleanser this year. Its "double-action" saves your hands. *Purifying* as it scours, Sunbrite cuts your cleaning time in two. Floors . . walls . . nooks and crannies that need special freshening—all respond to Sunbrite's quick cleaning powers. Sunbrite banishes staleness . . . mustiness. Use it in every room in the house. Sunbrite means economy in work, cost. Order a supply of Sunbrite for housecleaning today!

Quick Naptha White Soap Chips for fine household linens.

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IN THOUSANDS
OF STORES!

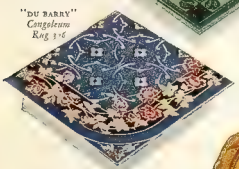
Don't fail to see this lovely design at your earliest opportunity. It is being featured now by floor-covering dealers throughout the country. Look for the special window displays!

"CONCORD" *Congoleum Rug 605*

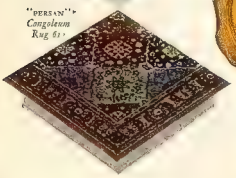
"CONCORD" an *Early American* hooked rug design in a modern, easy-to-clean Congoleum Rug!

"POPPY" *Congoleum Rug 609*

"PALMETTO" *Congoleum Rug 604*



"DU BARRY" *Congoleum Rug 3-6*



"PERSIAN" *Congoleum Rug 6-1*

IN Colonial days, some Puritan maiden worked a hooked rug of just such a lovely design as "*Concord*," shown above. It is one of the very newest patterns in Congoleum Rugs. Here in a modern, easily-cleaned floor-covering, the genius of a master designer has captured all the subtle charm of a maiden's handiwork.

This delightfully quaint pattern is a natural setting for early American furniture now so much in favor. Yet the softness and harmony of its colorings make "*Concord*" perfectly suitable for use with almost any type of furnishings.

We urge you particularly to see the five patterns shown here. The many new designs in *genuine* Congoleum Rugs offer you untold opportunities to secure beautiful new floor-coverings for every room . . . at very small expense.

Wonderfully practical, too! Congoleum Rugs have a smooth, sanitary surface that is cleaned with a few easy strokes of a damp mop—dusty beating and sweeping is banished forever.

As for durability—the *Multicote Process* by which only Congoleum Rugs are made, assures years of satisfactory service.

Why take chances with inferior substitutes? Genuine Congoleum Rugs carrying the famous Gold Seal Guarantee have behind them a 16-year record of satisfactory service. What better proof can there be of their quality than the fact that more Congoleum Rugs have been sold than all other brands combined?

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THIS handbook contains a wealth of information and suggestions on home-decoration—also a scientific chart of color harmony. Write us or mail this coupon to Congoleum-Nairn Inc., Kearny, N.J. *Please print name and address clearly.*

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Foods and Cooking for the Up-to-Date Housekeeper

The Home Bureau

CONDUCTED BY NELL HOWARD ENLOE

Modern Methods and New Devices for the Home

THE EASTER LUNCHEON

BY DAY MONROE

University of Chicago

IT SEEMS almost as essential to have eggs appear at an Easter party as to serve turkey for Thanksgiving or plum pudding for Christmas. Hence when we planned our Easter luncheon we searched for some tempting egg-dish. Finally we found something out of the ordinary and delicious in a little French cook-book which we had bought in one of the quaint Paris book-stalls, and which bore the proud title "Two Hundred and Fifty Ways of Serving Eggs."

Hors-d'œuvres were chosen for our first course. They are colorful, reminiscent of Spring gardens of tulips and jonquils. Also they are a change from the cream soups that tasted so good on cold Winter days. Why aren't hors-d'œuvres served more often by the hostess who does much of her own work when preparing a "company" luncheon? They can be made the day before, and be out of the way, chilling in the refrigerator, while other last-minute preparations are going on. They offer countless possibilities for variety and for originality, and, most important of all, they whet the appetites of the guests for the main course.

Sautéd tomatoes, as a border for the platter upon which the eggs were served, gave the color which is expected of an appropriate garnish. Had the plates been served from the kitchen the tomatoes would have been quite as effective.

The salad was Springlike too. We served oranges and canned figs with French dressing—a cool-looking, colorful dish, which would not worry any of our friends who count calories, and which would "leave room" for dessert.

Dessert was served by the hostess at the table. Such service lends an informal touch which the guests enjoy. And when a molded dessert is so good-looking, and the garnish of large, luscious-looking berries makes it seem even more attractive, why deprive your friends of the joy of seeing before tasting?

MENU FOR AN EASTER LUNCHEON

Hors-d'Œuvres — Artichokes, Grecian Style; Ripe Olives; Celery-Olives; Anchovy Medallions; Spiced Beets

Eggs à la Easter — Mushroom Sauce

Sautéd Tomatoes

Braised Celery — New Potatoes with Parsley

Hot Rolls — Currant Jelly

Fig-and-Orange Salad — French Dressing

Strawberries à la Femina

Glass and Silver, Courtesy Stern Bros. Photo by Marver-Kuck

MOLDED STRAWBERRIES AND PEACHES MAKE THIS LUSCIOUS-LOOKING DESSERT

Artichokes, Grecian Style

TINY canned California artichokes may be bought for this purpose. There are about 24 to a No. 2 can.

Drain off the liquor in which they have been canned, and allow them to freshen by standing in the air for ½ hour. Pour over them a French dressing, and let them stand in a cold place for an hour or longer. Sprinkle with paprika and serve on crisp lettuce-leaves.

If fresh artichokes are bought use only the hearts or the artichoke bottoms. A whole artichoke is entirely too large to be served in this course.

Anchovy Medallions

CUT cold, boiled potatoes into thin slices, about the size of a silver dollar. Cover with French dressing and allow them to stand for at least an hour, so that they may absorb the dressing. Sprinkle with finely chopped parsley. In the center of each piece of potato place a curled-up anchovy. Around it lay a thin strip of pimiento. Each slice resembles a small colorful medallion, the round anchovy roll being bordered by the red pimiento. Tiny sardines may be substituted for the anchovies. Remove from the can, clean, cut into thin, long strips, and roll each into a coil for the center of the medallion. Anchovies are somewhat more expensive, but they have a flavor all their own which many persons prefer to that of the sardine.

Spiced Beets

THE beets should be bright red, since color is almost as important as flavor for the hors-d'œuvres dish. Canned beets may now be had so tiny that there are 20 to 24 to a cup. They are more tender than the Winter beets which are in the market, and are a splendid color. If Winter beets are used cook, drain, peel, and cut into tiny balls with the cutter used for making potato balls.

To spice the beets prepare the following mixture:

½ Cupful Brown Sugar
1 Cupful Vinegar
12 Whole Cloves
2 Sticks Cinnamon (Each 3 Inches Long)
¼ Teaspoonful Celery-seed

COOK together for 10 minutes. Add the cooked or canned beets and cook for 20 minutes longer, or until the beets are thoroughly flavored with the pickle mixture. Cool. Drain the beets, and in the stem end of each insert a tiny sprig of parsley to serve as a miniature beet-top.

It is far better to prepare these beets the day before they are to be used and allow them to remain in the spiced vinegar overnight.

Celery-Olives

THE smallest stalks from the hearts of celery should be cleaned without removing the leaves. Stick each tiny stalk into the cavity of an olive already stuffed with pimiento.

Possible Additions to the Hors-d'Œuvres

CRISP radishes are appetizing and may be added to the hors-d'œuvres suggested. A highly seasoned cabbage-slaw may be used, with bits of chopped green pepper mixed with it. Then there are numerous commercially canned pickles which may be used to supplement the olives. There are also tiny gherkins, small pickled onions, pickled cauliflower, and mixed mustard pickles, which make a pleasing addition to the hors-d'œuvres.

Eggs à la Easter

8 Eggs
1¼ Cupful Cooked Chicken
3 Tablespoonfuls Pecans
½ Teaspoonful Onion-Juice
Salt and Pepper
½ Teaspoonful Paprika
1 Cupful White Sauce, Made from
1 Tablespoonful Butter
1 Tablespoonful Flour
½ Cupful Chicken-stock
½ Cupful Milk
Salt and Pepper

COOK the eggs until hard. Remove the shells and cut the eggs into halves lengthwise. Take out the yolks and mash them with a fork, or put them through a potato-ricer.

Brown the pecans in the oven to freshen them and give them a somewhat more pronounced flavor. Put the chicken and pecans through a meat-chopper; add the onion-juice, paprika, and 3 tablespoonfuls of the white sauce, or enough to make the meat mixture quite moist. Season with salt and pepper. Fill the cavities of the eggs with this mixture. Place them, stuffed side up, in a baking dish; pour the remainder of the white sauce around them, cover, and bake them for 15 minutes in a moderate oven (about 360 degrees F.).

Prepare thin slices of toast (about ⅓ inch thick), trimming them in round or square shapes. Arrange these slices of toast on the center of a platter. Over them pour the mushroom sauce (see recipe below), mushrooms and cream both, to which has been added the remainder of the sauce in which the eggs were baked. Lay the two halves of an egg on each piece of toast. Sprinkle with the powdered egg yolks. Garnish the platter with the sautéd tomatoes (see recipe below), using them as a border.

Mushroom Sauce

¼ Pound Fresh Mushrooms (About 3 Cupfuls)
1 Tablespoonful Butter
1¼ Cupful Cream
Salt and Pepper

BRUSH the mushrooms, peel the caps, and scrape the stems. Melt the butter in a frying-pan; add the mushrooms (stems and caps) and sauté until a golden brown. Add the cream, cover, and cook slowly for about 10 minutes. Remove the cover and continue cooking gently for about 10 minutes longer, until the cream has darkened and thickened somewhat. At the end of this time there should be sufficient sauce to generously serve 8 persons. If the sauce has been cooked over too hot a fire, so that there has been excessive evaporation, it may be necessary to add a little more cream, since there should be enough to make the slices of toast quite moist. Season with salt and pepper just before serving.

Sautéd Tomatoes

WASH the tomatoes and remove the blossom end. If the tomatoes are very ripe it is best not to peel them, since they may lose their shape in cooking. If tomatoes are firm they are better if peeled. Cut the tomatoes into thick slices—about ½ inch thick. Dip each slice in yellow corn-meal, covering it well on both sides. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Sauté in bacon-grease until a golden brown. Serve as a border for the eggs à la Easter.

Continued on Page 89

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PROFITABLE COMMUNITY PARTIES

By Floris Culver Thompson

SMALL TABLES ARE MOST CONVENIENT FOR GROUP SERVICE

Photo by Mayer & Lusk

ONE of the most popular methods of raising money in our community is the giving of luncheon-parties. These may be held in the parish house, in the club auditorium, or in a large residence. No doubt the private house draws the best attendance, but it is not always available for parties of as many as fifty tables.

It is not unusual nowadays to be able to bring together a group of women for an attractive luncheon and afternoon entertainment. This may be a lecture, recital, a game of bridge; but whatever the entertainment, we find the most satisfactory way of managing it is to serve the luncheon on small card-tables.

The ticket-selling campaign should be in charge of one woman, who asks the various members of the organization which is sponsoring the luncheon to sell three or more tables each. The member who promises to fill a number of tables must be sure to complete her contract at least a week in advance, so that the luncheon committee may make its arrangements.

A menu at once appetizing, colorful, and easy to serve is the problem of the luncheon committee. This committee buys the supplies, prepares the food, and arranges it upon plates, which are placed on tables or shelves convenient to the dining-room. A clearing-up committee, assisted by a paid dish-washer, leaves the kitchen in good order.

The dining-room committee sees that the tables are in readiness, set for lunch, with a vase of flowers on each, and, if bridge is to be played afterward, a bridge-cloth beneath each luncheon-cloth. Our arrangement is that the card-table and linen are furnished, and afterward picked up and carried home, by the person who has sold the tickets for that table.

The actual serving and clearing of each table are managed in the same way. This fair distribution of work gives nearly all the members of the organization something to do, and does not overtax a few.

Menu I. is based on a ticket price of $1 each, and so is slightly more elaborate than Menu II., for which the tickets should be priced at 50 cents each. If the overhead expenses are not high the first menu may be made more elaborate by serving a first course of fruit-cocktail or by making crisp sugar cookies from the egg yolks not used in the fruit whip.

The shopping list gives the quantities to be purchased, wholesale if possible, in amounts for 200 people. With 100 or 200 people in attendance it is safe to expect a half profit, so that on Menu I. $100 would be cleared, and on Menu II. $50.

The luncheon committee may start arranging the salad on the plates about a half-hour before serving-time. The crisp potato chips may follow soon after, but the hot rolls must be served at the last moment. Fruit whip as an easy dessert bears special mention. I have suggested prunes, but dates, canned peaches, or dried apricots may be substituted. If prunes or apricots are used they should be cooked the day before.

The fruit may be cut up ahead of time and combined with the beaten egg whites and the sugar shortly before serving.

The changing of the courses takes little time if carefully systematized. If there is room in the serving-pantry, the dessert-glasses should be filled and set out beforehand, and the dessert-plates stacked. Then as each person unloads her tray of used dishes from the first course, she may refill it immediately with the dessert-dishes.

Regarding the inexpensive menu, the Lima-bean loaf is delicious with an abundance of spicy tomato sauce. You will notice that no liquid is added, else the loaf will be soft and difficult to slice. Equally important is the use of bread crummed from the center of the loaf rather than cracker-crums. The loaf is baked for about an hour in a moderate oven.

Perfection salad should be made the day beforehand, so that so large an amount will be sure to harden. Brown bread may be purchased from the baker. The pineapple pudding is particularly easy to make and to serve.

The food costs listed are based on prices current in one of the large Eastern cities and may vary in your locality.

MENU I.

DICED HAM SALAD ON QUARTERED TOMATOES
HOT BUTTERED ROLLS POTATO CHIPS PICKLES
PRUNE WHIP COFFEE

Income from sale of 200 tickets at $1.00 each . $200.00
Cost of luncheon and entertainment 100.00

Profit $100.00

SHOPPING LIST FOR 200 SERVINGS

Dishes	*Quantity to be purchased*	*Approximate cost*	*Amount to be served to each person*
Diced ham salad	4 Hams, 12 pounds each	$19.20	⅛ cupful
	Celery, 37 bunches	5.55	
	Peas, 16 large cans	2.40	
	Pimientoes, 3 cans	.60	
	Lettuce, 16 to 20 heads	3.00	2 or 3 leaves
	Mayonnaise, 4 quarts	3.40	
	Parsley, 2 bunches	.10	
	Tomatoes, 1¾ bushel	10.00	1 tomato, or ¼ tomato if high in price
	Seasonings	.10	
Potato chips	About 25 packages	3.75	½ cupful
Buttered rolls	Rolls, 34 dozen	4.76	2 rolls
	Butter, 3 pounds	1.65	
Pickles	1½ gallon	4.00	1 cut in half
Prune whip	Prunes, 15 pounds	1.75	
	Eggs, 8 dozen	2.80	4 tablespoonfuls
	Powdered sugar, 10 pounds	1.20	
Coffee	Coffee, 5 pounds	2.50	1 cupful
	Cream and milk, 5 quarts	3.92	2 tablespoonfuls
	Loaf sugar, 2 pounds	.50	2 tablets
	Total . . .	$71.18	
	Total cost of food-supplies	$71.18	
	Overhead expenses	28.82	
	Total expenses	$100.00	

MENU II.

LIMA-BEAN LOAF WITH CREOLE SAUCE
PERFECTION SALAD BROWN-BREAD SANDWICHES
PINEAPPLE PUDDING COFFEE

Income from sale of 200 tickets at $0.50 each . $100.00
Cost of luncheon 50.00

Profit $50.00

SHOPPING LIST FOR 200 SERVINGS

Dishes	*Quantity to be purchased*	*Approximate cost*	*Amount to be served to each person*
Lima-bean loaf	Dried Lima beans, 17 pounds	$2.55	1 slice 1 inch thick and 3 x 4½ inches
	Large onions, 6	.30	
	Walnuts, unshelled, 6 pounds	2.34	
	Buttered bread-crums, 4 loaves	.60	
	Eggs, 3 dozen	1.05	
	Seasonings	.10	
Creole sauce	Tomato purée, 4 No. 10 cans	2.52	¼ cupful
	Green peppers, 10	.30	
	Butter, 1 pound	.55	
	Flour, 1 pound	.09	
	Bay-leaf, salt, etc.	.10	
Perfection salad	Sugar, 3 pounds	.18	½ cupful
	Celery, 24 bunches	3.60	
	Cabbage, 20 pounds	1.00	
	Pimientoes, 3 cans	.60	
	Mild vinegar, 3 pints	.40	
	Gelatin, 12 boxes	2.40	
	Mayonnaise, 4 quarts	3.50	1 tablespoonful
	Lettuce, 16 to 20 heads	3.00	
Brown-bread sandwiches	Brown bread, 20 loaves	2.00	2 sandwiches
	Butter, 5 pounds	2.75	
Pineapple pudding	Crushed pineapple, 3 No. 10 cans	2.70	¼ cupful
	Marshmallows, 15 pounds	5.25	
	Whipping-cream, 3 quarts	3.00	
Coffee	Coffee, 5 pounds	2.50	1 cupful
	Cream and milk, 5 quarts	3.92	2 tablespoonfuls
	Loaf sugar, 2 pounds	.50	2 tablets
	Total cost of food-supplies	$50.00	

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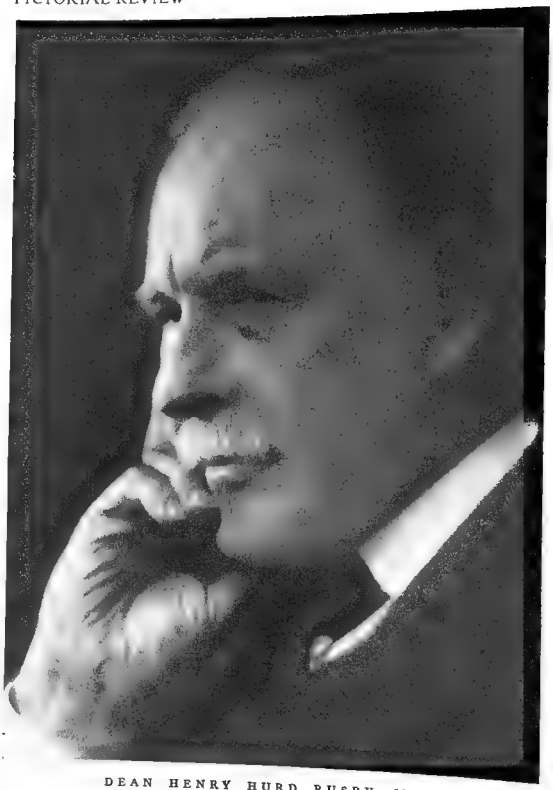
"I have recommended Yeast for 40 years"—

Dean H. H. RUSBY, *M. D.*

Professor of Physiology in America's largest university



DEAN HENRY HURD RUSBY, M. D.

PROFESSOR of Physiology and Materia Medica and Dean of the Faculty in the College of Pharmacy, Columbia University. Formerly Professor of Materia Medica, University and Bellevue Hospital Medical College, New York; member, Pan-American Medical Congress, and expert on medicines for the U. S. government. Author of many scientific and medical works and member of American and British scientific societies.

"The laxative action of yeast is mild but reliable. Yeast cleanses the system. In continued small doses it is often of service in overcoming habitual constipation. Its effect is to promote both appetite and digestion, resulting in improved nutrition . . . For 40 years I have been lecturing to students on the value of yeast in these directions."—Abstract from text book on "Materia Medica" by Dr. H. H. Rusby.

DR. HENRY HURD RUSBY stands with the leaders of the American medical world. He is an authority on medicinal plants. His contributions to the practical literature of medicine are monumental.

Today he is a distinguished dean and professor of physiology at Columbia University.

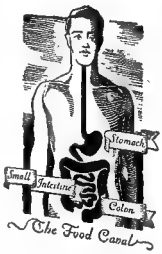
For 40 years, as Dean Rusby points out, he has been teaching and expounding the value of yeast as a natural food-corrective for constipation. And in corroboration, a recent survey in the United States showed that half the doctors reporting prescribed yeast as the great corrective food for clogged intestines and related ills—indigestion, bad skin, headaches, depression.

Fleischmann's Yeast is fresh. Unlike dried or killed yeast, it contains millions of living, active yeast plants. As these live yeast plants pass through your system daily, they combat the harmful poisons of stagnation and purify the whole body.

For renewed health and happiness eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day, one before each meal or between meals, plain or in water, cold or hot (not scalding).

To get full benefit from yeast you must eat it regularly and over a sufficient period of time. At all grocers and many leading cafeterias, lunch counters and soda fountains. Buy two or three days' supply, as it will keep in a cool, dry place. Start now and know what real health can be!

Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. A-63, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York, N. Y.



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"Six Weeks

of sleepless nights, anxiety, dread"...

then the right food was found!...

Three years ago, the shadow of tragedy hung over a New Jersey home. A distracted mother, watching day and night, saw her baby slipping from her. Let her tell her own story.

JEAN STEWART *as she is today*

"My little one was but six weeks old when illness prevented my nursing her longer. And *nothing* could be found to agree with her!

"Six weeks of sleepless nights, anxiety, dread—then action upon a thought that had constantly been pressing upon me. When all else had failed and my own life had been despaired of in infancy, I had been raised on Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. Why not try it now?

"The result was immediate. Jean ate and slept normally. She became cheerful and happy. What a relief! What joy!

"Today our little one is a joyous, healthy youngster. Just as Eagle Brand gave me the digestible nourishment that started me on the road to normal growth, so it started my little daughter upon the same happy road."

Yours truly,
LOUISE K. STEWART, Riverton, N. J

THOUSANDS of such letters have been received by the Borden Company. Eagle Brand has brought countless frail babies through to sturdy health.

Eagle Brand is pure, fresh whole cow's milk, modified by the addition of refined sugar and condensed by the removal of most of the water. The sugar furnishes necessary carbohydrates The milk supplies bone- and tissue-building material and growth-promoting vitamins. And Eagle Brand is so easy to digest that mother's milk is the only food comparable to it in this respect.

If you cannot nurse your baby, consider this food! It is always pure and uniform. Safe for traveling or for use in hot climates. Send for free booklet containing practical feeding information and suggestions for supplementary foods. Just mail the coupon!

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Please send me my free copy of "Baby's Welfare." My baby is .....months old.

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SPRING SHOWERS FOR BRIDES-TO-BE

By Phyllis Pulliam Jervey

THE luncheon-hour is particularly well adapted to a gathering of society-loving, willing-to-be-amused girls, and surely no other social event quite takes precedence over an announcement luncheon or a shower.

An Announcement Party

MORE likely than not an announcement luncheon will be a surprize, and ingenious and many are the ways of telling the news. Names of fiancée and fiancé may be concealed in favors hidden in the centerpiece and attached to dainty ribbons ending at each guest's place, or tiny cards with the two names may be placed under the plates of the first course, so that when the plates are removed the cards are seen.

A party of this type would include about eleven of the young hostess's most intimate girlhood friends, making altogether a group of twelve. They may be seated at one large table if the luncheon is formal, or at small tables daintily set with embroidered cloths, colorful china, and glass if the luncheon is informal. Favors, place-cards, Spring flowers, and meat should follow some color-scheme.

A Recipe Shower

AS SOON as an engagement is announced, one's friends will plan luncheon showers of linen, lingerie, or the blue, cherry, green, and yellow pots and pans which now fill our gay kitchens or kitchenettes. A most original shower which I attended not long ago was a recipe shower. Each guest contributed 5 tested recipes, family heirlooms and favorites, with a decorative utensil. One girl brought 6 cake recipes, jauntily tied to a set of mixing-bowls, rainbow-hued.

Salad recipes demanded intriguing, many-shaped molds, and so on through the equipment, so necessary to the future welfare of the bride and, incidentally, of the groom as well.

I am giving menus for two luncheons, one formal, one informal, which may help some young bride in her first entertaining, as well as the girl who is giving an announcement party or shower for her best friend. The recipes are planned for 6, and should be increased for a larger number of people.

Œufs en Casserolettes

THIS is a delicate hot entrée, easily prepared. In the bottom of individual casseroles put minced bacon. Bake in a hot oven until the bacon starts to sizzle, then add a little salt and pepper and a small onion, minced finely. Break into each casserole a whole egg, and return the dishes to the oven. As soon as the eggs are set, cover each with melted butter in which Parmesan cheese has been generously sprinkled. Return to the oven and brown lightly. Serve hot.

Entrée Plate Service

THE ham, salad, and potatoes should be served on one plate. For the ham make a medium cream sauce, using 2 tablespoonfuls of fat and 2 tablespoonfuls of flour to each cupful of milk. When the sauce commences to thicken add 1 cupful of mushroom-juice drained from a can of mushrooms. Season with salt, pepper, and paprika. Add 2 cupfuls of diced baked ham and 2 cupfuls of chopped canned mushrooms, and when heated through, turn into patty-shells. Grate pimiento cheese over the top and sprinkle with finely minced parsley.

For the vegetable salad soak 1 envelop of gelatin in 1 cupful of cold water for 5 minutes. Dissolve 3 bouillon cubes in 2 cupfuls of boiling water and add to the gelatin. Chill, and when the mixture begins to stiffen stir in 1 cupful of cooked Lima beans and 1 cupful of diced cooked beets.

Turn into heart-shaped molds which have been dipped in cold water, and chill until firm. Serve garnished with watercress and mayonnaise.

Crab-Meat Luxuro in Rice Patties

TO 1 small can of crab-meat add ½ cupful of bread-crums, 1 onion, minced very fine, and the juice of ½ lemon. Season with salt, pepper, and paprika. Turn 1 can of tomato soup into a saucepan; add ½ cupful of milk and the crab-meat. Heat slowly. Wash 1 cupful of rice, and add gradually to 4 cupfuls of rapidly boiling salted water. Cook until soft; drain and place in the oven, with the door open, for a few minutes. Shape into patties and fill with the crab-meat mixture. Garnish with parsley and serve hot.

Asparagus Mold Mayonnaise

TO MAKE this attractive gelatin salad soak 1 envelop of lemon-flavored gelatin in 1 cupful of cold water for 5 minutes. Dissolve this in 2 cupfuls of asparagus-juice which has been drained from a can of asparagus tips and heated to the boiling-point. Chill, and when the mixture begins to stiffen add 1 cupful of canned asparagus tips, cut in 1-inch sections, and 2 hard-cooked eggs, cut in small pieces. Turn into individual molds which have been dipped in cold water. Chill, and when firm turn out onto crisp lettuce. Garnish with mayonnaise and celery curls. Serve with cheese straws.

Pineapple Loaf

DISSOLVE 1 cupful of sugar and ½ cupful of water in the top of a double boiler. Add gradually the beaten yolks of 4 eggs, and stir constantly until the mixture is thick and smooth. Set aside to cool. Cream 1 cupful of butter and work in 2 cupfuls of confectioners' sugar. Add the egg mixture, and when well blended 1 cupful of drained crushed pineapple. To the stiffly beaten whites of 4 eggs add ½ teaspoonful of vanilla and 2 tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. Fold into the pineapple mixture. Line an oblong mold with ladyfingers and fill with the mixture. Chill in the ice-box overnight, and when ready to serve turn out on a large serving-dish. Spread with whipped cream, and decorate with the cherries.

Formal Luncheon Menu

Guests are seated at one table.
Maid service necessary.
Yellow-and-white color-scheme.
Centerpiece of daffodils and narcissus.

PINEAPPLE-AND-CHERRY COUPE
BOUILLON WITH LEMON SLICES
ŒUFS EN CASSEROLETTES
CRAB-MEAT LUXURO IN RICE PATTIES
TINY BISCUITS
ASPARAGUS MOLD MAYONNAISE
CHEESE STRAWS
LEMON PARFAIT
CUP-CAKES ICED IN YELLOW
DEMI TASSE

Informal Luncheon Menu

Guests are seated at small tables.
Pink-and green color-scheme.
A single rose at each place.

CREAM OF PEA SOUP WITH PIMIENTO HEARTS
ENTRÉE PLATE SERVICE
ROLLS WITH MINT AND CURRANT JELLY
PINEAPPLE LOAF
SALTED ALMONDS
GREEN AND PINK MINTS
TEA OR COFFEE

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Let them play as they learn—

says famous psychologist to mothers!

Lillian M. Gilbreth, B. Lit., M. Lit., Ph. D. Famous psychologist, lecturer. Author of "The Home Maker and Her Job," and "Living with our Children."

* * * *

"The easiest way for a mother to teach her children effective habits is to make a game of the whole thing," says Lillian M. Gilbreth, noted authority on child guidance, and the proud and resourceful mother of eleven youngsters. "Let them play as they learn."

What a responsibility it is for mothers—to see that their happy-go-lucky young things establish sound habits!

Yet it's surprising how many little events of the child's day lend themselves to game making. Breakfast, for instance—that meal which authorities say largely determines the kind of day that follows it. School tests have shown that the child best fitted for studies, most keen for play, has started out with one certain thing—a *hot, cooked* cereal breakfast. That is why, in over 70,000 schools, this rule hangs on the wall:

"Every boy and girl needs a hot *cereal breakfast"*

Mothers *want* to do this. Having given so much to their children all along the way, they are equally serious about this small, yet so important thing. "Eat your bowl of nice hot cereal," they say. "It's good for little boys and girls."

Stumbling block at once! That direful phrase "It's good for you" leaves havoc in its wake. Youngsters have been known to make a face, give a push to their hot cereal—Cream of Wheat—or oatmeal—or whatever it is, and say "No-o-oh I don't *want* it."

Today, coaxing is no longer necessary. This problem can be so easily solved. The new psychology recognizes children's love of play. By making a game of *hot, cooked* cereal mothers are leading their children to eat just the right sort of breakfast.

That is why more than 90,000 mothers are using the H. C. B. club to solve their breakfast problems. Colored posters, badges, gold stars. All sent free. It turns eating Cream of Wheat into an irresistible game. Before the children know it, the habit is fixed and Cream of Wheat is part of the day's peaceful routine. Mail your child's application now. Use the coupon below.

Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minn. In Canada made by Cream of Wheat Company, Winnipeg. English address, Fassett & Johnson, Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E. C. 1.

For 32 years the choice of child specialists

Specialists in child health have for years recommended Cream of Wheat as an ideal *hot, cooked* cereal.

1. *It is abundantly rich in the physical and mental energy children need. All real food.*
2. *With every harsh part of the grain removed, Cream of Wheat is amazingly quick and simple to digest.*
3. *Its creamy goodness is easily varied by adding raisins, dates or prunes while cooking.*

Safeguard your boys and girls by giving them, regularly, Cream of Wheat for breakfast.

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FREE—*this plan that gets results at breakfast*

A PLAN that arouses your children's interest in a *hot, cooked* cereal breakfast and makes them want to eat it regularly. A youngsters' club with badges and a secret for members, with gold stars and colored wall charts. A plan that children work out for themselves. All material free—sent direct to your children, together with a sample box of Cream of Wheat if desired. Just mail coupon at the right to Dept. E-29, Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minn.

CREAM OF WHEAT COMPANY
MINNEAPOLIS

DEPT. E-29
MINNESOTA

Name of child..... *First name* ..... *Last name*.....

Street..... *City*..... *State*.....

To get sample Cream of Wheat, check here.....

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Bon Ami

WORKS LIKE MAGIC

ON WHITE WOODWORK, TOO . .

"THERE, Betsy dear, the glass is all finished—so crystal clear we hardly know it's there! And before you can say 'Jack Robinson' we'll have the woodwork finished too."

A little Bon Ami on a damp cloth . . . a few brisk rubs . . . and away goes every trace of smudgy finger-marks and clinging dust. It's all done in just a wink, without fuss or muss!

Bon Ami is truly the magical cleanser and polisher—it saves so much time, so much work.

And there's no need to clutter up the kitchen shelf with a "collection" of special cleaners. For Bon Ami is a host in itself. It's unequalled for bathtubs and tiling, for fine kitchen utensils, brass, copper, nickel—floors of tile, marble, Congoleum, etc.—and dozens of other things.

Remember, Bon Ami blots up the dirt instead of scouring it off—and it never reddens or roughens the hands.

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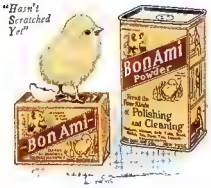

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THE BABIES' ALMANAC

The year-old baby

BY DR. EMELYN L. COOLIDGE

Attending Physician in Diseases of Children to the Society of the Lying-in Hospital, New York City

BABIES are sometimes spoken of as being of two types, the small and the large type. A year-old baby of the small type weighs 20 pounds, his height is 28½ inches, the circumference of his head measures 18¼ inches, his chest 18 inches. The large-type baby weighs at 1 year 23 pounds, his height is 31 inches, his head measures 19 inches, his chest 19½ inches. These figures are for boys. Girls usually weigh about 1 pound less and measure from ¼ to ½ inch less than boys at this age. Generally either boy or girl trebles his or her birth-weight at 1 year of age.

Six teeth are usually found at 1 year old, these being the 2 lower central teeth or incisors and the 4 upper incisors. The year-old baby usually stands quite well, and soon begins to take a few steps alone or by holding on to something. He often lacks balance, and consequently has not the confidence to step out alone, but if helped a little he will soon walk quite well. Let him show that he wishes to do this, however, and never force him. Short words are often spoken by the year-old baby, but he does not use sentences until some months later.

His training in bodily habits should be well advanced now. He ought use his chair for his bowel-movement at a regular hour each morning, and if he is placed on it every hour, he will soon learn what this means also, and seldom wet his diapers. As soon as he learns not to wet himself he should wear little knit or Canton-flannel drawers buttoned onto a waist. He will walk much better and be more comfortable without bulky diapers.

He should be taken up at 10 P. M. and placed on his chair for a few minutes, and may even sleep through this process, but he can not always be expected to go through the remainder of the night without wetting.

Frequently it is more convenient to give a baby of this age his tub-bath at bedtime, which is a good practise, but he should also continue his good habit of a daily tub-bath. His dresses or rompers may be of cotton material even in Winter, as he will need frequent changes to keep him clean and fresh. If he wears dresses they may be about knee-length now.

His diet should be whole, undiluted milk, well-cooked cereals, broths, soups, beef-juice, soft egg, zwieback, fruit-juices and cooked strained fruits, strained green vegetables, and some simple desserts like gelatin, junket, and soft custard for most babies. At least 1 pint of pure boiled water should be taken in 24 hours. No 10 P. M. meal is now required, as baby should have a little supper at 6 P. M., which should last him until 6 A. M. He should begin to give up his bottle now, and not be allowed to have any by the time he is 13 months old. The sooner the bottle habit is broken the better for all concerned.

We have a very useful diet-list for babies 1 year old, which gives 7 sets of meals in detail. This is sent to all our regular Monthly Club members when the baby is of this age. It will be sent to any one else who requests it, provided a stamped envelop addressed to oneself is enclosed. It is most important that babies should have well-balanced meals and enough variety at this time in their lives. If the child does not like any one article of food, never make the mistake of discontinuing it. Keep right on with it even if it is necessary for a few days to withhold milk or other food he likes better.

Training in good food habits is most important to the child all his life. If a baby is allowed to have whims about food he will be very difficult to deal with, and will soon show spoiling in other directions as well. Do not coax, bribe or talk about food he refuses, simply say nothing, but feed it to him as if you expected him to take it. If he absolutely refuses it take it away without comment, but give nothing else in its place. Give nothing but water until the next regular meal-hour, then offer a fresh portion of the food he has refused. He will usually be hungry enough to take it by that time, but if not persist in this way until he is.

Free Child Health Service

IF your baby is under 6 months of age you may join our Special Correspondence Course in Babycraft, by which you will receive monthly help until the baby is 2 years old. Send us the baby's name and age, and an Admission Blank will be sent you

If you want advice about older children up to the age of 12, ask for a Question Form for our Good Health Extension Class

No diseases will be treated by mail nor medicines prescribed

No blanks will be sent or enquiries answered unless you enclose a United States stamped envelop addressed to yourself

Address your correspondence to Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York, N. Y

SENSATIONAL NEWS *about a* NEW PRODUCT

A Surprise Result

in care of your Teeth

Twofold polishing (not scouring) *in a delightful tooth paste that combines results everyone desires*

ANNOUNCED BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS DR. WEST'S TOOTHBRUSH

* * *

ALL good dentifrices, for years, have sought to give the results now combined in this modern tooth paste.

This offers you a test of DR. WEST'S tooth paste.

It acts quickly and positively. And adds a surprise result—twofold polishing and brightening action (not scouring) that will delight you. You'll *see* this result.

Two beneficial polishing agents—the finest known—are blended to do this. They do not scour or scratch, but actually *polish*. Stains and deposits are removed. *Natural* smoothness and brilliance of the enamel are restored.

Your mouth is instantly refreshed and cooled, by a blend of choicest flavors. This clean coolness lasts remarkably, too. Children love it. Those who smoke will welcome it.

Gums are invigorated. And protected, too, for this modern tooth paste has no coarse, harsh particles to irritate sensitive gum-tissue.

Other good results will be noticed. Correction of acid mouth conditions. Dissolving and removal of sticky deposits. A generous, foamy action that washes out all crevices.

Now, at our expense, try it. *See* what it does.

TO GET A TUBE **FREE**

(large 25c size; *not* a sample)

Today go to your favorite store. Buy a DR. WEST'S Toothbrush. With it . . . *You receive, free, a large 25c tube of* DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste. *Brush your teeth with these two remarkable, modern aids. You will see and feel results that are unusual, and delightful.* (This offer good in Canada, too.) The WESTERN COMPANY, Chicago, U. S. A.

An advance as great as the famous tooth brush
Dr. West's TOOTH PASTE
Dr. West's TOOTH PASTE
Dr. West's TOOTH PASTE
CLEANS TEETH BETTER
© 1929, W B M Co.

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THE ANSWER TO THE BEAUTY QUESTION

The simplest and most effective way to increase your natural charm

BY DORIS LEE ASHLEY

I HAPPENED to meet an interesting young woman not long ago at a luncheon given by a well-known manufacturer. She was so bright and animated that I inquired what she did in the beauty business. I was informed that she instructed cosmetic saleswomen in one of the largest department stores in the world.

I made an appointment to meet her in her classroom. I spent an afternoon looking over her color-charts for powder and rouge and lipstick and in learning about her methods of teaching saleswomen how to help the customer select the preparations best suited to her individual needs. I then went down to the department store to talk to the saleswomen and to find out what women really wanted to know.

"BUT HOW CAN I DECIDE WHICH OF THESE I NEED?"

I watched a woman, evidently over thirty, approach the cosmetic-counter. She seemed bewildered at the endless array of beautiful jars and bottles. As she waited she seemed fascinated by the busy women back of the counter who were patiently and intelligently answering questions and explaining the use of the various preparations and suggesting corrective treatments.

Instead of going away she seemed encouraged, and remained until one of the young women was free; then she asked for a good cold-cream for her face. The saleswoman showed no surprize, but kindly asked her if she wanted it to cleanse, nourish, or bleach her skin. She explained that there were special creams for the normal, the very dry skin, and non-fattening creams for the oily skin, if it was nourishing cream that she wanted. Also that there were the two-in-one (cleansing and nourishing) creams for the normal skin.

The customer's face brightened as she said, "That is what I need, a non-fattening cream, for my skin seems so oily." The saleswoman produced three different makes, as well as astringent tonics. The little woman did not hesitate, but immediately selected a well-advertised cream (probably one she had read about in her favorite magazine). When she had finished reading the label she anxiously inquired, "Will it grow hair?"

The young woman back of the counter smilingly assured her that if it could produce hair it would have been sold by the manufacturer for that purpose.

Then she told her about the advantages of using an astringent lotion and about cleansing an oily skin.

JUST here I want to stop and talk to those of you who are worried about this matter of growing hair or fuzz on the face. There are two types of people, those who have a luxuriant growth of hair, known as "hair-growers," and those who have less or even scanty locks. Dermatologists say that abundant growth of hair on the face is usually due to some hereditary tendency or a constitutional or glandular disturbance. They claim that anything that stimulates the circulation accelerates the functioning of the hair-follicles.

"DON'T BE WORRIED FATHER, IT'S INDELIBLE"

Patting preparations into the skin, using cosmetics that contain ingredients that irritate it, such as bleaches or the use of creams that have become rancid through neglecting to cover them, or products that contain large amounts of fatty acids, may be irritating enough to accelerate the growth of hair on the faces of such "hair-growers." Manufacturers are familiar with these facts. You will find that many well-established brands of cleansing and nourishing creams carry the statement on the labels that they will not grow hair.

Another question which I am told is asked by many customers is, "Are there any chemicals or ingredients in this preparation that may harm my skin?" That word "chemical" seems to worry many women. I wonder if they realize that even water contains a chemical. But when this question is asked about a bleaching preparation, a depilatory, or a deodorant there is some foundation for anxiety, especially when the skin is exceedingly sensitive or troubled with an eruption or any irritation. Naturally such preparations must contain ingredients powerful enough to perform their mission.

Here is a satisfactory method of testing bleaching cosmetics: At night before retiring apply some of the preparation in question on the arm above the elbow and allow it to remain there overnight. If, in the morning after removing the cosmetic, the skin shows no irritation the preparation may then be used on the face with safety. Remember the manufacturer has probably made hundreds of tests to determine the simplest and most effective way of producing the result desired before he offers his product to the public. So to be fair to him and yourself follow instructions meticulously.

Write for our free leaflet "Powder Foundations and Powders." It will aid you in choosing the cosmetics best suited to your type. Send a stamped envelop, addressed to yourself, to the Beauty Editor, Pictorial Review, 222 W. 39th St., New York City.

Customers are requested by saleswomen to become familiar with instructions (and to follow them literally) before using depilatories and deodorants. Many of the old vile-smelling depilatories have been so improved that it is now a pleasure to remove unwanted hair. They are warned, however, never to use any of them on skin that is irritated or which shows an eruption.

Then there is the eternal question: "Will it do what it says it will?" I admit that there are some advertisements that sound extravagant, but reputable publications do not accept advertisements of products that sound like miracle- or magic-workers, and manufacturers are not going to spend hundreds of thousands of dollars to advertise preparations that do not do what they claim they will, for it would be only a very short time when they would have no repeat orders of their precious products and they would have to go out of business.

However, there is one thing that is most important when one elects to use preparations sold for a definite purpose,—the user is expected to give intelligent co-operation in following the instructions for their use. It takes time, patience, and scientific aids to overcome the effects of neglect.

THE saleswomen tell me that powder worries are legion. Many women complain that powder cakes on their skin, others that the powder which they have tried causes the skin to become blotchy, while others say the powder they are using makes their skin shiny. They also tell me that the majority of women come to purchase powder many shades too light for a perfect make-up, but when shown how delightful their complexions may be when a darker tone is used are never again satisfied with the lighter tone. Now, when a customer complains that powder cakes on her skin the saleswoman inquires as to the nature of the powder base employed and as to the quality of the powder.

The usual discovery is that she uses too heavy a powder or that the powder base is vanishing cream improperly applied. She is then informed that vanishing cream should be used sparingly, that better results may be obtained by mixing a dab of it in the palm of the hand with a few drops of skin-tonic so that a film of the mixture may be spread evenly over the face and throat, and then if the powder continues to cake she should choose a lighter powder. A liquid powder or a film of her favorite nourishing cream (if her skin is dry) may be suggested as a better powder base for her particular skin.

When complaints are made that powder causes the skin to become blotchy or irritated, it is usually found to be exceedingly sensitive and that the powder employed is highly scented. In such a case it is the perfume that is irritating and not the powder, and an unscented powder is suggested. The woman who uses talcum-powder for her face—and there are those who make such a confession—will most assuredly find her skin shining, and it will not have the velvety, mat effect produced by the best complexion-powders. The quality of powder varies from that which is light and fluffy to that which contains cold-cream and which clings most lovingly to the skin.

There are repeated requests, so I am told, for indelible lipsticks, because too greasy ones "come off" on frocks and blouses as they are donned or doffed, not to mention table-napkins or the brows or cheeks of beloved relatives and friends.

And these are but a few of the questions women ask!

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Voted the most fascinating *Young Sportswoman*

by

JOHN BARRYMORE

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

MISS LILIAS MORIARTY *of Boston, Mass. chosen from Woodbury beauties in forty-eight States as the most fascinating young sportswoman*

SHE is as full of contradictions as she is of bewitchment and charm.

She has close-cut curling bronze hair, a pure, fair skin,—no touch of rouge,—a laughing child's mouth. Her eyes are her most unusual feature—unusual both in setting and expression. They are rather long, set wide apart, of a curious shade of blue. Their calm, rather remote, far-seeing gaze gives the only clue to her pre-occupation with one of the most dangerous of sports.

No one looking at her, would think of her as an "athlete." She weighs only a hundred pounds. She has a little slim, fragile, exquisite figure. Yet she is a bold and fearless horseback rider, a keen shot,—"but I only shoot clay pigeons,"—a self-possessed, passionate devoted flyer.

She was born at Budapest, where her father was stationed in the diplomatic service. She speaks five languages. She has traveled about the world ever since she was a baby, and likes being on the move.

She "always wanted to fly." She was never frightened but once—the first time she went up, when her pilot asked permission to do some "stunts." She cannot explain the fascination of flying.

MISS MORIARTY, *mapped riding horseback in Central Park. "Woodbury keeps my skin in perfectly splendid condition," she says.*

"It's being up above everything, and all alone . . ."

She uses Woodbury's Facial Soap because it is the only soap that does not irritate her skin,—a skin of almost transparent clearness and fineness.

"Woodbury's is a wonderful soap, for anyone who is out of doors as much as I am. My skin never gets rough or chapped, if I use it faithfully. There must be something unusually pure and mild about it, because it keeps my skin in perfectly splendid condition."

OUT OF HUNDREDS of beautiful Woodbury users, on whom we called in big cities, in little towns, throughout the country, three distinguished judges are choosing the loveliest of each type. Each month their photographs will appear, together with a brief story of their personality. They represent thousands upon thousands of women throughout America who today owe the charm of a fresh, clear, beautiful complexion to daily care with Woodbury's Facial Soap. . . . Commence, now, to take care of your skin with this wonderful soap! Begin, tonight, to gain the charm of "A Skin You Love to Touch!"

WE SHALL BE HAPPY to send you a delightful Woodbury set containing a trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Facial Cream and Powder the Cold Cream, the generous sample tube of Facial Cream and Powder the Cold Cream, the generous sample tube of Facial Cream and Powder the Cold Cream, the generous sample tube of

To Make Stockings Left Over from Broken Pairs into Perfect Mates

(Note the Coupon)

An Unique Discovery that is Saving Women 50% on Hosiery Bills

DUE to new discoveries in home tinting and dyeing, a pair of stockings is never lost until *both* stockings of the pair are worn out.

You can now take two "leftover" stockings from entirely different pairs, even if one is a dark color and the other light, and make them perfect mates. And choose your color incidentally, from those found usually in only the costliest imported hose.

The coupon below will bring you a full size 15c package of WHITE RIT. This amazing new color remover takes all the old color out of your odd stockings. It restores them to original loom white. Then dip them in any of the latest Paris hosiery shades supplied in RIT tints and dyes. You get the exact colors,—not imitations—of French hosiery. There is no "re-dyed" look, because taking the old color out first gives a clear ground work, making the new color absolutely clear and true. And by using the new improved RIT tints (obtainable at any drug or department store) you assure smooth, streakless, professional results.

Gather your faded, your leftover stockings together today. And go in for the Great Adventure of a complete supply of new hosiery—minus the expense.

Thousands of women are doing this. Saving money and having lovelier color stockings than when new. You'll be surprised how easy it is. Wonderful too for lingerie.

Accept 15c Package

Try it. Send the coupon today. And remember, there is no substitute for WHITE RIT. As harmless to the finest fabric as plain boiling water. It is protected by U. S. Patent.

GOOD FOR 15c PACKAGE

RIT PRODUCTS CORP., Dept. P4
1401 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 4c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your full-size 15c package of WHITE RIT.

Name.....
(Print name and address clearly)

Street.....

City..... State.....

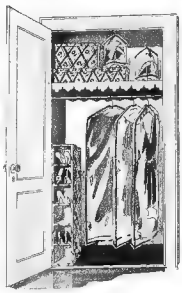
HOUSEHOLD HINTS

You can even make closets decorative

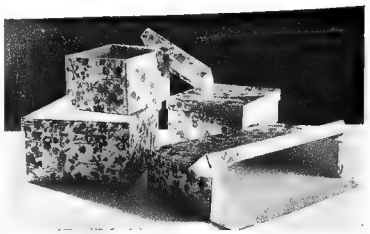
A CLOSET is no longer a dark hole in the wall where clothes are thrust, but nowadays, when every woman owns delicate-looking frocks, fragile hose and shoes, the closet has become the orderly kept treasure-chest of its possessor. N. H. E.

These new pastel-colored, transparent dress-bags and hat-covers will protect your "best clothes" from the dust which will settle regardless of your clever housekeeping abilities.

Even if your closet doesn't have "built-in" fixtures you can easily make it into a smart, conveniently equipped storage-room for your wardrobe like the one below.



A place for every shoe, every shoe treed and in its place, means that you should have a good-looking heavy cardboard shoe-closet similar to the ones illustrated here. They come in all sizes and shapes to fit your closet-space and your purse. Or you may buy them unfinished and apply a covering yourself of wall-paper or oilcloth with glue.



Boxes for the hats you don't use every day and other fragile accessories may be obtained to match the other fittings of your closets. Those made with a side which drops down are extremely convenient. They come in various sizes to suit your needs.

For further information about any of these articles, send a stamped envelop, self-addressed, to the Home Bureau, Pictorial Review.

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Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Dessert for Six from a single can

Smaller cans, too—to fit your individual needs!

But whatever the size, you can always be sure of this—Del Monte brings you the finest peaches grown, full-flavored, luscious, tree-ripened fruit, the same high quality no matter when or where you buy.

DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches

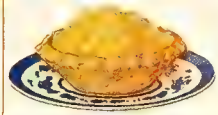
—and so simple to serve in so many other tempting ways

With—	In—	For—
CEREALS	TAPIOCA	SALADS
OMELETS	GELATINE	COCKTAILS
MEATS	CUSTARDS	SHORTCAKES
RICE	BREAD PUDDING	PASTRIES
GINGERBREAD	BROWN BETTY	COBBLERS
CAKE	JELLY ROLL	ICES, ETC.

A Hundred Other Varieties, too— for that fresh touch that chases dullness out of everyday meals

TOMATOES

For instance, Del Monte Tomatoes—always firm, clean fruit, all meat and juice. Ripened on the vine, they have that fresh, distinctive flavor you like so well. One of the finest foods you can serve.



CRUSHED PINEAPPLE

And don't overlook Crushed Pineapple! The best of Hawaiian fruit—in every can. Almost no limit to its many handy uses—for fruit cocktails, salads, puddings, pastries, sherbets and drinks.

FRUITS FOR SALAD

Or think of a real fruit salad right on your pantry shelf—ready to serve! Five delicious fruits—from a single can. They save time in shopping—and the bother of preparation! *Inexpensive*, too—compared with equally tempting combinations made at home!

DEL MONTE PEAS

Two new gradings—each a blend of different sizes, much as you would shell them at home. Early Garden Sugar, a blend of all but the largest and smallest sizes. Midget, a blend of very small sizes only. In both, the finest flavor ever achieved in canned peas.

Send for these Cooking Helps

For more information about the variety Del Monte offers—and over 300 suggestions for serving these tempting foods—send for our new recipe collection. Address Dept. 530, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, Calif.

DEL MONTE FOOD PRODUCTS

Over a hundred delicious varieties

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General Electric presents *the first* All-steel Refrigerator

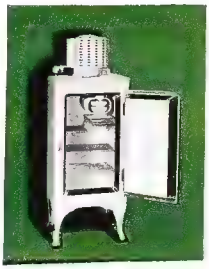
A new small-family model at the very low price of $215

ANOTHER chapter has been added to the achievements of the engineers and scientists of the General Electric Research Laboratories. The same group of men who, after fifteen years of painstaking endeavor, perfected the hermetically sealed mechanism of the General Electric Refrigerator, have now designed and built the first all-steel refrigerator cabinet. This achievement marks the first major improvement made during the past thirty years, in the design and construction of household cabinets.

NEW DESIGN – MADE IN A NEW WAY... General Electric has made a large investment in new machinery – giant presses to cut the steel, bend it into shape and weld together the folded forms. But it has achieved its purpose. Its aim was, by mass production, to build the best refrigerator ever produced and offer it to the small families of America at a price easily within their reach – $215 [AT THE FACTORY].

* * *

All steel, with electrically welded joints. Bronze hardware, bolted into the steel. Special insulation, black faced door edges, self-closing latch, gliders to protect linoleum...and many other unique features



$215 – WITH CONVENIENTLY SPACED PAYMENTS... The new all-steel General Electric makes safe refrigeration possible for every home. Only a small down payment is required. The balance can conveniently be paid over a period of time.

FIRST PUBLIC SHOWING MARCH 22... The only way to appreciate the durability and the beauty of this refrigerator is to see it. You will then readily understand why General Electric announces it so proudly and why it has been called "the refrigerator of the future." On display by dealers everywhere on and after Friday, March 22nd. Be sure to be among the first to see it. Write for a descriptive booklet to Section P-4 Electric Refrigeration Department of General Electric Company, Hanna Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

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Continued from Page 32

pect was acquitted before he was ever accused.

It struck him with peculiar force that she should have recalled Girard's visit, which had occurred but a week ago, after distinctly stating several times that she hadn't seen her adopted son in some time. But exactly the reason for her behavior he could not fathom. And suppose he were wrong. Where had he erred this time?

AFTER a moment's hesitation he continued upon his original quest.

"If you don't know where he is, can you tell me of any place where I might inquire for him?"

Mrs. Murchison's reply was in the negative.

"But there was one place he spoke of," she went on. "I made a note of it at the time. I was anxious about where he was going once, so I asked him, and he said, to Logan's."

"I'll have to try that. What is the address?"

"I don't remember, but I have it in the kitchen. I'll get it for you if you want it."

He stopped her in the doorway.

"Just a moment, Mrs. Murchison. If you happen to have a picture of Mr. Girard I'd appreciate it if you'd bring it along."

"A picture, sir?" She hesitated. "I don't believe there is any. I know we never took any, not since he was a baby."

"No, I'm afraid that wouldn't do any good. You know I've never seen him, and it's going to be a difficult job finding him unless I have some idea of his appearance."

"Do you know, I believe you can get a picture of him at his school. It's called Marcus—the boarding-school out on Morningside Heights that Bobby attended from the time he was thirteen till he was seventeen. The Reverend Mr. Darrow, who runs the place, was forever taking pictures of the boys. Of course it will be old, but it might help."

When she went out Rankin reflected that he couldn't forever be pursuing a fantom. Presently she returned with the address. It was clear that she could give him no more information.

"May I see Mr. Girard's room?" he requested. "Perhaps he left some papers around that would give me a hint."

A thorough search of the room, however, failed to reveal any clue to his quarry. For the type of house and the locality it was furnished with reasonable comfort. In one of the bureaus Rankin unearthed several gambling appliances, a race-chart, and a little note-book. The last contained a record, crudely kept, of losses and winnings at cards and racing. One item was of particular interest. It was a page of various losses Girard had suffered within the period of one month, April 10th to May 10th, of the present year.

April 10: to Logan—$10,000—on Nellie Bly.
19: to Sims. Poker $5,000.
22: to Logan—$25,000.
30: to Logan—$7,500.
May 5: to Allen—$12,500—on Hartigan One-Step.
10: to Logan—$35,000.

The entire sum came to $100,000, the very amount young Girard had tried to borrow from the Yeager attorney. The record made it clear that the young man had counted heavily upon the loan as a means to pay back his heavy losses. And it proved the fast life he had been leading. To Logan he was the greatest loser.

As soon as he left Mrs. Murchison, Rankin went to the address she had given him. As he had half anticipated, Logan's was a gambling-resort, posing as a modern, up-to-date rest club. The gilded interior and the lounging-rooms were luxurious; on the surface its innocent aspect hid the innumerable devices that parted the fool from his money.

Rankin found the proprietor, after whom the club was named, an affable, bland, stoutish gentleman, who puffed a cigar and smiled constantly from unpleasant eyes. The smile passed quickly when Rankin named the object of his search.

"Bob Girard? No, I haven't seen him since early in May. There's no one I'd like better to see. Are you a friend of his?"

"No," replied the detective, "I'm not, but I'm trying to locate him, and I was hoping that you might be in touch with him or could help me."

"Sorry, I can't tell you a thing. In case you find him let him know this from me—that the police will be on his trail very soon unless he pays an honorable debt, contracted with me, for the sum of $82,500. I've waited as long as I'm going to."

The tone was unpleasant. Rankin found himself the object of minute scrutiny from the speaker.

"If you can't help me, do you know of any other place I might try?"

"Well, you can go to Allen's, or to the Midnite Club on East One Hundred and Eighth Street. But I doubt whether they know anything; and I should be careful, if I were a 'busy,' of the questions I asked in some of those places."

With this parting shot, Logan joined a servant and walked away. The advice was valuable; it wasn't good to be too curious in establishments such as his quarry appeared to frequent.

A visit to each of the places netted nothing but suspicious looks. No one had seen Girard in some time. At the end of an hour Rankin found himself at a loss to proceed.

The trail was infinitely more difficult, he reflected, than that of Joseph Rogers. There he had possessed some clues and the exact knowledge of the fugitive's starting-point, and the trail had been but three days old. Here three months had elapsed and he had no definite beginning. It was like searching for a needle in a haystack; the country had swallowed up the nephew. All that was known was that he had gone East to find his cousin.

In a state of indecision Rankin returned to his hotel. The hotel clerk greeted him.

"A telegram for you, sir. It's been in for the last hour or so."

Rankin opened it with eagerness. It was from Gary, Ind., and sent three hours ago.

9:30 Eastern Time

TO THOMAS RANKIN,
HOTEL MARTINI, NEW YORK.

Following telegram from Girard at eight this morning, from Philadelphia: Returning home. To-morrow in late afternoon.

DRISCOLL.

The Face in the Picture

"THE train to Gary," explained the clerk in the New York Pennsylvania Terminal, "leaves here at four-thirty: it reaches North Philadelphia at six-forty, and Gary to-morrow afternoon at three-thirty."

"If I reserve my ticket now," questioned Rankin, "can I return for it at train-time?"

"Yes; but you can take the train from North Philly, and go to Philadelphia now, on the same ticket."

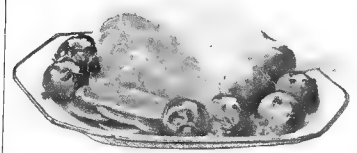
When Rankin left the station he hailed a cab and proceeded to Morningside Heights. His greatest need of the moment was a picture of Robert Girard. For if the nephew expected to reach Gary the following afternoon from Philadelphia, the train he would take would undoubtedly be the same as that his trailer proposed to take from New York. It would be of value to look over his fellow passenger; he might even be able to get acquainted and elicit some admission that would help the case. He had more than three hours before train-time.

The taxi deposited Rankin before the enclosed grounds of the Marcus School. It stood upon high ground and overlooked a large portion of the city. Across from it lay Columbia University. It had four brown-brick buildings of modern construction, surrounded by an iron fence. The place seemed empty. Apparently there was no Summer session going on.

A sign, "Headmaster's Office," led Rankin into the presence of the Reverend Mr. Darrow, a lanky, pious person in a dark frock suit. His sugary welcome was accompanied by a gentle rubbing of the

Cook your "Star" Ham *for Sunday on Saturday*

Easy-to-get meals can be planned ahead if you start with a whole "Star" Ham



BOILED STAR HAM. *See page 6 of "60 Ways to Serve Ham."*

SUPPOSE you boil a whole Star Ham on Saturday. On Sunday you can either serve it cold, or dot the fat with cloves, sprinkle it with brown sugar and bake it to perfection while you prepare the rest of your dinner. Then you can plan to use the left-overs in an omelet for breakfast, in hash for a luncheon or creamed for supper later in the week.

CREAMED STAR HAM PATTIES. *See page 22 of "60 Ways to Serve Ham."*

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STAR HAM HASH WITH POACHED EGGS. *See page 23 of "60 Ways to Serve Ham."*

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take these three steps

1 *A teaspoonful of Instant Postum in the cup . . .*

2 *Fill cup with hot (not boiled) milk . . . .*

3 *Stir, and sweeten to taste . . . . and it's ready!*

and you have a drink which is building health for thousands of children! . . . . . .

WHAT could be simpler—a drink you can prepare right at the table! A drink that brings all the body-building nourishment of milk, plus wholesome elements of whole wheat and bran! A drink with a rich, smooth flavor which children *immediately* like—even children who do not like milk alone!

Hot, golden-brown, appetizing—a real "grown-up" drink without the objectionable qualities which make other "grown-up" drinks bad for children.

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Give your children Instant Postum made with milk tomorrow morning. And try it yourself, too! Instant Postum costs less than one-half cent a cup. Your grocer has it. Or, if you prefer, the coupon will bring one week's supply free. Mail it!

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(prepared instantly in the cup)
Please send also your Children's Booklet
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Postum is one of the Post Food Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

hands and a desire to know what he could do for his visitor.

The detective began in some uncertainty. "I have an unusual request to make, Doctor Darrow. I've come to see about a boy who was a pupil here in 1920 and 1921."

"May I ask his name?"

"Robert Girard—a nephew of Mr. Lawrence Yaeger. Do you remember him?"

"Remember him? I certainly do. He was one of our brightest boys. For a time he was the editor of our school magazine. Quite a fine fellow—rather tall for his age—seventeen, I believe, his last year. Of course. Who could forget him? How is he?"

"He's quite well, thank you." Rankin cleared his throat. "The family of Mr. Yaeger, who has just died, sent me here to see if I could procure for them a full-length photograph of Robert as a boy. Strangely enough, they neglected to have his picture taken as a youth, and they have always wanted to have one. And we have heard out there of your——"

The Reverend Mr. Darrow beamed. "It's too bad about Mr. Yaeger, isn't it? Such a splendid gentleman. A photograph. Why, we have pictures of all our boys! It's one of my favorite pastimes to snap them in groups. But a single full-length picture? I'm afraid not."

"Well, perhaps one of those you have will do. Do you mind if I see them?"

"Certainly not, but the best ones are in the dormitories. We always take a group picture of each dormitory and hang it on the walls as an inspiration to the students that come after."

He escorted Rankin to another building. On the second and third floors were a series of small rooms, each containing four neat white beds.

"The dressing-rooms are below," he explained.

On the walls of each dormitory were many pictures but Mr. Darrow led his visitor into a third room and straight to a picture of a group of boys.

"This was taken in 1921, when Robert was in his last year; he was then seventeen. That's he in the middle, next to the boy who is sitting down. Now, that's a typical pose."

Rankin stared at the boyish face. Despite the passage of years, even a group photo would be valuable as identification. His start of astonishment would have amazed the headmaster had he been observing the detective instead of the picture of a keen-eyed youth with dark hair carefully combed back from his forehead. The nose was sharp but well formed; the lips were full. The pose was debonair. He had seen that face before. They were the features of——

For the barest instant the identity was in his mind. Then a flash the impression fled. In vain Rankin tried to recall it. He was scarcely aware of telling the disappointed Mr. Darrow that he was afraid the photograph wouldn't do. Whose was the face that peered out at him? Where had he seen those familiar features before?

THE result of an agony of mental effort failed to bring back that fleeting memory. Then he proceeded to recall the features of every man concerned in the case, passing them one by one in review.

There was Charles Bond. Rankin ruled him out at once. The age differences made the idea ludicrous. Was it Joseph Rogers? Impossible. His pasty face had never possessed such provocative features. James Norris? His alibi as supplied by "Spark" Porter was perhaps not water-tight. Was it possible that Norris had scraped up an acquaintance with his cousin, and that she had failed to recognize him after many years? But Norris was more than twenty-three. Rankin shook his head and passed on. The chauffeur, Alfred? Elmer Spearman? Mrs. Bond's hireling? None of them would fit.

Meanwhile Mr. Darrow insisted on leading him through the remaining buildings and pointing out to him their assets. With pride he expostulated upon the advantages of the school system. Rankin barely listened. Finally the principal reverted to the topic of his prize pupil's varied abilities.

"The highest marks, my dear sir! We were quite proud of him, he was such an all-around chap. There was debating. He had a brilliant mind, and I do believe he could present a problem so involved that not even Sherlock Holmes could unravel it. And there was his dramatic club work; he always took the leading parts. A born actor, especially his impersonations. Why, I can remember when——"

Presently Rankin managed to break away. The iron gate closed behind him and he stepped into the street.

THE astounding thing that then occurred may best be described by an eye-witness who related the incident to her friend.

"I was just crossing the street, Lizzie, when a gentleman comes out of that boarding-school with the iron gates. You know the place I mean. Well, I didn't bother to look at him till he gets into the street. Just as he reaches the car-track he stopped dead! And the car was coming at a good rate! I really believed for a moment that he was crazy, for there he stood without moving, and the conductor clanging his bell and yelling at 'im. I could have sworn he was a goner; but suddenly he moves like lightning and runs back into the school-yard."

"And then what happened?"

"Nothing. I didn't see that chap again."

This account was substantially correct. A memory had swept over Rankin as he stood there on the tracks. It was the memory of a single sentence. The headmaster had spoken it while he barely listened. And it solved his problem.

He knew then who Bob Girard was; he knew who killed Mary Young; he knew how every act of the crime was committed! That was the incredible part of it. The Reverend Mr. Darrow unconsciously had told him what he had been seeking to discover for over a week!

He dashed madly back into the office. The headmaster was amazed at his behavior, and at the questions Rankin hurled at him for almost twenty minutes. They were queries that would have astounded a listener, and they left Mr. Darrow with wilted collar and flushed face. When the detective had left he sank back into his chair exhausted.

Once outside, Rankin paused to look at his watch. It was exactly two o'clock. With his new knowledge he would have to act faster than he had ever done before. In less than four hours he must prove his case, return to Philadelphia, and make his arrest. He knew now where his quarry was to be found, and he knew that unless he laid hands upon him before six o'clock of that afternoon he might never do so. The case could never be proven; the criminal would escape his clutches, no matter what was done to bring the hideous crime home to him. Till six o'clock, and not a moment later.

There was a train back to the Quaker City at three o'clock. That left Rankin less than an hour to complete his case. Could he do it in that time? He hailed a taxi-cab.

"Drive me to Columbia University, the main office, and do it fast," he directed the driver. "When you get there wait for me. I'll be right out."

The explanation of Mrs. Murchison's strange behavior was obvious. The alibi she had provided for Girard was fabricated. But at first she had not deemed Rankin one to whom she must present the alibi. He evidently had lulled her into security. But something had rudely awakened her.

No wonder the solution had eluded his grasp! As he reversed the intricate trail step by step, Rankin found himself marveling. It almost defied the imagination: for sheer bravado it was inconceivable. Rankin had been a fool throughout!

The cab drew up before the university offices. Before it had stopped he was up the steps. Several clerks stared in astonishment at his furious entrance.

"Where can I get hold of a class record-book of 1923?" he asked. "Don't stand there gaping. Answer me."

His badge gained him better attention

Continued on Page 52

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It is not enough to be beautiful . . .

One must be *smartly* beautiful Today

And that new facial *smartness . . . clear, radiant—above all,* natural *. . . is so easily achieved in this delightful, new way*

LOOK about you. Hats . . . snug—revealing. Frocks . . . clinging—sophisticated, with neck-lines severe and unadorned. All designed, it seems, to make the face the most important part of the smart ensemble.

And this mode for simplicity—is it not largely responsible for the naturally lovely complexions one sees everywhere, the flawless skin texture so conspicuously noticeable among well-groomed women?

Today, more than ever before, women, with their intimate knowledge of skin care, realize that if the complexion is to be kept naturally beautiful, then the skin must be always exquisitely clean. Which is why so many of them make the new Complete Woodbury *Facial* a regular part of their beauty routine.

For this new treatment—which delightfully combines the use of Woodbury's Facial Soap with the Woodbury Creams—does more than cleanse the surface of the skin. It penetrates down into the very pore-depths—awakens, stimulates the skin—leaves it translucently clear, glowing, ready to meet the eyes of an appraising world.

SUCH a simple treatment, too. For which you need only Woodbury's Cold Cream—soothing and caressing—to soften and dissolve the dust particles that lurk deep down in the pores. Woodbury's Facial Soap, with its bland, foamy lather to wash every vestige of soiled cream from the pore-depths. Woodbury's Facial Cream—greaseless and refreshing—to tone up the skin to a velvety softness.

Follow the three steps faithfully. You will be astonished at the immediate improvement in your complexion! And such a sense of exhilaration—such a healthy glow—such a feeling of absolute skin-cleanliness! This because the Woodbury's Creams are made especially to work in harmony with Woodbury's Facial Soap.

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First, to thoroughly open the pores, use a cloth wrung from hot water. Then cover the face and neck with Woodbury's Cold Cream, massaging it well into the skin with an upward and outward movement. With searching thoroughness it penetrates every tiny pore—softening and dissolving the embedded dust and dirt particles.

Next remove the surplus cream with a soft cloth or cleansing tissue. Then wash the face and neck with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap. Work the creamy lather well into your skin to remove from the pores every vestige of soiled cream. Now a warm water rinse, and a dash of cold water—or use a piece of ice wrapped in one thickness of cloth. Immediately your skin will feel stimulated, awakened, glowing.

Your drug store or toilet goods counter can supply you with the new Complete Woodbury *Facial*. Or, let us send you a trial set, containing enough of the soap and creams for seven generous treatments, also one of the new Tressettes, an ingenious band that holds your hair back while you are creaming your face. Give yourself a Complete Woodbury *Facial* every day for a week. After that, a *Facial* once or twice a week (with Woodbury's Facial Soap in between times, as directed in the booklet around every cake) will keep

Finally, with your fingertips, apply Woodbury's Facial Cream. Cooling and greaseless, it supplies just the right amount of natural moisture, without clogging the pores—giving that soft, velvety texture so much desired. The Complete Woodbury Facial is only a matter of minutes—make it a regular part of your beauty routine and yours will always be the natural beauty of "A skin you love to touch!"

your skin soft, clear and clean. Write today for your trial set, enclosing 25c in stamps or coin.

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COCONUT'S FRESH, sun-ripened shreds bring a rare exotic flavor to your favorite desserts.

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At the Baker plant the moist milky meat is instantly scooped from the shells and cut into delicious threads. They come to you moist and fragrant as they came from the shell. In this respect Franklin Baker's Coconut is outstanding.

Nearly a hundred delicious coconut recipes have just been collected in a new book by Franklin Baker. Send for it at once.

Hawaiian Frosting

You'll be doubly proud of your home-baked cake when it's covered with this luscious frosting. It's an easy recipe. Combine 2 cups sugar, ½ teaspoon cream of tartar, and ⅔ cup water. Boil until small amount of syrup forms soft ball in cold water, or spins long thread (238°F). Pour syrup slowly over 2 stiffly beaten egg whites; beat constantly. Add 1 cup chopped raisins, 1 cup Baker's Coconut Southern-Style, chopped, and 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Continue beating until thick enough to spread on cake. Makes enough frosting for two 9-inch layers. *All measurements are level.*

Baker's Premium Shred, *in triple-sealed, tasty-fresh packages, the familiar kind.*

Baker's Southern-Style, *the new moist-packed kind that comes in tins.*

FRANKLIN
BAKER'S
COCONUT

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Print name and address—Mark x for choice.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....

Continued from Page 50

than his bruskness; but it was five minutes before the volume was in his hands. Madly he turned the pages. Then he gave an exclamation of satisfaction and slammed the book shut. Suddenly he was gone.

A Race Against Time

ANDREW SMITH, janitor at the university, sweeping the steps, had probably never experienced more excitement in his life than now befell him. He was still marveling at the speed of the man who had recently entered the office, when Rankin reappeared, grasped him, and hustled him into the waiting taxi.

"Drive to 213 Camden Street," the detective commanded, "and make it in ten minutes if possible." He turned to his bewildered passenger. "Now don't be afraid. I'll explain to you——"

"But I'm supposed to be on duty now. I can't go off like this——"

"It'll be all right; don't worry. I'll pay for your time. Just let me have your name and address. I want you as a witness, that's all."

He had succeeded in making the janitor understand his position by the time the cab drew up before the house on Camden Street. Followed by Smith, he went in without ringing. Mrs. Murchison came rushing from the kitchen.

Her look of alarm gave place to one of relief. She spoke eagerly:

"Did you come because you have some news of Bob?"

"No, Mrs. Murchison. I've come because I found out that you lied to me this morning; and I want the truth now!"

Her hands shook in agitation.

"Why should I lie to you?"

"There's no use denying it. I absolutely know that Bob Girard was not in this house last Sunday night!"

"But he was. I'll swear he was. I told you that before."

Rankin shook his head. "It won't do, Mrs. Murchison. He was not, and you know it. You may as well come out with the truth. There's a penalty for perjury."

"Oh, my goodness, sir! you've got to believe me! He came in from the Grand Central Station at ten o'clock. That is the truth."

"May I suggest what happened? You see, I know. Bob Girard called you up from Philadelphia last Sunday night and made you promise to tell any one who should ask that he was home with you at ten o'clock in the evening. He even threatened you, I'll wager, if you should fail him."

The deadly paleness of her face told Rankin that he was right. But she shook her head. There was something admirable in her fidelity. He saw he must change his tactics. It was twenty-five minutes to three.

"Mrs. Murchison, do you want to be concerned with murder?"

Her eyes stared into his, and in his stern gaze she read the destruction of all her hopes.

"Murder! What do you mean?"

"You are protecting a murderer who is wanted by the law, which is almost as great a crime as committing the murder itself! I could arrest you for that this very moment."

It was sheer bluff, of course. He knew that this pathetic woman was totally devoid of blame.

"If you don't speak the truth you are guilty as an accessory after the fact to murder. I absolutely know that Bob Girard was not here Sunday night, and I can prove it in other ways. But if you don't speak it will be worse for him!"

"How can that be? My Bobby can't be mixed up in murder! Oh, it's not true! it's not true!"

Tears appeared in her eyes, and Rankin spoke more gently.

"It is better to speak now, before it is too late. You are not helping him by keeping up this pretense; the wiser course is to let me know everything. I might be able to do something for you then."

She gave him a despairing look. And when she spoke it was as tho she felt she was betraying her adopted son.

"If you say this is best—and you know—what can I do but tell you? It's true he wasn't here. I haven't seen him since June—not since he came back from the West. But when he asked me to say that he was here, of course I did. Don't you understand—I love him? I'd do anything in the world for him, and he knows it. Even lie for him. But I knew, from the way he spoke, it was something serious.

"It was that very Sunday night at half past ten. He told me I must say, to any one who asked, that he was with me at ten o'clock. That he came in then and stayed till morning. That's why I was so worried when you came around. He made me swear never to give him away. And now I'm doing that very thing. He'll never forgive me for it, never."

She dropped into a chair and buried her face in her apron.

Rankin turned to the open-mouthed janitor.

"Did you get all that? Good! I'll see that you're paid for your trouble. We'll need you, I think, so be in readiness."

He was out the door the next instant and into the waiting cab. It was twenty minutes to three.

"To the nearest 'El' station, and here's your money. Make it fast."

The driver took his pay and they were off. Three minutes later the detective dashed up the steps and through the turnstile. Luckily for him, a train was just drawing in—a local.

At Ninety-sixth Street station he changed to an express. During a wait of three minutes on the platform he fidgeted about in agony. Inexorably the hands of his watch moved toward the hour. When the train arrived at Seventy-second Street station it was seven minutes to three. He would never make the train if it were correct. Thirty-second Street, the railroad terminal, was forty blocks away.

Rankin held his breath while the train emptied and filled at Times Square. He thought he had never seen a greater or slower crowd. It started on for the next station. There was no time left to telegraph instructions to headquarters. It was too late, in fact, to do anything but make that train.

He was the first man out of the door, tearing through the turnstiles at a terrific pace. Crowds paused to watch him. Through the underground corridor, into the station passageway, and through the Long Island waiting-rooms. A clock informed him that the hour was striking. Straight on through the vast waiting-room to the track entrances he flew. The guard was closing the gate.

"You're too late, sir. I'm sorry——"

"So am I," returned the detective, shoving past him.

Before the man had recovered his balance, his assailant had hurled open the gate and was down the stairs. A conductor stood in the vestibule of a car; the train was beginning to move. Rankin dashed past him and sank exhaustedly into a seat. He had made it!

THE two hours' ride was a strain to his tortured nerves. It seemed that the locomotive crept along. The stop at Manhattan Transfer was unduly prolonged. Through Newark the train fairly crawled. Would he get there in time? The delays infuriated Rankin. Even six o'clock would be too late, if anything should occur to cause further delay. He had much to do yet, and could afford no blundering.

Between Princeton Junction and Trenton the train came to a complete halt for no apparent reason. In his uneasiness he craned from the window to discover the cause. The conductor passed through.

"What's the matter? What are we waiting for?"

"I'm afraid it's a hot-box," returned the conductor.

"A hot box? Will that delay us long?"

"That depends. We may start in a few minutes or maybe a half-hour. We may have to get another engine. It's hard to tell."

Rankin groaned.

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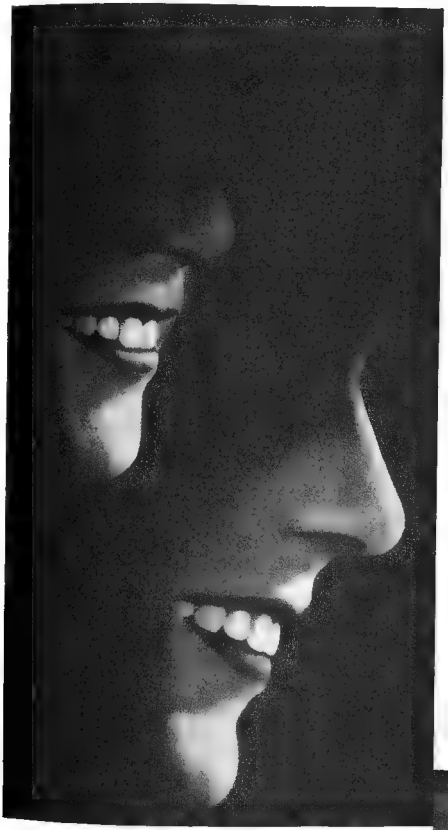
Why this penetrating foam



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In a dramatic way science now proves what millions of people know —that Colgate's cleans teeth better.

A scientist recently made an important experiment with toothpastes.

He measured their power to penetrate the thousands of tiny crevices which are found in normal, healthy teeth and gums.

He found that some dentifrices merely scrub the outer surfaces of the teeth. Others go partly down into the larger crevices.

*Then he discovered that Colgate's has a higher penetrating power than any of the leading dentifrices on the market today.**

This is the secret of Colgate's remarkable ability to clean—it gets down deep into the hard-to-clean places where the toothbrush cannot reach; where ordinary toothpastes do not go.

Colgate's penetrating power is due to the fact that it contains the world's greatest cleansing agent.

When brushed, this cleansing agent instantly bursts into a sparkling, snow-white foam that surges over teeth and gums. This foam possesses a remarkable property (low "surface-tension") which enables it to go deep down into the tiny tooth crevices where decay may start. There, it dislodges clinging food particles and mucin, sweeping away these impurities in a detergent wave.

In this foam is carried a fine chalk powder—a polishing agent prescribed by dentists—which polishes the enamel safely, brilliantly.

Thus Colgate's cleans and beautifies; purifies and refreshes the entire mouth restoring natural loveliness of teeth and gums.

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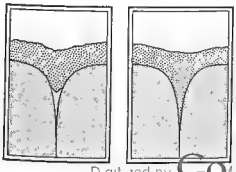
*How Colgate's cleans where toothbrush cannot reach



Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish tooth paste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate down where decay may start.

This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

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"WHAT IS YOUTH?"
by Elizabeth Arden

Women no longer want merely to look young. No—they want to be young.

"FACES need not lose the firm elastic muscles of childhood," says Elizabeth Arden, "or the fine, clear texture. The signs of age are due to neglect and they are avoidable if the skin is kept immaculately cleansed, if it is nourished and the blood flows joyously beneath it."

So, hand-in-hand with modern science, Miss Arden has developed her Treatments and her Venetian Toilet Preparations. In the friendly quiet of the Treatment rooms at her Salon, skilled assistants, trained by Miss Arden herself, apply the creams that cleanse and the creams that nourish, invigorating astringents and muscle-toning oil, with deft hands that give to each woman exactly what she individually needs.

The marvel of it is that women everywhere can enjoy the benefits of the Salon method. Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations are on sale in the smartest shops throughout the world. And Miss Arden's scientific manner of caring for the skin may be learned by writing for a free copy of her little book, "The Quest of the Beautiful."

"In every cell of your body," says Miss Arden, "you must feel tinglingly alive. No excess fat, no undernourishment. Never at rest, muscles little and responsive."

In exercise, as in the care of the skin, Miss Arden stands for all that is best and surely successful. Her specially planned exercises for women are famous in the smart world. And now to add to these exercises she introduces a new form of self expression through movement. It is called Plastic Exercise, and it gives a new kind of glory to the familiar routine.

And again, the perfection of the Salon method is available for all. Elizabeth Arden Exercise Records, playable on any phonograph, enjoyably teach a series of rhythmic movements that will regulate contours and stimulate circulation. A valuable outline of Miss Arden's health programme is available in her free booklet, "Your Masterpiece—Yourself."

For only one of Elizabeth Arden's many means to youth it is absolutely necessary to go to a Salon, and that is her Vienna Youth Mask. This is the discovery of a certain famous professor of the University of Vienna, and through Miss Arden alone is it available in this country. It achieves rejuvenation by deep, *natural* stimulation of circulation, it possesses none of the dangers of plastic surgery. The Vienna Youth Mask is the perfect remedy for flabby flesh or sagging muscles. Miss Arden will gladly send additional information to all who are interested.

Elizabeth Arden designates in home care of the skin

For cleansing, *Venetian Cleansing Cream*, $1, $2, $3, $6.

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For a protective powder base: *Amoretia Cream*, $1, $2.

For tightening skin: *Venetian Special Astringent*, $2.25, $4.

For restoring sunken tissues: *Venetian Muscle Oil*, $1, $2.50, $4.

For contracting sluggish pores: *Venetian Pore Cream*, $1, $2.50.

For cleansing and toning eyes: *Venetian Special Eye Lotion*, $1, $2.50.

For removing wrinkles around eyes: *Venetian Special Eye Cream*, $1.50.

For toning and whitening: *Venetian Ardena Skin Tonic*, 85c, $2, $3.75, $9.

For smoothness without fattening: *Ardena Velva Cream*, $1, $2, $3, $6.

Invisible face powder: *Poudre D'Illusion*. In Illusion (a flesh tint), Rachel, Ocre, Minerva, Banana and White, $3.

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Presently the train started again, and this time with greater speed to make up for lost time. When they reached Trenton it was almost quarter to five. The detective summoned the conductor again.

"How late will we be?"

"Perhaps twenty-five minutes. We shall reach North Philadelphia at five-fifteen or five-twenty, and Broad Street Station at five-thirty."

It was twenty minutes after five when North Philadelphia was reached. Rankin got off there; it was nearer his destination. Within the hour he hoped to be able to write "Finis" after the case. For if he did not do so then, he knew he never would.

He jumped into a taxi and started off. But it seemed as if everything were conspiring against him. Broad Street was torn up in the throes of subway construction, and traffic was heavy along the various cross avenues. Light-signals were constantly against them.

"Drive right past them," he directed. "I'll fix it all up afterward. This is a police mission."

The driver obeyed. Officers called after them in vain. Four times Rankin saw the taxi's number taken. They sped along Germantown Avenue without incident, until they crossed Chelten Avenue.

"Stop here just a moment," Rankin called.

He leaned from the cab and motioned to two policemen. When they had piled in he told the driver to go on. They had paused two minutes.

It was five minutes before the hour when the taxi drew up before the house on Morton Street. Another cab, waiting before the door, indicated that he was on time. Mrs. Schmidt stood with Mrs. Edgecomb in the hallway. At the latter's feet stood a suitcase.

"Well, if it isn't Mr. Rankin!" Mrs. Schmidt began. "It's been quite some days since we saw you. You're just in time for—" She broke off as footsteps sounded at the top of the stairs. "Ah, here she is, now!"

Miss Ruth Graham came into view. She wore a pleated crêpe dress of dark green, with long sleeves. Elegant chiffon hose of peach hue covered her shapely legs, and she wore a light-green hat. In one hand was a valise; over the other arm hung a light Summer coat.

She smiled at the sight of her visitor, and continued to descend.

"Mr. Rankin! What a delightful surprise! Have you come to see me off? Really, this is pleasant!"

"Miss Graham is leaving us," the explanation was Mrs. Edgecomb's, "for a position in Cleveland. We are very sorry to see her go."

"Really? I didn't know that," Rankin replied. "This is an opportune arrival, then."

"Yes, isn't it? But it's rather a pity, for I haven't had the pleasure of your company yet, and I'm sure it must be worth while." Miss Graham gave him an inviting smile. "But I must go. There's a better position waiting for me."

As she extended both her hands in farewell, the doorway was darkened by the shadows of two men. Miss Graham looked up, startled. At the same instant Rankin with a swift gesture brought her two wrists together. A sharp, ominous click was heard.

Miss Ruth Graham found herself staring at a pair of handcuffs.

"What is this? A joke? I don't see the humor of it. Take them off at once!"

A sudden terror was in the voice, and the well-modulated tones dropped into deeper speech.

"You are under arrest, Robert Girard, for the murder of Mildred Yaeger!"

WITH a despairing cry the captive leaped forward. Had he not been on his guard, Rankin would have been thrown from his balance. He met the attack, however, and the girl was repulsed for the instant. The two men in the entrance dashed past the astounded landlady and joined in the mêlée.

Snarling, biting, struggling madly, she beat about in an effort to escape. Her prowess was amazing. The dress ripped and the hat came off. The beautiful red hair was pulled off the forehead, disclosing the short dark hair of a man beneath. The eyes were like a panther's. The teeth were dangerous, the feet attempting to take the place of subjugated hands. It was a minute before the prisoner stopped struggling.

With a sweep Rankin removed the red wig, revealing the man beneath the disguise. It was the boy of the picture at the Marcus School. The woman's dress, the painted lips, and jewelry were now incongruous with his appearance. The landlady screamed.

"Well, you've got me, Rankin," said the prisoner bitterly. "I didn't give you credit for being able to do it."

For a moment a smile crossed his face, displaying the attractive features of Miss Ruth Graham.

"But I led you a merry chase while it lasted—you must admit that."

"I do," Rankin returned, "but now that's over, you and I are at last going to keep that date of ours. But I'm afraid it is going to be a very long date for you."

Confession

"I MAY as well confess to the killing of my cousin. Rankin seems to have been too much for me. I underestimated his ability, and I believe that is what caused my final downfall. But I had an amusing time of it while it lasted, watching him follow false trails I set in his way. As a ladies' man, I must say, he had nothing to be proud of, but I almost had him at the end of my string, even tho he did his best to resist me."

Lieutenant Thomas looked up from the document he was reading, across his desk. There was a light of amusement in his eyes.

"So you finally got him to write this, Tommy," he said. "Well, that makes things much easier for you when it comes to conviction."

"Girard had no choice," the detective replied. "He was caught red-handed. That's why I had to get him when I did. You see, when I recalled that remark of Mr. Darrow's, of how clever Girard was, especially in dramatics, I knew exactly who he was. The principal was telling me at the time, tho I barely listened, that his impersonation of female parts was remarkable. He fitted into girls' rôles perfectly; he could modulate his voice so that, tho it was husky, it sounded feminine."

"Well, I wouldn't have believed it possible if it hadn't happened so close to home."

"Why not?" Rankin returned. "There are some very famous female impersonators. It's simple enough to cultivate a type of walk peculiar to a soubrette. Then put on woman's clothes, a wig, paint yourself a bit and manicure your nails. And there you are."

"But to keep it up for several weeks it's not so easy."

"He didn't have to do it steadily; remember that. During the time when he was presumably working he was wandering about the city in men's clothes, so he had to keep up the deception only at the boarding-house. And he certainly had practise. Mr. Darrow said that when he went to Columbia he was the leading lady in the shows that the dramatic club gave twice a year.

"Then realizing who he was, I knew he'd escape unless I got to Mrs. Schmidt's in time. Driscoll had let me know that Girard was coming West from Philadelphia and would arrive Tuesday afternoon. Once he got on that train at sixthirty, I knew my task of proving him guilty would be doubly hard, if not impossible. On the way he would change into men's clothing, and then where would I be? I had to catch him red-handed, and I could not afford to take the chance of missing him at the station."

Thomas nodded, and returned to the written confession.

"My motive for the crime is so obvious that there is no use going into details. I was greatly in debt and the prospective heir to four million dollars or more, as well as the prospective husband of a girl

Continued on Page 56

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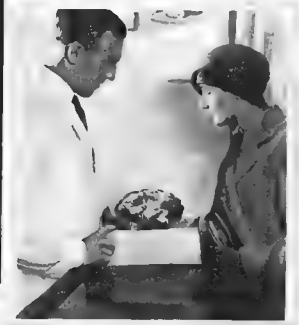
VARIETY enhances the charm of Late Suppers

1 WHOLE WHEAT BREAD is lifted for its rich nutty flavor.

2 Luscious crumbly lumps of sugar, butter, and spice, cover STREUSEL COFFEE CAKE.

3 A delicious mixture of pineapple, candied lemon and orange peel, raisins and citron is used in FILLED COFFEE RING.

4 BUTTERFLY BUNS are brown and tender under the daintiest icing imaginable.



In households where the custom of Late Supper is observed, Butterfly Buns, Cinnamon Buns and Streusel Coffee Cake are frequent choices

"ON THE AIR"

The Fleischmann Food Expert will help you plan more interesting meals. Miss Harriet Wilson, expert in home-making, broadcasts every Tuesday over the following stations: 10:45 A. M., Eastern Time: WEAF, WTIC, WJAR, WTAG, WCSH, WFI, WRC, WGY, WGR, WTAM, WWJ, WEAI, WBT. 9:45 A. M., Central Time: KYW, KSD, WOC, WOW, WDAF, KSTP, WTMJ, WHAS, WMC, WSB, KVOO, WFAA, KPRC, WOAI. 11:45 A. M., Pacific Time: KPO, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

TODAY when you wish to add a little surprise to the late supper or in fact to any other meal you can always count on the help of your baker.

He places at your command the daintiest of crusty brown rolls; the most tempting of sweet buns, varied by means of nuts, jelly, jam and raisins; the most beautifully baked loaves of Whole Wheat, Rye, Raisin and White Bread; and a dozen or more of the most fascinating coffee cakes.

More and more it has become the fashion to offer a choice of several different kinds of bread at the same meal. At late suppers, for instance, hearty sandwiches of Whole Wheat Bread with jam and cream cheese filling may be followed by dainty slices of Braided Coffee Ring or Streusel Coffee Cake.

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Your baker's breads are always successful, always beautifully baked, for his daily experience and his scientific methods assure perfect results. Choosing breads in his up-to-date shop of shining cleanliness is a real pleasure. Ask your baker or your grocer for their "specials." Thirty thousand bakers use Fleischmann's Yeast. The Fleischmann Company. *Offices in all principal cities of the United States and Canada.*

YOUR OWN BAKER MAKES THESE DELICIOUS BREADS

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"My hands too must dance..."
says charming
ANNA PAVLOWA

The New Cutex Liquid Polish "gives them sparkle and vivacity"

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WORSHIPPING beauty as she does . . . the great Pavlowa is insistent that every detail of her every rôle and costume be as perfect as is humanly possible. Of her graceful hands she takes the most exquisite care. Sparkling, vivacious finger tips attest her keen interest in perfection of detail.

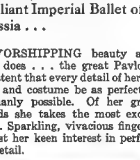

Photo by Ruth Cecil

For nails eloquent of good care you need only three things:

First—the Cuticle Remover to remove dead cuticle, whiten tips, and shape the cuticle.

Second—the Polish Remover, followed by the flattering Cutex Liquid Polish.

Third—Cutex Cuticle Cream or Oil around cuticle and under tips to keep the cuticle soft.

Smart women find the flattering new Cutex Liquid Polish indispensable

What Pavlowa herself says of the flattering new Cutex Liquid Polish

"It helps to give my hands sparkle and vivacity. I always use it to 'make up' my hands, to keep each fingernail shining, looking truly *soigne*. Indeed it is used a great deal in Paris—the French women know how it flatters and improves the finger tips. All the Cutex Preparations are needed, however, to make the hand ready for this brilliant finish. Cuticle Remover and Cream to keep the ovals smoothly rounded and the under nail-tips immaculately clean."

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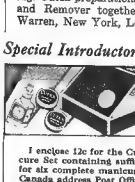

I enclose 12c for the Cutex Midget Manicure Set containing sufficient preparations for six complete manicures. (If you live in Canada address Post Office Box 2054, Montreal, Canada.)

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Continued from Page 54

who controlled just as much. Mildred cheated me out of both. Revenge would have been a sufficient excuse for my act, but there were also my hopes for the fortune should she die before my uncle. From Doctor Sanford, who attended the old man, I learned that he had no more than three months to live. Death within that time was almost certain; which meant that I had a little less time to find my cousin and save my fortune.

"I will not relate how I located her; it was as much good luck as any special ability on my part. It took more than a month to find her at Mrs. Schmidt's boarding-house. Then, in some manner, I had to get the 'lay of the land,' so that I might accomplish the deed without giving myself away. My entire concern was to make myself safe, so that, if any investigation started, there would be no discovery that a man had ever been seen about.

"At school and at college I had always been famous for my female impersonations. My voice possessed a certain pitch, susceptible to soft modulations, which I always affected in my feminine parts. It was not my natural tone, but I could control and modify it to sound natural. My manners and affectations as a woman were perfect. I played the leading feminine rôles in all the college plays.

"Accordingly, I adopted a disguise to gain admission to Mrs. Schmidt's house. Fortune favored me in that I got the room neighboring that of my intended victim. Thus I gained her acquaintance undiscovered, tho it was doubtful whether she would have known me even without disguise. Remember, she had not seen me since she was eleven and I was thirteen. Ten years at that period make the greatest changes of all. How she hated me when we were youngsters!

"Mildred Yaeger made the crime easy for me. In her attempt to escape marriage with me she had changed her name and destroyed her identity. While she was out at work I often examined her room, and I discovered how thoroughly she had carried this out. Ostensibly, meanwhile, I worked in a department store. In reality I put in my days either planning the crime or in taking trips to New York. Tho if you go to the store you will find an actual Ruth Graham working there. I merely borrowed her name.

"Daily I took a Gary paper from the Germantown post-office, taking good care never to bring it to the house with me. So I was informed of Lawrence Yaeger's condition. And when the reports said that he was fast sinking I knew that the time to act was growing short. Soon it would be too late.

"THEN came the day of the crime. As I have said, my main concern was to make myself safe. But when, in the afternoon, my cousin came into my room with the tale of how she quarreled with her lover, I changed my plans entirely. I could place the blame upon James Norris and be doubly safe. Furthermore, I had plenty of cause to dislike him. Call it jealousy if you will.

"I told Rankin the truth as to the events of that afternoon, but not the entire truth—only in so far as it suited my purpose and would throw suspicion upon Norris. Mildred Yaeger did come into my room to confide her troubles, and I did my best to comfort her. But she told me more than I admitted. She informed me of the cause of the quarrel; she narrated how her lover was bootlegging and that, furthermore, he proposed, that very night, to carry off his final coup. Accordingly, he had to go to the shore. She also mentioned that, during the quarrel in the taxi the preceding night, he had dropped his cigaret-lighter, unknowingly, and that she had picked it up and had it in her room. And finally that she was going to see him at his apartment to prevent him from going on with his dangerous errand.

"I saw at once how I could turn this all to my advantage. But if I desired to throw suspicion upon Norris, it must appear that a man had killed her. Certainly I wanted no suspicion to rest on a woman, living, as I was then, next door. This, as is apparent, was quite different from my original scheme. Nevertheless, I carried it out.

"At seven-thirty Mildred came in, unsuccessful in her quest for her lover. I told Rankin that I did not see her again—that she merely spoke to me through the door. But as a matter of fact she came in and told me of her failure. She was so downcast and troubled that I proposed something to cheer her, and persuaded her to go out with me to Woodlawn Park, just to forget her troubles.

"Ordinarily that would have been impossible; she was hardly the kind to enjoy such an excursion. But by coaxing and cajoling her I caused her to succumb. She entered into the fun at the park with abandon. But I knew it was a desperate abandon.

"HOW did I come into men's clothes? That was part of the devilry in which we were to indulge. I told Mildred that two girls could hardly go to a park like Woodlawn without being annoyed. I therefore proposed that one of us—I, in fact—should dress as a man, and thus we would both escape annoyance. The idea appealed to her mood. So I dressed myself normally, leaving a few feminine touches remaining so that the change would not be too startling. As I expected, she failed to recognize me.

"Not wishing Mrs. Schmidt or Mrs. Edgecomb to see us together, especially in my masquerade, I proposed a meeting outside, at the corner of Reed and Morton Streets. That is less than a block away from the boarding-house. Once I saw Mildred leave, I entered her room and purloined the silver lighter. We met at the corner at nine o'clock and proceeded to the park.

"Thrills in the Dark' was the very place to commit so baffling a crime. For days previous the papers had been full of its opening at the park, the latest and most daring of the amusements. I knew it would be crowded. There was the pitch-darkness, the screaming, and the general panic about us both. So, while we clung to each other in the passageway, after making the first descent, I took the weapon I prepared——

"It was all over in a second. Before the car had come to the end of the ride I pocketed the knife and propped up the body firmly. When I got out it was with perfect nonchalance; I paid my cousin's second fare and casually strolled off. The crowd swallowed me, and I watched the proceedings afterward for a short time. In one thing I was fortunate—no one had attempted to get in beside the dead girl on the next ride, else the crime might have been discovered before the cars started off again.

"At ten-thirty I called up New York, and provided myself with an alibi. Curse the old woman for betraying me! If she had kept her mouth shut I believe I would have gotten away with it altogether. Once in men's clothing, Rankin could never have proved anything. As Robert Girard I could not even be connected with the events; only because I was still Ruth Graham did my position become hopeless. If I had only left five minutes earlier!

"To the Enderley Apartments I proceeded at eleven o'clock. As I expected, Norris was out, and it was the work of a few minutes to get into his rooms and deposit the knife there, wrapped in one of his towels. Of course I was careful to destroy all finger-prints. What with the weapon, the lighter left in the car, and the quarrel, I felt I had built up an excellent case against him.

"After returning to Morton Street, I could hardly leave at once. That would attract attention. Furthermore, I had to remain and guide the gullible young man who was investigating the murder, and witness its course, even while I directed it. When it became necessary, I dropped hints about Charles Bond, of whom Mildred had told me, and thus set him worrying on another track. The Rogers incident was an unforeseen windfall and helped me, too.

"Giving Rankin leads was, I believe, the only humorous phase of the entire

Continued on Page 58

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Now—at 25¢ the large tube— the ideal tooth paste

THERE are many excellent dentifrices on the market selling at a trifle above or below 50c—but is it necessary to pay that much? Why not a first class dentifrice at 25c—scientifically correct for all types of teeth?

Believing this to be a sound price, we created Listerine Tooth Paste at *25c for a large tube*. It is the result of more than fifty years' study of tooth and mouth troubles. Now it is sweeping the country. Everywhere it is supplanting older and costlier dentifrices that accomplish no more.

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Thor

An Amazing New Washer

by the makers of world-famous Thors

Madam

—it will change your whole idea of what a washer should do —and how a washer should look

THE makers of world-famous Thor Washers now announce their greatest achievement in washing machine design, efficiency and speed.

This machine, madam, will change your whole idea of what your washer should do and how it should look. It is unlike any other machine on the market, in the features that really count.

Outstanding among these features are:

1. *Beauty.* Never have you seen a washer so pleasing to look at—so easy to work with. It is utterly different in color—so skilfully done that for a moment you can hardly believe *it is* a washing machine. A famous color designer discovered its finish after dozens of colors had been tried and discarded.

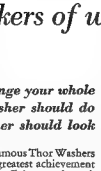
2. *Life-time tub.* Oven-baked porcelain enamel—inside and out. And you know what that means. A finish that's harder than steel—and as easy to wipe clean as a china dish.

3. *Wide-top tub.* Note how the top of its generous-sized tub has been made the full width of the tub itself. Easy to put clothes in—easy to lift them out.

4. *Rubber guarded, vibration-proof lid.* A round guard of wear-proof rubber encircles the top of the tub. The lid fits snugly into the guard, entirely eliminating lid vibration and rattles. Water cannot splash through.

5. *New speed—new kindness to clothes.* This amazing new Thor employs the proved principle of agitation used so successfully in its predecessor—the Thor 2 Agitator. Tests conducted impartially at a well-known university show it to be the only washer of its type that thoroughly cleanses shirt cuffs and collars in one machine without soaking.

6. *Simple, compact, easy to operate.* The pictures tell the story of the remarkable simplicity of this new machine. No belts or pulleys. No outside mechanism but the ¼-horsepower dependable General Electric Motor. It has fewer parts than any washer on the market. Truly, a model of simplicity. Yet, in spite of its compactness, it has a generous full-sized tub—amply large for the average family.



Madam—had you ordered a washer built to your own ideas, it could not suit you better than this one will. Yet we have built it to sell at around one hundred dollars. Buy no washer until you have seen it. The coupon below will bring you fully illustrated booklets. Write us, please—and we will send them at once.

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Please send me illustrated literature describing the New Thor washing machine.

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Continued from Page 56

affair. Perhaps I carried it too far. During the following week I let Mrs. Schmidt know that I was leaving for a new position, so that when I did go the following Monday, the change did not appear too abrupt. Meanwhile there came the news of the death of my uncle and I thought it high time to appear on the scene. On Monday I communicated with my family lawyers that I would arrive the following day. How Rankin discovered that is more than I can conceive."

The confession ended there. Thomas calmly folded the paper.

"Damnably diabolical and clever," he commented, "and absolutely heartless. Of course I'm used to it, but there doesn't seem to be the slightest remorse or concern about the deed."

"You can't tell whether he's altogether to blame for that," said Rankin. "You don't know what sort of life he led. Certainly his heritage wasn't of the best. His mother was a wild one, and the father who deserted them both must have been a bad egg."

"Um! Perhaps you're right. At any rate, you certainly did a good job."

"In what way? Certainly not in discovering the solution. As a matter of fact, I was quite stupid all the way through. Twice I had Girard in my hand and didn't know it."

"When?"

"The first time was when Miss Minsey, the school-teacher, told me of the man she saw coming from Mary Young's chambers at ten minutes to nine, or so, Sunday evening. That was Girard when he went in for the silver lighter. The second time I paid no attention to it, for it was when Miss Victhers, the operator, mentioned a friend who called on Norris on Sunday night at eleven o'clock. That was when Girard finished the dirty work. I didn't see anything to it, so I merely passed it over."

"But you can hardly blame yourself for that," said Thomas. "They were just chance remarks, and you couldn't possibly attach any importance to them."

"WELL, perhaps not. But I should have followed them up. Unknown men who appear on the scene are always worth suspicion. What puzzled me the most in the entire case were the two problems of the weapon and that meeting at the street intersection at nine o'clock. After Mr. Bond explained away the note, I still had to worry about that rendezvous. From the policeman's testimony, you know, Mary Young did wait on that corner on Sunday night to meet some one. The confession, of course, explains that. And it also explains how the weapon got into Norris's apartment. I always believed it had been planted, but I thought Rogers had done it. Then when he was out of it I was up in the air."

"Why worry about the details, Rankin? It's the final result that counts, and you came across with the goods. The commissioner is very pleased. I'll wager you're slated for promotion."

THE END

THE PATIO OF THE RED ROSE

Continued from Page 11

Chloé had explained all she knew—the scuffling, the broken balcony rail. Yes, yes. It was Hallowe'en. Well, he must run along. He would come again.

Chloé sat down in the chair beside the bed. The dawn was filling the room.

"You have on yo' boat," she said softly. "Big Golden-hair, you have miss yo' boat."

When the doctor came in the afternoon he asked Chloé if the patient had any relatives. Chloé didn't know. Why did he ask that?

"If he has any relatives," said the doctor, "they should be told that he is very ill."

Chloé said she would watch for the "foreigners," his friends with whom he had scuffled. They could no doubt tell her where his people were.

At evening, when the "foreigners" had not appeared, Chloé went into the kitchen, where the stranger's clothes had been hung to dry, and went through all the pockets looking for a name on a letter or a card. There was nothing of any sort but a plain white handkerchief and a letter sealed and ready to be mailed. It bore the address of Miss Imogene Moore, Troy, Ohio—the same address as Pierre had written on the box.

Would she be a relative? wondered Chloé. She knew she must open the letter in order to tell Miss Moore who was ill.

SHE went with it back to the bed, drawn by the hope that he might be conscious now. But he lay whitely—straight and still. "Oh, yes, he is breathing," the doctor had assured her that afternoon. "Yes, he is still breathing."

"Forgive me," whispered Chloé, and opened the envelop.

There was only a post-card inside, a colorful picture of her own patio. On the reverse was written:

"You'd love this. Sailing to-morrow. Will write from boat. Found a black opal for your bracelet. Love, you angel. Rikky."

"Rikky." That was all. But if she was his angel, she would understand. She would understand that he was dying, as all angels should. She would nurse him till he got well and then she would go away with him.

"Rikky. Love, you angel."

Perhaps the "foreigners" would come in a little while and furnish another address, some one responsible, who really should be notified.

But they never came again, and next morning, after it had seemed all night that the stranger would die, Chloé took pen and paper and wrote very shakily:

"16 San Saba Street, New Orleans, La. Rikky is very ill at this house."

Her name? What did her name mean to Miss Imogene Moore?

Chloé placed the letter in a stamped envelop, carefully copied the address, and gave it to the poet to mail. Miss Moore couldn't get here for a week at best. That was some comfort.

Imogene Moore had not arrived by the week's end, nor had she sent any word. There was of course only the number of the house to send word to, but the house had not heard. Neither had Miss Moore arrived at the end of a fortnight nor at the end of a month.

At the end of a month Chloé and Rikky were sitting in the shade of the patio, playing checkers. Chloé had mended and pressed Rikky's clothes, and they looked just as Rikky did—as if nothing disastrous had ever happened. Hester, at Chloé's request, had taken back the "Cabildo" and returned Rikky's sixty dollars; so he had a little money, enough to get away on if he chose. But Rikky made no move to go. He was even looking for work. Chloé would accept no rent from him till he should find it.

Everybody in the patio liked Rikky. Only he wouldn't talk about himself. He clouded up when they asked him. He never told anything but his name, and that reluctantly. It was John Jones.

Chloé, not knowing how he felt about those things, had been the first to offend him. She had asked him if he was very fond of Imogene Moore.

"I don't know her," said Rikky.

"Oh, oh!" Chloé teased. "I find a card in yo' pocket for her. I write her you are ill."

Rikky wouldn't talk any more that day. So Chloé decided to let Rikky's affairs alone. But she had her surmises. The "foreigners" had been bootleggers and smugglers. In their hurried departure they had left behind them traces that might have led to their apprehen-

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The foundation of good housekeeping and *Healthful Cleanliness*

Domestic science and the laws of hygiene demand that the home be *healthfully* clean as well as neat, orderly and attractive.

Good housekeeping and *Healthful Cleanliness* are inseparable. Old Dutch is the foundation of both—because it embraces every element essential to cleaning ease, safety, efficiency—and *Healthful Cleanliness*.

There is nothing else like Old Dutch. It is distinctive in quality and character. It is wonderfully efficient. Because the flaky, flat-shaped Old Dutch particles possess remarkable detergent properties. With a clean, smooth sweep, they wipe away the visible dirt and the health-endangering invisible impurities. The result is—*Healthful Cleanliness*. Old Dutch is safe because it contains no harsh, scratchy grit, acid or caustic. Cleans without injury to the surface and does not harm the hands.

Old Dutch is your big help for house cleaning. Saves time. Conserves energy. Less effort is required. For example—in cleaning painted walls or woodwork. Simply sprinkle a little Old Dutch on a damp cloth or sponge—wipe gently. You'll be surprised how quickly stubborn dirt and finger prints disappear. Floors are made spotlessly clean with a little Old Dutch and a few strokes of a mop.

Old Dutch is perfect, too, for snow-white or gayly colored porcelain, bath tubs, sinks, wash bowls, tile, marble, enamel, windows, metal, cooking utensils, refrigerator, stove, etc. Preserves the modern beauty of the home. Protects the health of the family. It is economical—because a small amount does an extra lot of cleaning.

Old Dutch Cleanser brings Healthful Cleanliness—the greatest advance in modern cleaning efficiency.

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© 1929 The C. P. Co.

In this charming room is included the following ensemble—each selected from Ward's great catalogue: Hand Painted Table Lamp, Mahogany End Table, Piano Stool, Rich Velour Overstuffed 3-Piece Suite, Smart Axminster Rug, Console Radio. Arranged by a modern interior decorator these things give an air of luxury, yet you may have a room like this for less than $500.00.

Radio Broadcast

Listen to Montgomery Ward & Co.'s Farm and Home Hour—News, Home Hints, Features, Music—every day except Saturday and Sunday, over stations KDKA, KYW-KFKX, KSTP, WLW, WSB, KOA, KWK, WMC, KVOO, WSM, WDAF, WHO, WOAI, WOC, WOW, WFAA, at 12 noon Central Standard Time, or 1 p. m. Eastern Standard Time.

MONTGOMERY

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For less than $500 you may furnish this lovely room:

In New York it would cost $1000 if purchased in the customary manner

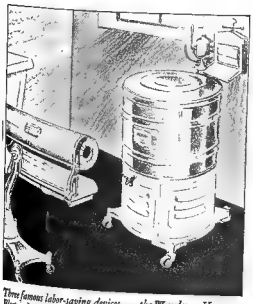
Here is a way of buying furniture—and everything you need for that matter—that saves almost half the cost. One-third of America buys from Ward's

DO you know how it seems to spend an evening among soft rugs and graceful draperies—in a restful chair that matches comfort with rich design? Have you ever done your daily tasks in a cheery kitchen brightened by gaily colored curtains, and cabinet, and stove, and lively patterned linoleum on the floor? Have you ever wakened in the restful coolness of a quaint four poster bed and made your toilet in a charming early American boudoir?

These things—once luxuries—are seen today on every hand. For a way of buying has grown up that brings them with comparatively little money.

New to some, yet old to many

It is a simple plan developed through 57 years of practice. It saves you what represents the cost of selling by the ordinary retail system . . . as much as one-third to one-half the customary price.



Three famous labor-saving devices . . . the Wardway Vacuum, Electric Ironer, and Gyrator Washer. Each compares with the best on the market, yet costs from $20 to $50 less.

A vast assortment of merchandise is offered—goods of every conceivable description . . . wrist watches, millinery, dresses, fountain pens, gyrator washing machines, stoves, automobile accessories, farm implements, toys, building materials, vacuum cleaners, silverware, dishes, medicines, drugs, and even cozy homes to live in.

Yet, there are still many who, while they are aware of our far lower prices, do not know how supremely fine is the quality of this merchandise.

To Paris, to Cairo, to Muncie, Ind.

Maps do not show the remote old-world villages to which some of our buyers go in search of strange and lovely articles. A stylist goes to Paris for the fashion openings, others remain constantly in New York; a household economist goes to the places where kitchen cabinets are made and consults hundreds of women to discover the things they desire; an interior decorator travels to New England and Grand Rapids and seeks the finest artists to create new and beautiful designs.

From such travels a myriad of articles are brought back to headquarters for a final scientific analysis and test. Wear and strength and practical properties are measured carefully. For our values are not based on loveliness alone.

When you purchase by this direct plan you are guaranteed complete satisfaction with every article or the return of your money even to the cost of transportation.

A World-Wide Institution

Mail Order and Retail Department Stores at Chicago, Kansas City, St. Paul, Baltimore, Denver, Fort Worth, Portland, Ore., and Oakland. Other department stores in more than 300 cities of the United States. European buying offices and sales representatives in Hawaiian Islands, Porto Rico and South America.

Fine glassware, dazzling linen, charming silverware . . . all are to be had at substantial savings from Montgomery Ward & Co. The buffet illustrates a lovely furniture design in burl walnut.

The book of remarkable values

Someone lives near you who buys at Montgomery Ward & Co. She can show you the $280 dining room set she bought for less than $185 . . . the $50 coat she bought for less than $25. We assure you these are only typical savings by shopping this convenient, reliable way!

The larger things may be had on a small monthly payment basis. And orders received in the morning are on their way to you that night.

Never make a purchase without first turning to the Montgomery Ward & Co. catalogue. Let it guide you both as to quality and price.

WARD & CO

If you do not have the new Spring and Summer edition we suggest you send for your copy without delay. A copy will be sent you free. Please write.

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Shampooing

done properly . . . adds loveliness to

Your Hair

Why Ordinary Washing . . fails to clean thoroughly, Thus preventing the . . Real Beauty . . Lustre, Natural Wave and Color of Hair from showing

THE beauty, the sparkle . . . the gloss and lustre of your hair . . . depend, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt—hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will . . remove this film . . . and let the sparkle, and rich, natural . . color tones . . of the hair show.

Washing with ordinary soap fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not clean the hair properly.

Besides –the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why women, by the thousands, who value . . . beautiful hair . . . use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

This clear and entirely greaseless product not only cleans the hair thoroughly, but is so mild, and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified make an abundance of . . . rich, creamy lather . . . which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

Just Notice the Difference

YOU will notice the difference in the appearance of your hair the very first time you use Mulsified, for it will be so delightfully soft and silky.

Even while wet, the hair will feel fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

The next time you wash your hair, try Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo and just see how . . . really beautiful . . . your hair will look.

It will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking, wavy and easy to manage and it will—fairly sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store, or toilet goods counter, . . . anywhere in the world.

For Your Protection

Ordinary Cocoanut Oil Shampoos are not—"MULSIFIED." Ask for, and be sure you get—"MULSIFIED."

MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

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sion, but Chloé spoke of these to no one. If Rikky had not been their confederate would he not have been freer in telling what had happened that night? Perhaps John Jones was not even his real name. Chloé hoped not. And, anyhow, he had buried Imogene Moore with all the rest.

To-day, as they sat in the patio playing checkers, Chloé went now and then into the kitchen. It was Thursday and she was making gumbo. Rikky had dropped in the crabs for her, had helped her shell the shrimps, and now there floated out to them all the odors of the spice-grove and the sea.

The poet came presently and sat on the stairs. Chloé brought him a bowl of the gumbo. She brought a bowl to Rikky, and took one herself, sitting on the rim of the fountain.

"I say," said Rikky suddenly, "you ought to can this gumbo."

"*Can* gumbo filet?"

"Not cans—jars. Clear jars with bright tops. The tourists would go wild over it. You could serve it too, here at these little iron tables—small bowls—at so much a bowl. And the gumbo for sale in glass jars over there by the oleanders. You could have Ganymede come do the work. You'll make a fortune, Chloé."

"Ganymede can not make the gumbo."

"He can do the crabs," said Rikky. "And serve it, and scrub the pans. As for me, I'll tend to the sales. Be glad to earn my keep."

"That's good business," said the poet.

SHINING glass jars behind the oleander-trees. Bright umbrella awnings over the iron tables. Black Ganymede in a white coat. More tourists every day because Mardi Gras was drawing near.

Rikky did more than look after the sales. Rikky went into the kitchen with Chloé, and stirred the pot and poured its odorous brew into jars to be sealed or into bright-blue bowls for Ganymede to bear into the patio.

One day Ganymede stumbled, and, spilled some of the smoking gumbo over Chloé's hand, outstretched to steady him. Rikky gave the offending Ganymede such a word that he fled blubbering; then, with Chloé's assuring him she'd had many worse burns, he began to apply what remedies he knew to Chloé's hand.

All at once he kissed it, not at all in the Latin manner of greeting, but thoroughly, warmly. Rikky kissed Chloé's face. Rikky had Chloé in his arms. "You poor darling!" Rikky was saying.

And Chloé's hand hurt less and less.

Then all at once she felt herself released. Rikky had returned from her and had picked up Ganymede's deserted tray. Chloé stole bewilderedly to her room, heard the tourists go, heard Rikky call Ganymede from behind the fig-trees. After a while came Rikky's knock on Chloé's door, and Rikky's voice asking her to come into the patio where it was cool.

It was very cool in the patio, and the lemon-scented dusk was quiet and sweet. Chloé sat down on the fountain rim with Rikky, waiting for she knew not what.

"It's a shame," said Rikky abruptly, "that I can't ask you to marry me."

"Was you someboddie ver' bad?"

"I don't know. I don't know what I was. The first thing I remember is lying in that bed in Comus and watching you pour some milk into a cup. I might as well have been born right then."

Chloé made a little lingering sound. Now she understood. But how terrible!

"I kept thinking it would come back—what I was, how I got here. I know from what you said that I came to see some men. I bought a picture, it seems, and you got back the money I paid for it. At first I had a pain in my head. The pain has stopped. But I don't even know my name."

"Oh, po' Rikky!"

"Chloé, you are the world to me. I'm happy right here. I want to stay and take care of you. I want to earn money—big money—so you can have things, so you can travel everywhere; but always come back. I want to make this old house beautiful as it used to be—beautiful for you. But I may be married already. I may have a child." said Rikky desolately; "I may have six."

"I don't think so," soothed Chloé. "You are so yoong."

"I don't even know how old I am."

"I think you are twenty-two," stated Chloé, as if that settled it. "You hit yo' head when you fall. What is that? You will get all ri'. And I don't think you are marry. If you are marry, how you buy bracelet and painting for 'nother girl?"

"That's right. And yet I don't know."

Chloé was silent. It was only two days before that the poet had shown her a paper containing the picture of a man he thought looked like Rikky. Chloé had not thought it looked like Rikky at all. But the poet had picked up the paper and brought it home, so she read at his request how one David B. Scott, son of Cyrus Scott of the Scott Pickling Company, was still missing. The paper was a month old, and no doubt Mr. Scott had been found by now. Sitting in the dusk, Chloé studied Rikky's face. No, the picture had not been his. The picture's hair was dark.

"Don't tell anybody," Rikky was saying. "They think I'm queer, as it is. I just wanted you to know. I love you. And I can't ask you to marry me."

"Never mind," whispered Chloé, patting his hand. "It will come back. We will jus' wait."

MARDI GRAS came. With its coming the tourists remained on the streets to watch the parades. Toward the last Chloé and Rikky took holiday and joined the maskers.

Chloé made Rikky a pierrot costume out of a suit of white pajamas, a crêpe-paper ruff, and three black pompons. Chloé herself was a gipsy. The sidewalks were crowded. Gigantic roosters and bears, sultanas, clowns, ballet-girls, jostled one another, laughing, blowing horns, throwing confetti, while the procession of floats lumbered through the streets, tawdry in the sunlight.

There was nothing tawdry to Rikky and Chloé. Hand in hand, they ran along the sidewalks, thrilled and happy. Dead tired, they came home to find Ramon sitting in the patio.

"I bring some tourist," said Ramon reproachfully, "and you are gone."

"I told you we are goin' to parade," Chloé reminded him, while Ramon's dark-lashed eyes followed Rikky up the stairs to his room.

"I know. All the same, you like *him* bes'. Yess. You like him be-cause he tell you 'bout the gumbo." Ramon shrugged. "Me? How I think 'bout gumbo? You love him, Chloé, huh?"

"Not be-cause of the gumbo," answered Chloé.

"You love him, all the same. You think I am blin'. All ri'. Let him tek you to Comus. Me? I tek 'nother girl. Tourist what I bring here to-day. Pretty. Diamond on her hand. Such blue eyes!"

Chloé looked at him, astounded. Not take her to the Comus ball? It had been a standing engagement between them these four years—every Mardi Gras since she was sixteen. Her father had been a Knight of Comus. Even when she was a little girl she had sat in one of the boxes with *grand'mère* and looked on. It would be to-morrow night. She had her dress nearly finished.

RAMON saw the effect of his words.

"The favors this year are shawls—Spanish shawls. I peek out for you a red one. It will not be so pretty on a girl with blue eyes."

It was not uncanny intuition that guided Ramon in his remarks. He knew that a red Spanish shawl had been for years Chloé's most passionate dream.

"You can not give my shawl to someboddie else," she said. "The Knights of Comus will not let you."

Ramon was moved to smile. "The Knights of Comus do not care. I give my favor to the girl I tek. She is not you, for you love someboddie else."

"Give it to her then!" cried Chloé, eyes blazing. "For you and for red

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One Less Step in Dishwashing Now

New way cuts time in half. Beads of soap end dishwiping. Even glasses rinse beautifully clear. Drain dry to sparkling brilliance—without wiping.

WASH. Rinse. Then you're through. Three times a day Super Suds saves you from dishwiping.

For at last here's a soap that dissolves 100%! That rinses off *completely*. No tiny soap specks to stick and streak. No clinging soap film to spot dishes as they dry. With Super Suds, even glasses dry—sparkling clear—without wiping.

Because of this, one woman out of every three* now uses Super Suds. In some cities, one woman out of every two. Although Super Suds has been on the market scarcely more than a year!

This is what we've just learned from a nationwide survey. From 212,960 answers from women who told us, "We're using Super Suds because it saves precious time in housework."

Read what these women discovered

Said a busy young housewife in Minneapolis: "With Super Suds I never *wipe* dishes. They'll dry clear and unstreaked just with rinsing them."

From Topeka: "Super Suds give instant suds. No more heating water boiling hot in the teakettle to hurry up slow chips and flakes."

From Buffalo: "Super Suds dissolves so completely that it rinses out of clothes just beautifully. I can get whiter clothes in one less rinse now."

Suds in a flash

These beads have walls four times thinner than the thinnest machine-made chips or flakes. This is why Super Suds gives instant suds. Why it never sticks to dishes. Why it washes faster, rinses cleaner.

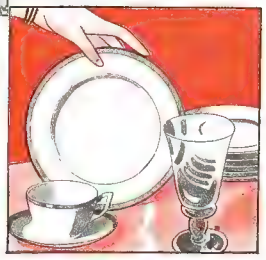
Super Suds not only gives suds *above*, but completely dissolved soap *below* where the real cleaning is done. It penetrates instantly *underneath* the surface. Spreads to every drop of water in the pan. Cleaning . . . cleaning . . . everywhere at once . . . energetically . . . thoroughly . . . swiftly!

Get Super Suds today. Use it for dishwashing. For laundry. For sinks, linoleum, woodwork. Wherever you want quicker washing, cleaner rinsing. Only ten cents for a big box. At any grocer's.

Rinse—don't wipe

How beads of soap are made. Why they work faster

Super Suds is not chips, nor flakes, nor powder, but tiny beads. It's made by spraying melted streams of soap from towers hundreds of feet high. As the soap cools in falling it divides into millions of fine beads.



Dishes sparkle

*NOTE—These figures are the result of a recent investigation conducted in principal cities throughout the United States. They are based on 212,960 answers given us by housewives, in conversations with them in their kitchens. 4284

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Powder

"Cleans Teeth Best"

Just ask your dentist

When you go to your dentist to have your teeth cleaned . . . what does he use?—POWDER!

If, like your dentist, you are interested in really clean teeth—and safety—use what your dentist uses . . . for he knows best.

There is nothing known that will clean and polish teeth so quickly, and leave them so gleaming white—as POWDER.

Powder—is the one thing that all forms of dentifrice must depend upon for cleaning.

As powder is the essential cleansing part of any dentifrice; a dentifrice that is . . . ALL POWDER . . . just naturally cleans best.

For over SIXTY YEARS, since 1866, dentists everywhere have prescribed Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, because—teeth . . . simply cannot . . . remain dull and film coated when it is used. It cleans off all stains and tartar, and polishes the teeth in a harmless and practical way that gives them perfect whiteness.

It cannot possibly scratch, or injure, the softest enamel . . . as SIXTY YEARS of constant use has shown. Dr. Lyon's is the only dentifrice old enough to prove it can be safely used for life.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder keeps your teeth REALLY CLEAN, and clean teeth mean firm, healthy gums and the least possible tooth decay.

Brush your teeth with it regularly—consult your dentist periodically—and you will be doing the very utmost to protect your teeth.

Once you use tooth powder, you will never be satisfied to use anything else. Tooth powder leaves your teeth feeling so much cleaner, your mouth so refreshed, and your breath so sweet and pure.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is not only more efficient, but it costs . . . much less . . . to use. A package lasts over three months.

In use over 60 years

Established 1866

Continued from Page 62

shawl—I care that!" And she snapped her fingers and flew into her room.

Rikky, having rid himself of the pierrot costume, was coming down the stairs. Ramon gave Rikky a brief look, a smile and shrug, then walked jauntily out of the patio. Chloé, hearing the gate creak, came out, bearing the traces of tears. At Rikky's question she explained.

Ramon was taking somebody else to Comus, the most glorious ball of the Carnival. The Knights wore such gorgeous costumes. The ladies did not mask, no, and they did not dance unless they got call-outs. But she—Chloé—always got call-outs. A call-out is when a man in a mask calls your name from the floor, and you go dance with a man in a mask. This year the favors were shawls.

"Can't I take you?" asked Rikky.

Chloé looked thoughtful. Men guests were invited, of course, tho they were not permitted to dance until late in the evening; but she had relinquished the thought of Rikky's going because he hadn't a dinner-coat. He had bought a new suit with his share of the gumbo profits and he had something like a hundred dollars left above his rent. But Chloé couldn't let him buy a suit just for this. That was why she had said so little to him about the ball. She hated to go without him, but she couldn't abandon Ramon with no excuse at all.

"I can rent a dress suit," said Rikky.

"Why, of course! And they can not give my shawl to somebodie else. I know a girl whose escort was sick, and she can not go to ball. The Knights send to her home next day her favor, a string of gold beads. They will know I am there be-cause I leave the mask at take the cards at the door. I introduce you to him. And my shawl can not go to 'nother. And Rikky, when I get him I dance *La Maréjoa* for you. I have not dance him since *grand'mère* die. I tek a fan—so." Chloé grabbed a leaf. "I spread my skirts—so. You will see."

So Rikky and Chloé rode to the ball, side by side, Rikky in his rented dinner-coat, and Chloé in a pink-tulle dress. The biggest theater in New Orleans had been stripped of its orchestra seats and a dancing-floor laid.

Chloé knew Ramon's costume and recognized him despité his mask. He was marching with a red-haired girl in a spangled dress. Chloé sat with Rikky in the parquet, among those ladies expecting call-outs. But Chloé's call-out did not come. Not once was her name spoken by the masked and turbaned *chargé d'affaires*. Ladies all around her were called and went to dance in the dim light with masked partners, and several glances came Chloé's way, glances of polite wonder that she should sit so still.

At last, in a fanfare of trumpets, the lights went up, the masks were removed, and as if with one bright gesture the Knights enveloped their ladies in Spanish shawls. The floor was open to the black-coats now. Any one might dance.

Rikky stole a glance at Chloé. Perhaps she wouldn't feel like dancing now.

"Shall we, Chloé?" he asked softly.

Chin high, Chloé said they should. So they went out on the floor together. They even danced close to Ramon and Ramon's spangled girl in her red shawl.

BUT on the way home Chloé was not so quiet. Rikky had to put an arm about her, and wipe a tear or two from her face, and repress a smile at some of the very flitting things she called Ramon. And then the shawl — Poor kid!

"Do you know what she look like in it?" demanded Chloé. "She look like the doll in Madame Poupet's window with his legs tied in knots. Those red hair, and those shawl! *Ouff!*"

Rikky kissed her good night as they parted by the stairs. She looked like a wilted pink flower.

"Maybe they'll send the shawl," he soothed. "You know how they sent the gold beads."

"But she have it. Oh, Rikky, I am sorry I cry. Good night. To-morrow, like that—I forget."

Rikky waited till her door had closed and he saw the light of her lamp against the blind. Early next morning he went out, returned the rented suit, and stopped in Canal Street at Madame Poupet's in whose shop-window was the red-haired doll. Chloé and he had stopped before that window during the parade, for in its center was draped the shawl that Chloé had said would doubtless go to the Queen of Comus.

IT HAD not gone to the queen. It glowed in the window still, embroidered in roses, richly fringed, red as if it had been spun of rubies.

Madame Poupet had just opened her shop for the day. The Carnival was over. Trade would be dull.

"The shawl, M'sieu'?" as she drew it from the window. "But you kin have him chip. He t'ree honderd dollar. I mek him two. *Non?* Fill the weight of him, M'sieu'. One honderd-feefty, M'sieu'."

She came down to one hundred dollars, Rikky never having said a word. She promised to send it at once.

But it was late afternoon when a young negress arrived with the box. Ganymede was gone for the day, and Chloé and Rikky were sitting on the fountain, checking up their profits for the week.

"For me?" said Chloé, taking the box. "Not for me!"

The young negress was gone before Chloé opened the box.

It was not true.

"Rikky!" she whispered, staring. "Rikky—the one for the queen!"

She drew it out of the box, held it in her arms, laid her face against it. "Wait!"

She ran with it back into her room, drew from the old *armoire* a full-skirted dress of white muslin, from the *cómoda* a lace mantilla, a tall comb, a little black fan. Her gold slippers twinkled as she came into the patio. She was wrapped in the red shawl like a flame.

Never, thought Rikky, would he forget Chloé dancing *La Maréjoa* while he whistled *Colondrina* at her command; and the setting sun threw gold doubloons over the fruit-colored flagstones, and the mint- and lemon-flowers sweetened the dusk. Twinkle and tap. A last mad whirl of her crimson wings, and Chloé was in Rikky's arms.

"Chloé, darling—I love you! Will you ride it if I will? Will you marry me, Chloé?"

Chloé, breathing fast, stood still.

"Will you, Chloé? Now? To-night?"

The gate-bell rang.

Chloé had never heard it ring like that before.

"I will answer it," said Rikky, annoyed.

Chloé's hand on his breast pushed him back. He waited by the fountain while Chloé opened the gate.

A woman stood there, middle-aged, smartly dressed. Looking at Chloé, she seemed about to speak; then her eyes traveled farther, rested on Rikky.

"Berwick!" she said. "Rikky!"

Rikky stared at her. "How did you get here?" he said.

"By train, my boy. By train. You're all right?"

"Yes," said Rikky uncertainly. "Oh, yes. The last night—last night— Ye gods, I've missed my boat! I was to sail at daybreak."

The lady looked at Chloé.

"You've missed your boat, Rikky?"

"I have. Got here yesterday. And now——"

Rikky was rummaging in his pockets. The lady sat down on an iron bench near the fountain. She drew Rikky down beside her. Chloé shut the gates, locked them.

"Last night," he said, "I came to this house to see some fellows about an opal. I'd run late 'em down by the docks. You know how you are about opals. I came here with 'em; went up to their room. I was just ready to pay for the opal when they informed me that if I'd hand over all my cash they'd let me go quietly. Otherwise——

"Never put up a fight, Aunt Imogene. When people make a proposition like that, never put up a fight. Well, they've apparently got my cash just the same, and my bag, and your opal too. I don't

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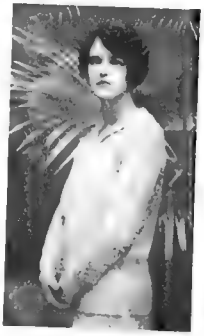
Mrs. Frederic Cameron Church Jr.

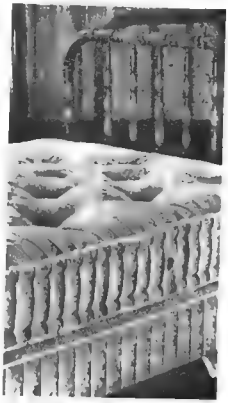
formerly Miss Muriel Vanderbilt

Has these "exceedingly comfortable" beds in her Newport Home ~ ~

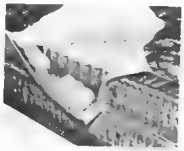
THE CHARMING GUEST ROOM *has the original panelled doors and mantel that date back to Revolutionary times when Lord Dudley occupied the house. Simmons spool beds in maple finish "harmonize perfectly" with the old maple pieces Mrs. Church herself collected. On chintz-hung walls are seen some of her famous collection of hunting, driving, and riding prints. Spool Bed No. 1850 comes in maple, walnut, green-and-ivory, and gray-blue finishes.*



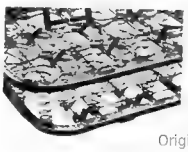
MRS. FREDERIC CAMERON CHURCH JR., *formerly Miss Muriel Vanderbilt, is a spirited leader of the younger set at Newport. At Dudley Place she has a stable of magnificent show horses which she manages herself. She gives many unusual and amusing parties during the season, and the charm and originality that make her so popular in her set are delightfully present in her home.*



Simmons Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Box Spring made by the world's largest manufacturer of beds, springs, and mattresses. Damask covers in six pastel shades, two patterns. The Ace Box Spring, resilient and long wearing, has stitched sides and taped edges to match the Beautyrest.



Detail of Inner Construction of the Beautyrest, unique for comfort and long wear. Hundreds of individually pocketed coils, wonderfully resilient, insure luxurious sleep. Unrushable sides. Thick felt overlay; damask cover.



Another Type of Spring—Simmons Ace Open Coil Spring, light weight, unboxed—sturdily constructed, low in price. The coils are close together to afford smooth, even action and marvelous resiliency. Banded border protects sheets. Fits any frame at slight additional cost.

IN DUDLEY PLACE, her delightful Newport home which dates back to Revolutionary times, Mrs. Frederic Cameron Church Jr., has artistically preserved the beautiful historic atmosphere of the old house. And yet, with great ingenuity and taste, she has mingled brilliant modern colorings with her fine early American pieces.

For her guest room she chose these quaint, maple-finished spool beds from Simmons, which "harmonize perfectly" with this attractive background and yet as she says are "exceedingly comfortable."

Of course, Mrs. Church wanted the very finest appointments for her beds so she chose damask-covered Simmons Beautyrest Mattresses and Ace Box Springs as offering the utmost in comfort and beauty.

Mrs. Church, who is only one of their many proud owners, says, "I'm enthusiastic about the Simmons Mattresses and Springs. I was glad to find them covered in damask in such interesting patterns and colors to go with the color scheme of the room."

This marvelous bedroom equipment is the unique achievement of the world's largest makers of finest beds, springs, and mattresses. In furniture and department stores, Simmons Beautyrest Mattress, $39.50; Simmons Ace Box Spring $42.50; Simmons Ace Open Coil Spring $19.75. Simmons Beds $10.00 to $60.00, No. 1850, $37.50. Rocky Mountain Region and West, slightly higher. Look for the name "Simmons." The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.

SIMMONS BUILT FOR SLEEP

BEDS · SPRINGS · MATTRESSES

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YOU'VE NEVER FOUND SUCH CLEANERS AT SUCH LOW PRICES

Search where you will...where can you find values to compare with these General Electric Cleaners? The General Electric name means that every detail of their construction is absolutely accurate; that their materials are only the best; that their service will be long and efficient.

Vast production facilities and the fact that you buy the cleaner from your local dealer... these two factors combine to keep prices incomparably low.

Find out about their fourteen quality points—and get an idea of their lightness and efficiency by trying the cleaners yourself.

For the Standard and Junior models, either of two sets of attachments are available. Prices are $6.50 and $10.

WELCOME the new HAND CLEANER

Welcome indeed to the busy housewife is the new Hand Cleaner—as fine a little helpmate as any woman could want. Light—only 3¾ pounds—thorough in its cleaning because of its powerful suction. A small cleaner that does the work of attachments—with less effort.

The Hand Cleaner cleans its way into corners, down deep into chairs and mattresses, along stair carpets . . . into all the crevices where your large cleaner cannot go.

Get complete information about all the General Electric Cleaners and compare their prices with other cleaners of similar quality. If you would like details, mail the coupon.

Section C-564
Merchandise Department,
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Please send me complete information about the General Electric Cleaners.

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DOLLY DINGLE'S ADVENTURES

BY GRACE G. DRAYTON

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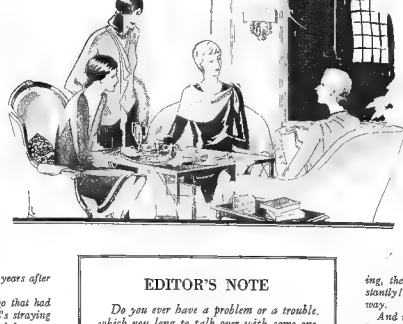
Conducted by Marion Lambert

JUST AMONG OURSELVES



DEAR MARION LAMBERT:
I am a business woman; my days are spent in a world of men. When I sit down in the evening to read the magazines they always set me to wondering why all writers take the attitude that the husband always errs who strays, and the wife is always the victim of another woman. I am going to tell you, without going into details, of a few of the many cases I know about.

1. Wife pretty and charming, I thought, when she visited the office. At home a constant and perfect nagger. Refused to have children, to develop her mentality, to do anything but complain and nag. I worked for the husband, who never complained, but who gave me a lot of advice when I married which I could not understand until I heard his history years after I left his service.

2. Death ended a marriage a short time ago that had lasted for thirty years. I knew of the husband's straying and knew the reason was that wife never cared for anything in married life but being a sort of good housekeeper-sister to him. He loved LOVE. *He worked hard, strayed and played, passed as a model husband. She, I guess, is mourning his loss right now.*

3. A case of an older woman and a young man. No falsehoods on her part, just a bet that she would win him. A young man (twenty-four) bidding a woman along. An insistence that he make good on what he said, even tho he claimed it was only in play and begged to be released. A hurry-up marriage, then a calm ignoring of the demands of youthful blood. Finally, against his desires, a child to hold what she knew she was losing. Result, he has been growing mentally while she has stood absolutely still in mind. While he is always at home, where he should be, there is no companionship whatever, and he finds in the other woman the friendly attitude his mind craves. He considers it a point of honor not to quit; and she sticks and sticks because, as she told me herself, if she quits she loses her claim on what he might leave if he dies first!

These are but three cases. I could go on with many more actual examples of marriages I have observed where this feature of mental growth has been a factor for discontent that made it easy to go to the other woman, who in almost every case has been no vampire, no home-wrecker, but often just a sympathetic woman rather pitiful of the very unsatisfactory human relations the wife persists in maintaining just because she has the legal right to do so. Mental incompatibility, while seldom brought out in divorce courts, is a hell of its own and not such a little one either.

My opinion from actual observation is that more men stray seeking what they have failed to find mentally and physically at home than from any deliberate desire on their part or that of the other woman to do wrong or to injure a woman who, tho she has failed grievously in her rôle, still has a certain right and a certain legal position. D. E. F.

There's much truth in what you say, D. E. F. It is a fact that writers as a class take the side of the poor, abused wife. I wonder if this is because we all hear so much from the wives, so little from the husbands. A wife who is dissatisfied with her marriage is quite likely to remain technically true to her vows, but to do a lot of complaining to whoever will listen. The husband, on the other hand, doesn't voice his troubles to the world at large, but does find some one to fill the lack in his life, whether it be physical, mental, or both.

Speaking of mental incompatibility, I do wish that mothers and daughters—yes, and sons, too—would give more thought to it. Constantly I am receiving letters from women who complain that their husbands are interested in nothing which interests *them*. "He never wants to read aloud or to listen to me read. He doesn't like good music. He won't go to a lecture or to church. All he likes is cards, dancing, fishing, and once in a while a musical comedy," complains many and many a young wife.

One can not help wondering why these earnest young women did not discover this before marrying these boys. Also, one wonders why the boy who picks a sweetheart because she is a cute dancer and has a snappy line blames her so bitterly when he finds that she can not cook, plan a budget, or enter intelligently into his business problems.

IT IS easy to blame a woman because she doesn't keep pace with her husband's development. *But* the average young husband, tho he works hard, is out in the world, in touch with things which broaden him. The average young wife is at home, taking care of her children and making one dollar do the work of two. Her contacts are *not* broadening. Unless the husband makes a special effort to see that the wife has some touch with his world, how shall she manage to keep up with him mentally?

By reading, did I hear some one say? Did you ever try to read an improving book after you had cleaned a house, prepared and cleared up after three meals, done the necessary marketing and mending, acted as a nurse, a teacher, an entertainer, a judge, and a human buffer, and then bathed four children and tucked them into bed?

And yet, somehow, a lot of young people are doing it. My mail shows that, too. This country is full of good husbands and good wives keeping step and being happy. I wish more of them would tell us how they manage it.

EDITOR'S NOTE

Do you ever have a problem or a trouble, which you long to talk over with some one who will listen, understand, and never tell? Marion Lambert is that some one. Have you gained from life some bit of experience or wisdom which you would be glad to pass on to those who need it? Send it to Marion Lambert. It will be used to help those who will deeply appreciate it.

This page is for all our readers. We want you to use it. Every letter is considered confidential. The writer's real name is never printed.

If you need immediate advice enclose a stamped envelop addressed to yourself.

Address Marion Lambert, Pictorial Review, 222 West Thirty-ninth Street, New York City.

Dear Marion Lambert: When I was a girl of fifteen, a sophomore in high school, knowing nothing of life or love, utterly ignorant of the things a girl should know from her mother, a boy from the senior class invited me to go to a dance. He was president of his class and captain of the ball team. I was wild with joy at being noticed by him.

My mother let me go because he was "one of the nicest boys in town." Well, going home after a wonderful evening, he made his demand. He said, "Don't be silly. Do you want always to be left out of everything because you're a little prude?" I believed him—wasn't he older and wiser, and wasn't he "one of the nicest boys in town"?

I gave in, and oh, the revulsion, the loathing, the hatred of him and of myself that followed instantly! Never again, from that night on, did I sin in that way.

And now, Marion Lambert, I am twenty, and I am in love with a wonderful boy of twenty-four. He adores me. He thinks I have always been a good girl. I can not tell him. I will let him go out of my life forever before I will tell him. And yet I love him so much! I want to be his wife and the mother of his children. I want to be everything that is fine and true and perfect for him. Tell me what to do. Must I lose him because of that one mad, ignorant, little-girl sin?

Annabelle.

Over and over again this question comes to me. Many times from girls who are much older than this one and who had more knowledge of right and wrong. Frankly I admit that I need the help of other women in answering this question. The opinions of men would be most valuable too. Every one of you, reading this, has an opinion as to whether this girl must confess her act of folly. What do you think?

This girl's act was the result of ignorance, of a mother's failure to give the instruction which every child should have. Many mothers write asking me, "Just how shall I answer my child's questions?"

This morning I received a long letter from a woman who tells in detail just how she has explained this matter of life and birth to her children. It is a beautiful, a sane, and an entirely practical letter. It is too long for this page, but whoever will send a stamped envelop addressed to oneself may have a copy of it on request.

Dear Marion Lambert: Can't you give some money-making ideas for the home woman who can not do needle-work or make food to sell? There must be women earning money in other ways.

Yes, there are other ways. Sit down quietly and think what your town or your neighborhood needs which you can supply. It may be a friendly home in which children may be left while the mother goes shopping or visiting. Maybe it is a person to run in evenings and sit with the children or the aged person who can not be left quite alone. Perhaps it is a place where very fine, dainty things may be laundered or dry-cleaned. Or it might be a lending-library and book-shop combined. Or perhaps a shopper who would go into the city and do errands for the mothers who can not get away from home.

One woman who possesses a fine spirit of friendly helpfulness has written saying that she makes a very good income raising canary-birds to sell. She offers to tell any interested ones just how to go about this business, which she has found to be both interesting and profitable. Those of you who are interested may write me about this, enclosing a stamped envelop addressed to yourself for this woman's reply.

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Do this Every Night
To safeguard skin from dirt and make-up

Unless the pores of the skin are thoroughly cleansed every day, blackheads, pimples, sallowness result

How olive oil, in this facial soap, produces a lather which brings out natural beauty

TODAY, more than ever before, there is vital meaning in the phrase "washing for beauty." And yet you may be one of those who overlook its importance. The layers of rouge and powder which you are likely to apply during the course of a day; the dust and dirt, oil secretions, dead skin that find their way into the pores are simply an invitation to blackheads, pimples, dreaded blemishes!

Perhaps you, yourself, go on from day to day abusing a pricelessly lovely complexion. Changes come so gradually that you scarcely notice them. Then—suddenly, one day—you find coarsened texture, lifeless color replacing your naturally youthful skin. The best way to combat these evils is to wash the face, in this way, with a soap containing olive oil.

Olive oil and your skin

This is what a soap containing olive oil does, when you follow the famous Palmolive treatment given below: it soothes as it stimulates, it cleans as it beautifies. Gently, the rich lather from this olive oil soap softens those tiny, stubbornly hard masses that form in your pores. Gradually, they are freed and the skin is able to "breathe" once more. Lovely, fresh color comes rushing to the surface. Blotches, irregularities disappear. You touch your face and it amazes you with its cool softness. You look at it and are delighted with its fresh loveliness!

Millions use Palmolive for the bath as well, because it is so inexpensive. To enhance your beauty to the utmost, you should begin these treatments tonight!

At night—Make a rich lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. With both hands, apply it to face and throat, massaging gently in an upward and outward motion, to stimulate circulation. Rinse thoroughly with warm water graduated to cold until you actually feel all impurities, oil secretions and make-up carried away. Then dry the skin tenderly with a soft towel.

In the morning—Repeat this treatment and add a touch of finishing cream before putting on rouge and powder. That's all! A simple treatment, but it must be observed twice every day to keep the skin lovely and youthful. At 10c Palmolive is the world's least expensive beauty formula. Buy a bar, begin using it today. Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., Chicago, Illinois.

Retail Price 10c

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

4221

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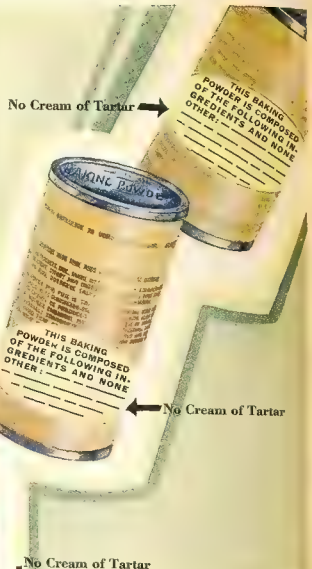
It isn't Cream of Tartar baking powder unless the label says so ▲ ▲


No Cream of Tartar
THIS BAKING POWDER IS COMPOSED OF THE FOLLOWING INGREDIENTS AND NONE OTHER:
BAKING POWDER
No Cream of Tartar
No Cream of Tartar

Read the label—Only one nationally distributed baking powder is made with Cream of Tartar

OF course you want Cream of Tartar baking powder. You know it's the most dependable.

But are you sure you are getting it? There is just one way to be absolutely certain. Read the label on the back of the can. See the words "Cream of Tartar." It isn't Cream of Tartar baking powder unless the label says so.

Only one nationally distributed baking powder is made with Cream of Tartar. That one is Royal. When you buy Royal you know you are getting Cream of Tartar baking powder—the kind that health authorities unhesitatingly say is the most wholesome—that food experts prefer to all others.

ROYAL CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE—A light, delicious cake put together with delectable, Old Fashioned Chocolate Filling. The recipe is in the Royal Cook Book, pages 15 and 17. ¢ Don't risk wasting expensive materials and valuable time when only 2¢ worth of Royal will insure a perfect cake.

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Continued from Page 64

remember much after they kicked over the light but I'm none the worse for it. How you got here when you ought to be in Troy, Ohio——"

"Never mind, Rikky," said the lady. "Get your things."

"I haven't got any things," said Rikky.

The lady's eyes moved toward Chloé, who still stood by the gate. Chloé indicated the room at the head of the stairs.

"Up there," said the lady, pointing to the room. Rikky went obediently up the stairs. "Come here, my dear," she begged of Chloé, "and tell me what happened."

Chloé went toward her. Yet how could she speak? His aunt had come and was taking Rikky away. "She is taking my life," thought Chloé.

"Tell me everything," said Miss Moore. "You see, I raised Rikky from the time he was born. He is the dearest thing on earth to me."

Chloé sat down on the fountain and told the lady everything—from the moment they picked Rikky up in the patio until now. "He forget all what happen baby that."

"And now," said Miss Moore, "he's forgotten all that's happened since. But he's quite Rikky again. I knew your note must be genuine because of that name.

"It reached my home the day after I sailed. Not until my return three days ago did it come to me, postmarked with every place on the Continent where it had followed me. I said, 'It's old, but it's genuine.' I said, 'I will go myself.'

"None of us knew Rikky had bolted off here to catch a boat. And these four months—he's been right here." She looked about the dim, quiet patio. "And you never heard us looking for him!"

"There was a paper," answered Chloé. "It tell about a Mr. Scott."

"That's Rikky. David B. Scott."

"It did not look like him."

"Well, we've found him now," Miss Moore said gratefully. "And you wrote at the start, if we'd only get the letter. And you took care of him these four months. We must pay you for that care—as far as we can, the money is not——"

It was not easy to talk about money to such a beautiful young woman, who sat with her head so high. Chloé's voice shook ever so slightly.

"He have pay me. He teach me how to sell the gumbo." She glanced toward the rows of shining jars under the oleander trees. "I had never think of the gumbo."

Miss Moore looked at the jars.

"Son of the Pickle King," she smiled, "you would do just that." Rikky was coming down the stairs with a bundle under his arm. Miss Moore rose.

"You will hear from me," she said to Chloé. Then she joined Rikky who was fumbling at the gate.

"I was just thinking," he explained, "I bought a picture for you yesterday, and the girl who sold it to me— I'd like to see her again."

"She's standing by the fountain," Miss Moore answered.

Rikky turned about. Ah, but this person in the white dress and crimson shawl, this person with the lifted face and dark eyes swimming in tears—she was not the little girl he had met yesterday. This girl had loved and suffered. This girl was far off, beyond a barrier of stars.

"*La Mariposa!*" he whispered to himself. "*La—Mariposa!*"

Forgotten? Leaving? Not while life lasted.

"Chloé!" cried Rikky.

And Chloé came from behind her barrier of stars and into Rikky's arms.

"SO THAT'S it," reflected Miss Moore. "I think I'd better go away and come back later." And as she went the gate creaked, but they did not hear.

DOES YOUR LEFT HAND KNOW WHAT YOUR RIGHT HAND HAS DONE?

Continued from Page 6

it will make a false start at the pad above the wrist where it begins, change its mind about proceeding, and start again farther over on the outside cushion of the palm. Sometimes the process will repeat. It indicates that this person will not follow in the first groove of occupation. He will feel about, making new starts, diverging from what would seem to be the obvious way of life, given the surroundings of his childhood.

It is by no means a bad sign; these people are often versatile in the extreme and can do several things well. This is particularly true in the artistic type of hand. With a primitive hand the indecision is probably mere stupidity. With the philosophical and scientific it is an effort to find more accurately the contacts of best expression.

If the fate line is stopped by the crossing of the head or heart line, it means, in the first instance, the relinquishment of ambition through personal decision; in the latter the affections prevent the material fulfilment of the fate line's promise.

THE line of the head begins on the palm above the thumb-crotch, and under the "plain" or "bump" of ambition, and ought to cross the hand right over to the opposite side. If it bends strongly down onto the long cushion under the little finger, it denotes a love of unusual things. Sometimes the line forks, which indicates that there are two great desires of self-expression, one of them belonging to the realm of the logical and accepted, while the other inclines to the things of the imagination.

The color of this line should be clear and even, a spotted head line with dark depressions shows corresponding depression in the nature—moodiness, oversensitiveness. Many little branches throwing both up and down from the line, giving it an almost furry appearance, show interest in other people, a great variety of human relations, a curiosity about people's motives; not a small, peeping, peering curiosity, but a healthy acknowledgment that we are all humans together.

Sometimes there is but one line crossing the palm, as if the head and heart lines were merged into one. In a hand showing a large mound of ambition and other indications of physical dominance, that merger denotes intense selfishness. But if the whole hand shows all the signs of affection, generosity, and kindliness, the one head-heart line indicates intense concentration. You will, undoubtedly, find all the lines of the hand thus marked, deeply etched and strong.

Selfishness is a form of concentration, naturally, since it is concentration on self to the exclusion of the interests of any one else.

The heart line lies above the head line, rising below the little finger, and proceeds with an upward curve toward the mound of ambition, but it usually finds its terminus between the first and second fingers or thereabout. Spots and depressions in this line indicate hurt afflictions. If there are many radiating lines, they, like the head lines, show contacts, but in this case emotional ones. The very fuzzy ones reveal that their owner is drawn to all sorts of people, who, if brought together, wouldn't like each other at all.

Bad breaks and island—an island is an oblong loop in a line—are sorrows, heartache, and pain. A strong maternal instinct—the chief falling of all women is revealed in sharpness and depth in the middle of the heart line.

The flirtatious individual will have all

The CODY ROAD!

Yellowstone's greatest thrill!

FREE with your Burlington ticket

NINETY miles through the Buffalo Bill country!—through scenes of breath-taking grandeur...

"If you don't see the Cody Road, you don't see Yellowstone Park."

And *it costs you nothing extra.* Your Burlington ticket takes you *in Gardiner Gateway—out the Cody Road,* or vice versa.

You can go via Scenic Colorado at no extra railroad fare. The Black Hills of South Dakota and the big Horn Mountains may be easily visited on the way.

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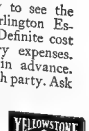
FREE BOOK

Mail the coupon below for Free Book, giving complete, illustrated description of Yellowstone Park, and full vacation information. Clip it—now!



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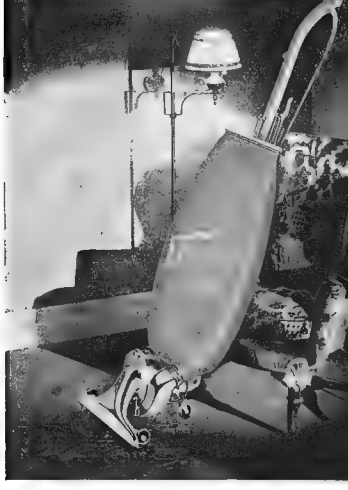
Introducing the Grand Prize

EUREKA SPECIAL

Popular priced companion to the Standard Model 11



Eureka announces the new Eureka Special . . . designed and built to meet a certain demand for a full-sized, powerful electric cleaner of standard make . . . at a popular price, within the reach of every home.

This announcement is of particular interest to those millions of women who have, until now, denied themselves the benefits of electric cleaner sanitation . . . or who have purchased cleaners of inferior design and construction in order to gain a seeming price advantage.

The Eureka Special does not replace the world-famous Standard Model 11 Eureka, but is a worthy companion to it. It cleans . . . deeply, thoroughly, dependably . . . by the time-proven "High-Vacuum" principle. It embodies the same superior materials and workmanship that have made the Eureka the choice in over 2,000,000 homes.

For the many whose homes require an even higher type of cleaning service and a wider range of usefulness, the Grand Prize Standard Model 11 Eureka will of course be available . . . with its "Super-Vacuum" and other features and refinements which have established it as an outstanding leader the world over.

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and various contact lines, but the line as a whole will not be balanced and clear, and its tip-end is apt in such cases to incline toward the ego mount under the first finger, instead of tilting unselfishly up toward the finger of justice.

Occasionally the heart line terminates in a star composed of many short crossing lines. A brilliant marriage is the explanation commonly given, but as this is usually located on the mount of ego, the chances are that the marriage may be more brilliant than warmly glowing. A great deal depends on what the rest of the hand has to say. If the mounds cause a deep cleft below the third finger and a line proceeds from there down the palm, running parallel with the line of fate, you have an unfailing indication of dramatic ability and artistic temperament.

The little lines that run inward from the outside of the hand concern themselves with love of change, imagination, intuition, if situated low on that long outer cushion. Up-and-down lines under the little finger are emotional. Heavy lines at the wrists or "bracelets," as they are called, show vitality and magnetism, particularly in the imaginative hand. The "girdle of Venus" runs above the heart line from between the little finger and the finger of art to the separation of the first and second fingers, and concerns itself with the purely physical side of affection.

And now, having sketched this map, we must go on to fingers. Quite as important as palms, if not more so. They are marked off into three oblongs by the joints. These boxes are called "phalanges." The first lot, just above the palm, are devoted to logic, the middle ones to emotional things, and the tips to the artistic or constructive. In these tips are the centers of the senses, sight, hearing, etc. Little, pointed tips that stick out from the middle of the tips show a keen sense of feeling, in the true meaning—touch. Wider and not quite so high, great sensitiveness to sound. Strong tips belong to the constructive arts: painting, music, architecture, sculpture. All strong-tipped hands.

The notion that the long, frail, thin-tipped finger is the artistic sign is untrue. Your constructive artist is a working craftsman and shows it: even the writer and the orator are strong-tipped, and actors, goodness, yes!

The type of fingers people usually think are artistic are really psychic fingers. There is a type of hand called "psychic," but it is really a mixed hand and not a true type, except as to finger formations. It has characteristics of the artistic and the philosophical, and, strangely enough, something of the simplicity of the primitive. But to return to our digits.

THE first finger, as I've said, is the finger of justice. The second of success and practical vision. The third is presided over by all the arts, and the little finger is emotional.

One of the strongest characteristics a hand can show is badly set, irregular fingers, or abnormal fingers of any kind, whether too long or too short. "Webbed" fingers —those that look from the back as if they were long, but turn out to be short when viewed from within—show a character at odds with the impression it conveys. These people are difficult to really know. They are secretive and often so oversensitive that they assume a sort of bravado to cover it. Just what the real reason is you can determine from the rest of the hand. Fingers that spread naturally wide apart reveal a lawlessness of thought. They are the thinkers who accept no code unless they examine it and question it to their own conviction. They want to know "why."

If the two middle fingers hang together, to keep each other in countenance, while the little finger and first finger refuse to line up with them, you have innate conventionality struggling with independent thought and action.

If all the fingers cling together, you have conventionality plus fear. The fear may be of "what people will say," or it may be a more obscure and vital fear, that of themselves. They don't know just what they might do with their Victorian corsets off and their unshorn locks let down, or, if the culprit be masculine, we'll say "he fears the country will go to the dogs unless people preserve the integrity of their proud traditions!"

The little finger is emotional. If the first phalanx is very small compared with the others, we have the not uncommon condition of one who has no logic whatever when the affections are at stake. Proportion is very important. It gives balance even to a hand whose palm is "pinched" either at the top or base.

The thumb should have a whole chapter to itself. It is such an individual member, briefly, it is partly from the thumb that one reads will, the all-important directing power. Here, more than elsewhere, proportion means sanity —an overlong, heavy first joint is stubborn, therefore stupid. A very short tip is shifty; a very long one, acquisitive—it's a "gimmie" thumb. A thumb that curls over way back is a lying thumb in a badly balanced palm, but if the hand shows imagination and a fine head line, it means originality and a quick mind.

THIN finger-nails always go with versatility. I could tell you why, but I haven't time.

Badly ridged nails usually come from imperfect circulation. Heavy and smooth "filberts" are strong-willed and self-centered, and upon badly set fingers, look out!

Fingers are fascinators, but I must bound to mounts if I am to give you a bird's-eye view of this absorbing subject. The mount of ambition, I have stressed. The artistic and luxury mounts, of course, live over by their chosen finger The mound under the middle, or finger of success, is nearly always cleft by the rising of the fate line which doesn't hurt it at all, on the contrary.

Under the little finger a mound, if very noticeable, denotes excess of emotion.

The cushion down the hand under the little finger belongs to the nature of the heart line where it crosses to the head line as it reaches over toward it, and below we have the location of imagination and intuition. The base of the palm is grasp; a good business hand ought to have it strong and square, but not at the expense of the upper square.

The cushion at the base of the thumb is affectionate and gregarious; a very thick formation indicates that its owner hates to be alone, but certain occupations develop this muscle, so be sure the excess isn't occupational before jumping at conclusions.

Now have a look at your own hands and observe a few more and see what you think of it. I am not what you might call a professional palmist, for I have never accepted a fee. It isn't my business. It has been for years my hobby, and I've devoted much time and research to it the world over.

I realize that palmistry has fallen, or been allowed to slip, into the trickster class, which does not belong. So did astrology and hypnotism and mesmerism and electricity and vibratory theories, and atomic theories, which science has demonstrated were after all facts.

I began my study without the usual prejudice because I was a mere infant, and the occasion was quite accidental, that is if anything is "accidental," which sometimes I doubt.

I was in boarding-school, and spent my whole allowance for a book by Desbarolles—"*Les Mystères de la Main.*" I thought that "The Mysteries of the Hand" must be a good adventure story, but it turned out to be a book on palmistry. I couldn't afford *not* to read it—I'd plunged, so I went at it manfully and became so confused and intrigued that I was worse to my schoolmates than a bandit. "Hands up!" said I, and, lo and behold, I suddenly became the most sought-after girl in school—even haughty graduating-class young ladies of seventeen and eighteen made much of me—and I discovered then a truth that I have learned is fundamental—to wit:

We are all more interested in ourselves than in any one else, and after all why not? We have to live with ourselves all the time, don't we?

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"Naturally," says Mrs. Richard T. Wilson, "I am particular about the coffee"

FROM A RARE EMPIRE SILVER COFFEE POT after-dinner coffee is served to Mrs. Wilson's guests in the drawing room. Her butler pours the fragrant Maxwell House into fragile cups decorated with Mrs. Wilson's monogram, while a second man offers cream and sugar. The clear, rich color of Maxwell House Coffee, its depth and sparkle of flavor, obtained by mingling the flavors of selected coffees grown in many lands, make Maxwell House a "general favorite" with men and women alike.

Mrs. Richard T. Wilson, whose brilliant hospitality marks the New York and Newport seasons.

"Every dinner I give still seems to me something of a challenge. I rejoice in each one as a fresh opportunity to create an occasion with an atmosphere of its own; I try to overlook nothing that might contribute to a sense of well-being among my guests. Naturally I am particular about the coffee that is served; no single detail seems to me more important. I believe that it is the blend of many fine flavors in Maxwell House that makes this coffee a general favorite."

Mrs. R. T. Wilson

WHEREVER the season is at its height—New York, Newport, Saratoga—Mrs. Richard T. Wilson opens one of her magnificent houses and inaugurates a series of social functions of outstanding brilliance.

Out of her wide experience as a hostess has grown Mrs. Wilson's appreciation of Maxwell House Coffee.

The matchless *blended* flavor of Maxwell House pleases all tastes. It is a favorite with men and women alike—as good served with milk on the breakfast tray as it is "black" after dinner. No single coffee grown can equal it.

Years ago a gentleman of the Old South with a cultivated taste in coffee resolved to find the perfect coffee flavor—rich and full-bodied, yet mellow, too.

He tried hundreds of single coffee flavors—the many variations of "winy," "mild," "rich" and "pungent" coffees grown in the tropics of many different lands. No one alone was quite satisfying. So he worked for months combining, testing, rejecting, re-combining flavors and shades of flavors, until at last he made a blend of choice coffees that fully met his exacting standard.

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A gentleman of Old Dixie tested and rejected, combined and re-combined selected coffees from many different lands until he achieved the matchless mellow blend of Maxwell House Coffee.

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A LETTER FROM PONTIUS PILATE'S WIFE

Continued from Page 9

olive-trees, or groves of oranges or those scarlet pomegranates of which their Solomon had sung.

Above all, even above our Roman courts, towered the mighty temple of Jerusalem, its sacrificial smoke smudging the sky. But all the flattering pomps and pageantries of our coming mocked us. The Hebrews detested us and our court of "idolatrous pagans," as they styled my countrymen. These Jews were a turbulent people, and very heady. Their thousand sects were united only in the hate of Rome.

Some few believed the time had come to pass for a Messiah to appear who would make himself king and overthrow our own power. In this we felt them very secretly abetted by Herod, not for any treason, but that he had a cousin who would supplant Pontius. Now he would show that Pontius could not rule these peoples. Herod held his right most because he was a fisherman, and Cæsar, too, was a fisherman. And they wrote one to the other about their fishing. Now we were apportioned part of the palace of Herod and were much beholden to him. If Herod drew upon himself the scorn of those Sadducees he sought most to please with his dancing-girls and wine-feasts, Pontius, too, was hated by the Pharisees, with whom he would wrangle his question for truth.

Austere and very just in his judgments here, yet my husband judged not the ache in my heart, nor turned to me then as to a faithful servant. Had it not been for my boy, Pilo, I would have died of loneliness in Jerusalem, even in all the dazzling circumstance with which Rome upheld our court. My boy became my love, my life. Withered tho his foot was, he was brave, and threw away his crutch early and endured without any protest all the torments of the pullers and straighteners Pontius increasingly, for more and more he looked to our son.

NOW, at this time, we had acquaintance with one Jairus, a ruler of the synagog. When Pontius would argue with him his philosophy I would sit in the woman's court where the fountain is and embroider upon my veils with his wife, Salome. They had an only child, Smedia. She had then just reached her twelfth year and was lovely as those dawn roses which in all the world grow only at Jerusalem.

When Pontius spread out his hands against the argument of Jairus, I in my loneliness listened to Salome. First in my court, then many times on her own roof, she whispered to me of one Jesus, a carpenter of Nazareth who walked among these people, healing the sick, curing lepers, making the dumb cry out, the blind to see. And now He had made a lame child leap up whole. A lame child! O Fulvia!

Now others, unbelievers, politicians, the Pharisees themselves, began to talk of this Jesus. Herod told us He had taken a tribute-piece from a fish's mouth, and laughed heartily, and so did all. Then they said He raised a man of Bethany from the dead. Now all Jerusalem rang with this Jesus. But to His disciples was no miracle, only the healing of empty cleverness with simple truth.

Salome said He said, "You must become as a little child to know God." But Pontius forbade us, or any of the household, to approach Jesus, for Pontius was very learned, nor would he wish to become as a child. When once I pleaded he put me by with, "Yes, yes, I know, this Jesus has turned water into wine; He multiplied a few loaves and fishes to feed many; He disappeared out of a crowded room, but so the conjurers of the East have done. Let Him show me how it is done so I myself may do these things, and when I do them I may believe. I want truth, not any trickery. Hold thyself, Claudia Procula, very high; thou art a Roman's wife."

But now I pitied Pontius. He had many cares and a very lean look. His rulings took him often from us, and then he had lost his taste for life itself as one who, grown arid among his parchments, could not see what was real before himself. Many wise men are so, Fulvia.

Then a strange sickness fell upon us that Summer. Its malice gathered with the heat. Particularly it wasted children with a torpor like of death itself. So it numbed my boy. He thinned, whitened, fell. Even Pilate was roused. He sent runners to Athens, to Alexandria, to Rome itself, for drafts. And the weakness increased. Now the gentle sweetness of my boy was scarcely of earth. I trembled. Then the child of Jairus and Salome was stricken, and quickly. The night Smedia died the physicians also turned away from my boy's couch.

Pilate, to meet the end, closeted himself with his Stoics. I was alone with my dying Pilo, and his tutor, Mata, a Greek slave to Pontius. Now Mata pressed a tablet into my hand. It was from Jairus. It said, "Jesus will come to Smedia, even dead. Do thou bring Pilo." A faint trembling light beat into my soul. All else had failed. My child's last breath was almost burned out. Could He, this Jesus, save my son?

Scarcely knowing it was my own voice, my arms, my substantial self, I followed Mata. He held Pilo very gently and glided softly, swiftly, into the dawn, like a shadow with a shadow. I had not known it, but Mata was a follower of Jesus. But when we came to the street of Jairus our chariot could not proceed farther, the crowd was so great.

Mata would not have us known imperially, so I stood heavily veiled as mourner. Thus I was slowly given passage through the outer wailers and the flute-players and the many poor, and those fisherfolk who follow Jesus, and those Pharisees and Scribes who seek the more to trap Him into treason against Cæsar.

These would give me no entrance beyond the vestibule, for they wished not witnesses. But, O Fulvia, to have gained thus far, and now to fail my chance to ask for Pilo his life, of Jesus! Then at the head of the stairway I saw Jairus. Before the authority of his hand a way opened upward. But when I was at the bedchamber door Jairus quickly withdrew, and I could not move farther nor yet descend again. I could only wait there, pressed, agonizing.

So I saw into the chamber of death, and, through the clouds of thick incense, Smedia, lying upon her funeral bier, very white with complete death. Beside her, utterly bowed, was Salome, and many burning candles and many faces. And then I saw Him, Fulvia. Then I saw Jesus. Scarcely did He seem a man to my first sight, nor yet a person. The His face and hands, His very garments, were as those of them about Him, rather He was some presence, some undefined feeling as of the very loveliness of love itself.

ALL the chamber seemed full of the fulness of His love. Like an empty vase now filled with precious spikenard, so I felt all the heights and depths of my being flooded with the loveliness of Jesus. Nor was there any bitterness left in me, only love.

Suddenly I saw Jairus throw himself upon his knees before Jesus. He cried, "Lord, my daughter is dead. Say but the word and she shall be healed." A shudder ran through my frame: my very soul hung upon his words. Then Jesus took Smedia by the hand and said, "Arise."

Fulvia, she obeyed Him.

She rose. Her eyes opened upon us all. Slowly her face flushed with life. She looked into the eyes of Jesus. Then she threw out her arms and cried:

"Why, Mother!"

I did not know I had fallen upon my

Continued on Page 76

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Continued from Page 74

knees, but presently I was aware of the trampling crowd. There were shouts about me, but so strangely few of joy, and these alone from the household. More were of hate, and many hissed. I turned desperately every which way to try to get to Jesus. But the crowd crushed me down the steep stair, and tided me farther and farther until I sobbed with my despair. For now I knew I could not ask Jesus to heal Pilo.

So they pushed me through the shouters of hate, and the Pharisees, who called Him loudly, "Blasphemer, hater of Cæsar," until I was forced into a little passageway roofed with gourds. And there I heard a cry. It will ring forever in my ears. "Mother, Mother!"

Through all the multitudes sprang Pilo in my arms. Pilo, erect and firm, without any sickness in him. And more, nay more. He dragged no withered foot. My Pilo leaped, walked, danced, all sound. His feet were lovely as his face. Pilo, my son, made whole.

Before I had asked of Jesus He had heard. More than I had asked, He had granted.

O Fulvia!

NOW I must struggle to write you of what follows. My words are difficult. Beyond Pontius's pride in Pilo made whole, beyond his love for the boy which sprang new-born from out the very cheers of the soldiers, for Pilo was now a very marvel of sport and joy, Pontius must satisfy his own mind, for the heart he reckoned not.

"There is some trickery here," he said. "This man is but a carpenter and without education, and I am a man of learning. I must search the matter closely before you or yet Pilo may see again this Jesus."

And into his doubt crept also fear, and, very closely following, his ambition. Herod said to him:

"Beware of this Nazarene. He is dangerous to us. He would make Himself King here. I have information from the inside."

And Pilate wished to be further appointed at Egypt, and would be thought well of by Herod and so by Cæsar. We went with Herod that Spring into the deep sea, nor did we return until the Paschal time of the Jews was at hand. This famed feast yearly gathered together at Jerusalem numbers from all the tribes of Israel to offer sacrifice.

The day before their feast Pontius said to me:

"The fates are against your Jesus of Nazareth. A price has been put upon His head, and before evening He will be delivered up to the chief priests."

"But, Father, you will save Jesus, of course." When Pilo said this, easily, Pontius put the boy at once away with Mata to the fire. He would not look into his eyes. Nor would he allow me even converse that day with any outside, but bade me severely to keep to my woman's court. He looked haggard, desperate with uncertainty.

But I could not sleep that night for the calling of Jesus's face. When the last bugle of the temple sounded I was like one who dreams awake. And this was the dream I dreamed:

I saw a great hillside, and it was covered with all the children Jesus had healed. Pilo and Somedia were there and many, many others. And beside them were their fathers and mothers and all of every kind and degree who were joined into a great kindred by the love of Jesus. And there were those also who had been healed in heart and mind as well as body, and more who had needed no healing, but only the right to love life itself.

And none were idle, but all worked with the hands or the mind, and both the hands and faces sang and shone. And all were refreshed in their work, for each had found the outlet of his peculiar genius. And this was a new race. And young and old, this one thing lay upon their faces, for in the love of Jesus all were as children and without fear or greed, but greatly glorified, so their unfolding of themselves was like a canticle of unceasing beauty.

And apart, wrapped in a swollen, angry cloud, drifted without aim many others. These were not as children, but very aged, with a toil which brought them always to work in a circle back to themselves. And they cursed this and that, and pursued lust and power and cried in an agony of fear, so their cries were horrible, and their sufferings very great.

And Pontius, the philosopher, was among them. And his arms were worn away from entreating Pilo from afar off to turn to him. And so Pontius cried out to me. And in my sweat of pity, for Pontius was a just man and very learned, I woke. I ran to his bedchamber, crying, "Pontius, Pontius, believe. Cease thy philosophies; believe as a little child on Jesus."

But my maids laughed me to scorn for my night cry and said:

"The Governor is in the judgment-seat. There is somewhat there."

And now a murmur swelled loudly from the city, with sudden yells. My heart throbbed as tho it would burst from me. I heard the tread of many feet other than the iron-shod soldiers upon the marble court below leading to the Pretorium.

I flew to Pontius. He was seated in the tribunal. I drew aside the purple curtain. I saw, O Fulvia— I saw Jesus, Pilo's Jesus. His hands were tied. The cords cut into His bones, and His face was streaming blood. But in all the agony of His body, which was very beaten about, His eyes were full of love. So He looked gently upon Pontius, who was frenzied with doubt now.

The crowd pressed about Jesus uncommonly, the soldiers, and Scribes and Pharisees, the drunken, the lowest of night rabble. Nor did I see any friend near Jesus. They had brought Him from the priests in the garden, and, kicking, striking Him, had maimed each other, as Himself. And He healed many. The very demons peered out of their terrible faces. And Pilate was unable to decide his sentence, for he was afraid for his ambition. Now he would ask questions of them, and now of Jesus. And Pontius was white with fear.

I heard him say again, "What is it you ask of me to do to this just man? What evil has He done?" And then he swayed a little and said, "Has He not healed some of you?" Nor then would he look at the eyes of Jesus.

Their high priest, Caiaphas, made answer, "We ask the death of this man, for He would make Himself King here instead of Cæsar."

Pontius, like one who would increase time, asked directly of Jesus, "Art Thou the King of the Jews?"

And Jesus looked into Pontius deeply as to open a gap into his subtleties. O Fulvia, that look of the blood-stained Christ! He asked not for help from Pontius even at this hour when He had no friend, but rather sought to find the healing way to His own judge.

He said, "Dost thou ask this of thine own self, or dost another self speak for thee?"

And Pontius turned in an agony, for he could not decide, and the roar of the crowd was great.

THEN Jesus said to Pontius, as if alone in all that shrieking madness, "My kingdom is not of this world. My kingdom is the truth that lies within you as within all born into this world. To reveal thyself in truth am I come."

Then Pilate leaned forward, and I thought, "Now, now he will deliver Jesus." But the crowd cried suddenly, "He is opposed to Cæsar. Who is friend to this man is no friend of Cæsar." Then I saw fear like a substance, and hard and white, slip over the face, the hands, the very robes of Pontius. He looked this way and that, at the guards, the crowd, the priests. Then he said dryly, like a philosopher:

"What is truth?" And stayed not for any answer.

At the corridor leading to the Sanhedrin, I fell before Pontius on my knees.

"Pontius," I cried, "this is Jesus, Jesus the very Christ, the Son of God.

Continued on Page 78

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"The loveliness of a smooth skin never fails to touch . . ." *say* 39 *Hollywood Directors*

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YOU KNOW the little flutter of emotion that creeps into one's heart at the sight of a really fresh and lovely skin.

Every girl *must* have petal-smooth skin if she is to be truly attractive, says Hollywood.

"People respond instantly to the loveliness of beautiful skin," says F. W. Murnau, Fox director—and sums up the experience of important Hollywood directors.

"All screen stars know this," he goes on to say. "They take the utmost care of their skin. For in the close-up only the complexion of naturally flawless beauty can stand the pitiless search of glaring lights. Even slight make-up is apt to show. Girls who attain success in the films have skin of amazing smoothness."

When a close-up is being taken today, screen stars have to face new and even stronger incandescent lights—the huge new "sun-spots." In the terrific glare any tiniest skin defect would be registered on the highly sensitized film.

Consequently it is more than ever essential that these beautiful screen stars have skin which is absolutely lovely. It is especially significant, then, that 98% of them depend on Lux Toilet Soap to keep their skin in perfect condition.

Photo by G. Hewitt, Hollywood

JANET GAYNOR, *Fox star, in the bathroom built just for her adorable loveliness.* *"There's a caressing quality to Lux Toilet Soap that I have never found before."* Janet Gaynor

ESTHER RALSTON, Paramount star, finds this soap a real joy. It is made by the very method France uses for her finest toilet soaps. "Lux Toilet Soap is excellent for keeping the skin delightfully smooth," she says.

IN HOLLYWOOD, of the 451 important actresses, including all stars, 442 (98%) use Lux Toilet Soap for clear, smooth skin.

When next you see Janet Gaynor—or Esther Ralston, or Mary Astor—in a close-up, notice how lovely this daintily fragrant, white soap keeps her skin.

Nine out of ten screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap—and all the great film studios have made it the official soap for their dressing rooms.

MARY ASTOR, Fox star—"A smooth skin is one of the most important assets a screen star has. I always use Lux Toilet Soap."

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...m Page 76

...us. It is Pilo's dear Jesus, He ...ed our boy. Have no part in His ... I have suffered many things in a ... in this night of Him. For thine own, ... even the sake of all those judges in ...his world who will come after thee and judge in Christ's name without fear, for our child, for me, Claudia, thy wife, Pontius, save Jesus the Christ."

But Pontius's sweat was gray upon his face. He could not decide. He said, and staggered, "This is fearful. Now am I in hell. I can not stem this outbreak of the priests, for they are powerful here. Herod has asked me to make an example of this man. If not he will speak ill of me to Cæsar. And if this Jesus be the truth or not, I can not decide, for I am a philosopher and must argue the matter further. My mind rejects this man who is but a carpenter, and yet"—he pushed his hands forward and groaned from his deeps—"I feel, I feel ——"

And then the guards came forward. They stepped briskly, for they held scourging a fine sport. And a shriek rose everywhere, "Crucify Him!" Then I heard the sound of splitting flesh when I came to the outer prison yard. Even in my faint, something of myself saw, very clearly, Jesus, bound to a pillar and standing in a red pool of His own blood. And Pretorius, one of our body-guard, whose broken hand Jesus had once healed, now scourged Him the hardest.

And then they put a crown of thorns on His head and pressed it down, and the eyes bulged. And they wrapped Him in an old fine robe of Pontius's own. And Pontius staggered even in the judgment-seat, and said like a dead man:

"Why, I find no fault in Him." And he washed his hands in the silver-gilt basin and sought every which way but creasingly to save Jesus. But they would not release Him even for the custom of their Passover, but preferred some robber, whose name has now left me. And now a runner brought to me from the secret seal of Herod saying, "Have done quickly with all prisoners this night, for tomorrow I set early for Rome and would speak well of thee to Cæsar. Thou set out early with me for a bit of the way, for I have found a new little brook and many fine trout."

And Pontius and Herod had made themselves into friends that day, one to further the other with Cæsar.

And when Pontius said to the mob, which shrieked, "What shall I do with this man?" they shouted as one, "Crucify Him; as you are Cæsar's friend, crucify Him!" He delivered Jesus unto them.

And before Pontius went afishing with Herod he wrote this title for the cross, "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews."

Thou, O Fulvia, who art a Christian, need not be told of what followed. Thou knowest how Jesus Himself dragged His cross to the Hill of Death, and at the last of His agony died upon it, and that Mary, His mother, stood with Him to the end, and so looked upon her son, who had healed my son, and was condemned by mine own husband unto death.

In the fever and long delirium that seized upon Pontius we lived terribly through many terrible events. For, at the death of our Jesus, the earth trembled and darkness fell upon us, and many, even our centurion, said, "This was in truth the Son of God."

And many more believed on Him when He rolled the stone away from His own sepulcher and walked among His people in company with His disciples, who now themselves did heal and teach His words.

But now, tho my soul was on its knees before Him in supplication for Pontius, Pontius could not believe, but studied increasingly, and was wretched to look upon. Such calamity fell upon him, my heart ached for this man, my husband. Blow on blow fell on Pontius, even as once the scourge on Christ.

WHEN Pilo returned and heard his father had condemned Jesus to death, he fell and was dead. Nor did I wish him to live, for never could my child have forgiven his father, for he loved Jesus very dearly.

Then Herod, for whose fear Pontius had delivered Jesus, spoke against Pontius privately to Cæsar and had his own cousin appointed at Jerusalem. And Pilate was judged and sentenced by the Senate at Rome unjustly, for there were false witnesses, and he suffered greatly in this, for, until he falsely judged the Christ, he had been very upright. With his honor, he lost his friends. His lands at Rome were taken, and he had at the last no penny, but must walk like a slave. His library was scattered.

Gnawed with his remorse, Pilate sees in me the witness to his crime, and everywhere we feel the eyes of the Christians burning into us, as did those eyes of Christ. At their meetings they tell the life of Jesus and have a sentence which forever sentences Pontius.

"He suffered under Pontius Pilate."

And Pontius is a scholar and knows that words live forever. So his own learning too betrayed him. Now are we driven to this mountain cave in Galilia, whence Euphonius will bring you this scroll.

Pontius has become old and ill and very weak, so he is at last a child. In his weakness is my hope. O Fulvia, if only now, when every moment presses to his last, if now the learned mind would cease its doubts, and forget itself in the love of Christ and with the pitiful heart be healed as once was healed my Pilo. If now he, my husband, who condemned Jesus for fear of others to death, could without fear go to his own judgment by the Son of God.

Ye who pray, pray now for Pontius.

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NOW THAT IT'S SPRING

Continued from Page 18

Out of sight at the kitchen sink, she could hear him splashing. She could see his coat hanging over the back of a chair in the full light of the kitchen gas-jet. The coat was less and at the same time greater than the man. In it the impress of his body magnified his bigness and his strength. The coat was like a herald proclaiming wonders through a town. It was like the strong man at a fair who comes out before the performance to stand outside the tent and set the crowd agape by the mere displaying of his muscles.

Because of the boasting coat, and because of some reflection from her recent terror on awakening, the man standing out of sight at the sink would become enhanced, acquire boldness, take on mystery, until he wore the aspect of old mighty robber kings who went into forbidden places to take what they wanted most.

How she had loved him! She'd call to him, "Hugh, was it a fine night, did you notice?" just to hear his voice.

"Hugh, what do you think I bought to-day?"

"Hugh, did you have a good supper?"

"Hugh, what do you think I saw to-day?"

Hugh, Hugh, Hugh! She had forgotten how she had loved him, but now her worn broad hands remembered, and her old breasts, and all the shriveled grain of her skin. The old spell worked on her, and, loving him, she could not bear to have him resting for his few last days in an undertaker's comfortless parlor. She'd bring him home.

She'd bring him home, where he'd be at peace, and she'd be at peace, with the years between forgiven. For God knew very well that in this world a man does the things he has no intention of doing, and the things he intends to do he leaves

Continued on Page 81

Mother, keep your baby safe
from loose pins and buttons

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Vanta Baby Garments

Original No Pins No Buttons

Protect your baby from pins that will come unfastened and buttons that will turn edgewise to torment his little body. Be sure that he never can find a loose pin or button to put into his mouth.

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Vanta Baby Garments dress your baby FOR THE FIRST TWO YEARS without a pin or button. Fasten with dainty bows of twistless tape, without turning baby once; adjustable as baby grows, and always fit.

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Vanta has originated almost every improvement in baby dressing, specialising only in baby garments. Every garment is of VANTA QUALITY, guaranteed non-shrinkable.

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Continued from Page 78

undone. For it must have been many's and many's the time he turned around to come home, but the shame of it all kept him back. And the shame getting bigger and bigger, and the years getting longer and longer and pushing in between until he tried to tell himself he had forgotten, hoping she had forgotten. But there are things that happen that no man or woman can forget. And the things that happen in joy, like the things that happen in pain, do leave their own mark, tho they soften too, like scars that can still be seen tho they ache no longer on a rainy day.

The subway train was slowing up. The same faculty that woke her at six every morning caused her now to peer from the window. She recognized her station, and, preparatory to rising, slid out and sat on the very edge of the seat. In that instant of shifting her body she knew again all its fifty-year-old aspect. She rose heavily and held to a strap and realized that she would never bring him home. She had become again the mother of three grown girls, bent above all else in the world on protecting their peace and happiness.

Clinging there to the strap, she knew that the heart changes, and has no less than the body its varying growth, its blooming, its decline. Yet she couldn't say even to herself, "I no longer love him." That would have hurt. She said, "And if he'd met me yesterday on the street, he wouldn't have known me. He'd have asked, 'And who's this gray woman with the two wide hips and the two stiff knees and the bent head?'" For nothing remained of her old self save ghosts in little secret rooms of the mind. The child with the fat legs chasing gulls, the young girl dreaming under the beech-tree, the bride eating candy roses in the dark, the wife losing courage, each had waned and disappeared. In their place was only a worn, patient mother loving proudly three daughters.

She hurried to the door of the train. There was peace at last between him and her, but she could not bring him home. She'd slip away to his burial, trusting the girls would never find it out.

As she reached the door a man running after her thrust out the glove she had dropped. Over her shoulder she said, "Thanks." She was thinking, "A wreath of carnations and Autumn leaves, but I don't suppose Autumn leaves now that it's Spring."

OFF WITH HER HEAD!

Continued from Page 2

late unpleasantness. They were now free until the next batch of aspirants forced themselves upon the impresarial notice.

A stage-hand let me out of an unused side door and I slipped away, feeling just as eliminated as if I had sung up there along with the rest. It seemed as if Milan had caught me in a trap from which there was no escape.

I had spent valuable years in Italy trying to build up what I liked to speak of as "a legitimate Italian career—exactly as an Italian girl would do it." I had finally arrived at what Italians would consider a position of importance. I was engaged for a season which rated so high in Italy that no American, no matter how rich, could buy her way into it.

AND that very day the powerful manager who had procured me this engagement had suddenly lost the impersonal interest in my voice which until now had led him to aid me by his advice and power. He had made it perfectly clear that, unless I was willing to accept him in a most personal way, this plum of achievement would be removed from my reach and I would be "at liberty," as I had been so often in this last heartsick year, with the added stigma of his enmity working against me in the Milan Galleria, that world's greatest operatic market. Just as surely as he could make me, so he could break me if I left him now. He knew it, and he knew that I knew it.

My steps had unconsciously led me to the old Milan Castello, which was near the theater. It was on a week-day and so its beautiful courtyards were quiet and deserted. I walked through the terraced archways to the inmost courtyard by the Bramante Room, where I could sit among majestically broken pieces of stone and meditate whether or no it was time majestically to break my career.

Almost a year ago I had strutted through those same courtyards, as pleased with myself as the tenor with the dress-suit had been, to-day. I had made my début; I had proved what I could do in front of a public which, at first sullen at the prospect of hearing another American, had finally risen up and cheered.

What a triumph! I talked about it to every one who would listen. (But singers don't listen much to each other.) I rubbed it in to the haggard ones who were waiting for some one to take their money, that I had not had to pay for my début.

My début had been more or less of a gesture of defiance against Oreste Poli, a Milan impresario who, after having given me a contract, forgot about me when I went home to America to recuperate from an illness, and was quite annoyed when I appeared again in time for the season he had promised me and which in my absence he had filled up with others.

With the aid of Poli's secretary, who knew a small impresario in urgent need of a soprano, I was able to join a road company at Asti and make my début there, which was such a success that it was followed with gala performances in my honor. The company wanted me to stay with them, but I was too much inflated by my gala performances to consider myself worthy of any but the biggest theaters from now on. I hastened back to Milan to investigate several offers that had come to me by wire, as well as a majestic summons from the great Poli, who, impressed by the news of my triumph, seemed to have forgotten about how well he had recently forgotten me.

He greeted me like the great prima donna I was well on the way to believing myself, and told me that since now I had proved myself he would put me on in his theater as soon as his Fall season ended. When I showed him the other wires I had received he disposed of them with a scornful wave of the hand.

"Cut off with all that small fry! In the future you must sing only important seasons!"

This interest of one of the biggest theatrical men in Milan was so flattering that I was lulled into a false sense of security instead of considering seriously that question which American singers abroad need to consider, "After début, what?" Poli was noted for his honesty "when he doesn't need to be," as a less honest theatrical agent told me in naive bewilderment; he had the almost unique distinction of refusing to engage the type of singers who paid; and, most unusual trait in an operatic potentate, his interest in his singers was bounded by the hard cash they could net him at the box-office.

THE public supported Poli's performances. "One knows," a gallerylte confided to me, unsuspicious of my nationality, "that one is not paying soldi to witness the spectacle of Americans learning how to sing our operas!"

In addition to engaging me for his pre-Carnival season, Poli had me sing for a man from the booking-office of Serone, which was the greatest operatic agency in the world. This agent, by name Liduino, at the time was handling with great success the Continental engagements of many world-famous stars, but he was so enthusiastic over my voice and Poli's guaranty to launch me in Milan that he consented to add me to his list.

"You understand, of course, she is only

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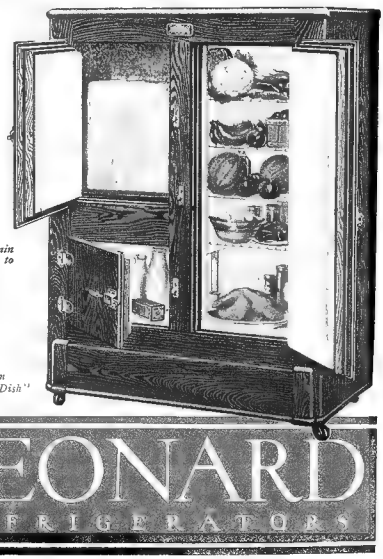

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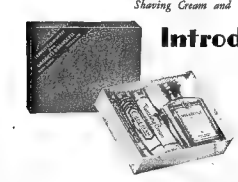

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to go in the best theaters," Poli barked. "Her *numbers*" (Italian theatrical slang for salable qualities) "do not merit that she should pass through the *via crucis* of the jack-in-the-box seasons!"

Liduino nodded. "Of course she is a foreigner, and you know what that means. However, if she realizes the difficulties and has patience, I shall be glad to represent her. With patience the career is there."

It seemed that all I had to do was wait and accept the career that would come rolling in upon me. At least that was all Poli told me I should do. If I had followed his advice I would be waiting still, along with the pale thousands who drift about Milan like the lost souls in Dante's "Inferno," who, because they lived without achieving the eminence of fame or the distinction of infamy, are sentenced to an eternity of wandering through a nondescript gloom peopled with shades which depressingly echo each other's lack of entity.

There was a gap of three months between the time of my début and Poli's projected pre-Carnival season. This gap Liduino was supposed to fill with engagements. I waited for about ten days and then decided to go down to his office and find out what was keeping him.

The Agenzia Serone was located very unsuitably, I thought, for the world's greatest operatic booking-office. It occupied a squalid set of heatless rooms in a tenement on a dark alley. This alley, lightless, narrow, and winding, crowded with close-rimmed shabby houses that leaned across the narrow thoroughfare to glower sullenly at each other, was the famous Street of Saint Peter in the Garden, home of all the agents and most of the cocottes in Milan.

It looked as if a number of the latter had stopped in Serone's antechamber. I thought when I came in and sat down that I had never seen such an assemblage outside of the movies. Over the motley assortment there hung a foul tobacco fog with hair that drifted about her shoulders like spider-webs, and stockings that rolled about her ankles like snakes. After an hour or so of waiting I began to realize that this old station was never the status of all in that crowded room and was admitting them in order of importance.

However, hardly any one was admitted, even eventually, and the strangest part about it all to me was the fact that nobody seemed to care how long the wait would be. Most of them sat resignedly as if in a trance. And day after day, as I came there, I did not find the same ones sitting in apparently the same trance. Sleeping beauties waiting for the magic kiss of a theatrical engagement to bring them to life.

These were not Americans. I seldom if ever saw an American at Serone's.

WHEN Liduino finally could see me he greeted me with surprize and asked me if I had been out of town. It appeared that if a singer was in town the singer should come to the office and remind the agents of his existence.

"Otherwise," said Liduino coolly, "one becomes absent-minded. The singer on hand is the one who gets the engagement. Luckily you have arrived on the point; there is a chance to sing *Traviata* in Rome after the Dalla-Rizza has the première."

My heart leaped. This surely was important enough to please even Poli. Gilda Dalla-Rizza was the most famous *Traviata* in Italy, and to sing the difficult opera after her would carry a great prestige. Moreover, "Traviata" was the opera that Poli was going to put on for me. It would be wonderful to have the opportunity of singing it in a city like Rome before coming to the still greater importance of Poli's season.

"It happens the *impresa* is here now," said Liduino. "Can you go over to the Agenzia Fannella and sing for them immediately?"

I went. The Agenzia Fannella was in a much more chic part of the city, between the Galleria and the great music-publishers Casa Ricordi. Its offices were almost luxurious in comparison with Serone's, and much cleaner. I took great cheer from these outward manifestations of inward grace. But, if I had only known, his agency was as much worse than Serone's as it seemed better. It was notoriously one of the shadiest among the many shady Milan operatic trading-marts.

They were expecting me, for Liduino had phoned. The office opened into a grandiloquent music-room where a discouraged-looking maestro sat making futile passes at the piano. Under pressure he limply played for me to sing the "Ah, fors' è lui" and "Sempre libera" of "Traviata." My gallery of three exhibited moderate enthusiasm, and asked me to begin the duet with the father in the second act and sing until they told me to stop, to see if I could encompass the dramatics as well as the sky-rockets of the rôle. I began the second act. The maestro gave me my cues in a suffering voice, and I sang and sang until I began to wonder if I was going to have to sing the whole opera through before my audience came to any decision.

While I sang the three men of affairs talked. These conditions would have given any full-fledged prima donna a *crise de nerfs*, but as yet I did not know enough to have a *crise de nerfs*. Finally they told me I could stop, so I did as requested and stood docilely while the old Fannella began to describe to me in enthusiastic style all the good points of my voice that he thought might have escaped me. Since none of this information was news to me, I did not feel as twittering as he hoped I would when he announced that they would now go into conference in the office.

THE conference lasted for possibly five minutes, at the end of which time old Fannella came to me in the music-room and motioned the desultorily lurking maestro to leave us. For an hour more I was forced to listen to a eulogy on the glories of my voice until even I began to weary of the subject. Finally I asked him pointblank if the Rome impresario wanted me or if he didn't.

"Signorina!" the old easy speaker exclaimed in outraged tones. "Want you? What have I been telling you all this time? The only thing is you are new in art; you need some one to explain to you what oils the machinery, and here is Gaetano Fannella ready to tell you! You see, unfortunately, this impresario is a very sordid man. He keeps informing us that he has all his solid in this season, and if he has the courage to put an absolutely unknown singer—and an American, at that—into such an important season, he will expect a reward for that courage."

Even then I did not understand, until he made a descriptive gesture. Then I stared at him. "You mean—that he wants me to—pay him for letting me sing? But—but you knew I couldn't do anything like that. I heard Liduino tell you over the phone—about my engagement with Poli and how Poli says I am to have a legitimate career like an Italian!"

"Signorina!" Fannella's voice was butyraceous. "No artist has a *legitimate* career, as you will find out some day. At this point in our conversation let us not deal with meanings of words!"

I rose. "If you all did not care for my voice why did you not say so at first? It would have saved time. Buon giorno!"

I went back to Liduino, who had heard of the "conference" before I got there and was very angry. He resented the fact that his warning to them had been disregarded more than the slur at my talent which I felt had been involved.

"It has nothing to do with your voice," he snapped. "You've got to forget your voice from now on; you are no longer a student; you're an artist! If you hadn't had the numbers they would never have given you the chance to pay. Do you know how much they want you to pay? Two thousand lire. Do you know how many Americans I have who would give *mi len* thousand lire to sing 'Travista' in Rome? But," with regret, "they sing so badly that one can not take the money. After all, Rome is a place of a certain seriousness!"

It was really very funny, if I hadn't felt so humiliated. That one's merit was valued by the largeness or smallness of

Continued on Page 84

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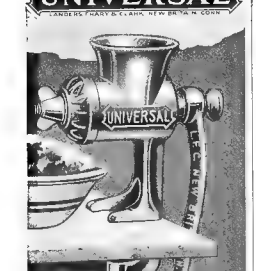

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Continued from Page 82

the sum that one was asked to pay! I was crushed. I felt I could never look any one in the face again.

"I am sorry," Liduino assured me. "But it is always so with an American. If I even say it is an American, before they have heard her sing they demand, 'How much will she give?' I had hoped that this time with Polli's approval back of you it would be different. It still may be different. But we shall have to fight."

I now realized how singers in Milan spent their time. I had often wondered. Day after day I climbed up to Serone's grubby antechamber and sat there dolefully for hours along with the other sleeping beauties. And finally I was rewarded with an engagement.

It was a question of singing *Lucia* at Bergamo. Since Bergamo was the birthplace of Donizetti, "Lucia's" composer, and is rabbit noted as one of the most musical and discriminating in all Italy, I realized that a performance there would be a very important step. I made an audition for an anxious-looking impresario named Difesa (which means Defense), and after a whispered colloquy with Liduino he engaged me. I listened to their whispers as sharply as I could. I was beginning to realize that it would be well to keep tabs on what was going on in this game.

"Of course," I heard Liduino say, "the important thing is that you must have some one who has *done Lucia;* some one that you *know* has been able to get through the part. She has had all those gala representations. You know you can count on her in a pinch."

What did he mean by counting on me in a pinch? Of course I knew the value that lay in the fact that I had already had some performances. There is all the difference in the world between singing an aria or two sweetly in a fresh, young voice and getting through an entire opera in the same fresh, young voice. That is why at the opera one often hears the criticizing superiority of beginners who are second Pattis in their studios. But what kind of pinch was Liduino anticipating for Bergamo?

I found out at Bergamo, a faded Venetian village set in baroque between the plains of Lombardy and the Bergamasque Alps. Perhaps Difesa's plans had not included the possibility that three American girls would all choose the same hotel, but after all the town was small and accommodations for foreigners very limited.

It was with only moderate interest that I noticed two other girls, obviously American and strangers to each other, traveling alone on the train from Milan. My interest quickened a little when they both got off at Bergamo, and a little more when we all arrived at the Modern Hotel together. It became pointed not to speak to one another, and so we got acquainted.

It transpired that both of my traveling companions were students of singing—"on a vacation," they said at first, warily eying each other and me when I confessed to the same.

ONE of the girls was a relic of the days when, because of a certain adolescent activity, growing things were called flappers. She had passed beyond the age of adolescent activity, but she was still flapping with that early persistence which is a prime requisite of the out-of-season phenomenon.

It was obvious that she had been away from America for a long time. She was as pathetically, attractively banal as the refrain of last year's popular song; unconscious of its modal decay, she wore her flapperdom with all the pert audacity of a new style. Her speech abounded with the wisecracks of day before yesterday, which, altho she knew it not, were the cliches of the youth of yesterday.

Her Bobbed hair was bobbed in the fashion adjected by my first flapper heroine in my first flapper novel read by the flappers of 1922; her face was made up according to the prevailing color-scheme of that same year; she smoked cigarets with a swaggering deviltry. Determined sprightliness, with perhaps other arduous effort, had left lines of struggle in a face that still tried to look effortless after it had passed the only age in which lack of effort is excused. Her name was something like Sally Salter, and she had come from New York; how long ago, I tried to find out without success.

There could not have been a more direct antithesis than that presented by the other girl, whom I shall call Flora Cutting. She confessed to hailing from a small prairie town in the Middle West. She was a shabbily dressed, wizened up little thing, shy and reserved, obviously aware of the fact that she had no personality, and painfully eager to atone for that deficiency by being as broad-minded and interested in everything as possible.

Her attempts to sound sophisticatedly Continental made me wonder more than a little about her. One of her timid, inhibited nature would have to live abroad for a long time before she could sound so flutteringly hard boiled about subjects that her prototypes at home would never mention even to denounce.

This type, when isolated abroad for a protracted period, disintegrates more readily than any other. Her companion was a ghost who haunted her own past, marking time in the only bourn she knew; this girl who had never had a past was now obviously tremulous with desire to achieve one, which, with the facilities and surroundings of her present profession, was a rather dangerous idea to toy with.

I became very much interested in Sally Salter and Flora Cutting. We had lunch together, and over the coffee we waxed confidential.

"You know," said Sally Salter, "what I'm really here for is to crash through with a début."

"Why, that's funny!" chirped Flora Cutting. "So am I here to make my début!"

They regarded each other in growing distrust. "I didn't know that they let two Americans strut their stuff at the same time in a good place like Bergamo," said Sally Salter.

"It must be an all-American season," I contributed with a sinking heart. "Because I'm engaged here for some performances of *Lucia* myself."

"*Lucia!*" Sally shrilled. "But that's what *I'm* here to sing!"

"*Lucia!*" Flora quavered. "But that's what *I'm* here to sing!"

THE situation was too staggering for any reservations of false pride. In the shock of discovery we all told one another the truth of what we had done. Sally and Flora admitted that before leaving Milan each of them had paid Signor Difesa the sum of three thousand lire and received in return his written guaranty on a printed contract form that he would furnish a début in *Lucia.* I contributed the information that I had a contract in which I agreed to sing the rôle of *Lucia* "without pretense"—*i. e.,* gratis!

Obviously all three of us were not going to sing the rôle! Flora began to have hysterics; Sally cursed unoriginally. As different as these two were one from the other, their imminent début had brought them into exact similarity of circumstance and they now stood equally menaced by disaster. This launching of their careers was naturally to have been the biggest event in their lives; they had each wired home; their respective friends and families were waiting in suspense for the word that another great star had flashed into the firmament.

I was delegated to see Difesa and ask for an explanation. That gentleman was very much surprized that I seemed annoyed. With a coolness worthy of greater perfidy he exposed his plot in an effort to make me appreciate how well I was being treated.

In every Italian opera-singer's contract there is a clause to the effect that if her work proves unsatisfactory the orchestra leader may "protest" her—that is, throw her out of the cast. The excellent chances for blackmail that this power affords the orchestra director and the resultant lack of security for the singer are among the biggest undermining factors of the Italian operatic stage to-day.

Difesa had not so much planned as

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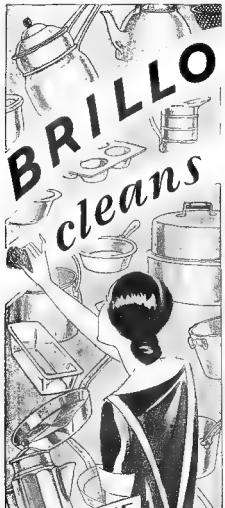

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Continued from Page 84

anticipated that first one and then the other of these *Lucias* would be "protested" by his orchestra leader.

"You see, they are 'dogs'" (Italian slang for "bad singers"), he explained resignedly. "And one can not, after all, let a 'dog' sing *Lucia* in Bergamo. The town authorities pretend that the monument to Donizetti breaks out with a rash like the measles, and that it is catching. So in order to retain the health of the Piazza Donizetti I brought you along. You should be complimented instead of enraged!"

He spread out his hands with a winning smile. "Signorina, if by the merest chance either of those 'dogs' should be any good at the rehearsals, I would let them sing. I prefer to give value for what I receive; this is a commerce like any other. But the town authorities come to the rehearsals, you see!"

So I was an emergency understudy. I had taken this trip at my own expense to suit the convenience of Signor Difesa, to help him prevent two other American girls from making their long-dreamed-of début.

I went back to the Modern Hotel to face Flora's hysterics and Sally's even more pitiful profanity. The tragedy of this went much deeper than the money lost or the fact that it might be months of disastrous waiting in an atmosphere in which they had both already begun to deteriorate before they got another chance to lose some more money. There was another element here more profound even than the obvious fact that long expatriation was rendering their lives sterile.

I had not recovered and will never recover, from the humiliation of that day in Fannella's office when I was asked to pay for singing. I could not bear to think of the permanent wound it would deal these girls to know that, even after they had been desperate enough to swallow their pride and pay, they were not allowed to sing.

Compared to their pitiful state my disappointment was negligible, I told myself determinedly. Of course I could not feel negligible about it, but that was another matter. After all, I had had my début. It was really very unreasonable of me to feel at all badly about taking myself out of the picture.

There was a train to Milan in half an hour. I had just time to pack my bag and pay my bill. Sally and Flora were delighted to help me hurry; without their aid I would hardly have made it. They tried shakily to express regret at my departure, but they could not keep from showing relief that the problem was at least no longer threefold. I gave no reason for my departure beyond the true fact that my conference with Difesa had been "unsatisfactory." However, as I stepped into the *carozza* that was to bear me to the station and remembered with what high expectations I had so recently stepped out of it, my balked hopes expressed themselves in one last snarl at the two who were speeding me on my way.

"The next time you pay any one to let you sing—don't pay until after the performance is over!"

In Milan, Liduino greeted me in utter consternation and complete disgust.

"You have thrown away the best chance you may ever get. And if you knew how hard I had been working to start you in a serious way!"

"If this has got to be how I'm started seriously I think I'll wait for Poli's season!" I cried.

He looked away from me. "I did not want to tell you until you heard from Poli himself, but every one will know in a few days. Poli is not going to be able to give that pre-Carnival season. He has lost so much money on his Fall season that he will have to close his theater until next Fall. You are out—you have no one but yourself to depend on—yourself and me. Now do you perceive the necessity of learning to fight?"

Powerless to speak, I gaped at him. We were in his office, his telephone rang. He answered, talked, and turned to me a face that had already forgotten my existence.

Blindly I stumbled out through the antechamber of sleeping beauties, to the gray-lined air of the Street of Saint Peter in the Garden. What could I do? The one prop on which I had been leaning everything was gone. I was alone without hope or chance or any other weapon with which to struggle on in this terrific battle of Milan.

TWO years have passed since the despair of that moment, but it seems like yesterday. I am now home in America. My career as a singer is established, the battle of Milan is over for me. But it is not over for thousands of other young Americans who imagine that opera is a romantic and thrilling career; who, in a moment of inspiration caused by the ecstasy of hearing great music sung and played by the world's greatest artists, assume that it will be just as inspiring to learn to perform as it is to listen to the performance.

Some of these thousands write and ask me for advice, and, no matter how pressed for time I have been, I have always responded categorically to the questions asked and tried to convey some idea of the conditions they must be prepared to meet and combat along the spiny way to success. But as for giving advice—I can not. I did not take advice myself; why should I expect others to be more prudent than I?

I would not give up my ambitions for any realization the world might offer; and that is why I would not take away ambition from any one fortunate enough to possess such wealth. No matter how many "off with her heads!" along the spiny way, she walks protected by a garment of riches that will surround her all her life, to ennoble her if she succeeds and compensate her should she fail.

JUST A BOY

Continued from Page 27

Now, after fifteen years, the fluidity was all gone. Bits of her lay now, casual jewels, in his mind.

The things she said: "Winnow your words . . . See a scrap-basket emptied in the sky," her finger pointing to a flock of fluttering birds. The way she looked through him to some far destination when they talked. The way she screwed up her eyes, held up her brush across a tree, went up and stroked the bark. He must begin to write—not sit there staring at her another moment, she told him.

So while she painted he began to write. Sun-distilled smells came from the earth—sometimes not a word for hours. He'd never imagined anything like it—the sense of growing. He, she, and the forest, together in a pushing silence. As words, golden words, came dripping from his pen as sentences moved out into a pattern; as by September a book was emerging and possessing him.

Their last day! They would have died if they had known. They called it forty-eight hours that he'd have to spend in town. They called it seeing a boring lawyer, obeying an old doctor. She couldn't bear to think of two days without him. Her brows stood out like homing birds flying. "She loves me!" he hadn't thought it. Somehow it was different from old Tom's affair—in a class all by itself—just he and she. "She loves!" he exulted.

That last day came to him now, a great leap of her. Mimi last night wasn't half so real as The One Girl that afternoon, holding up her painting, turning it this way and that for him to see. So slim in

Continued on Page 88

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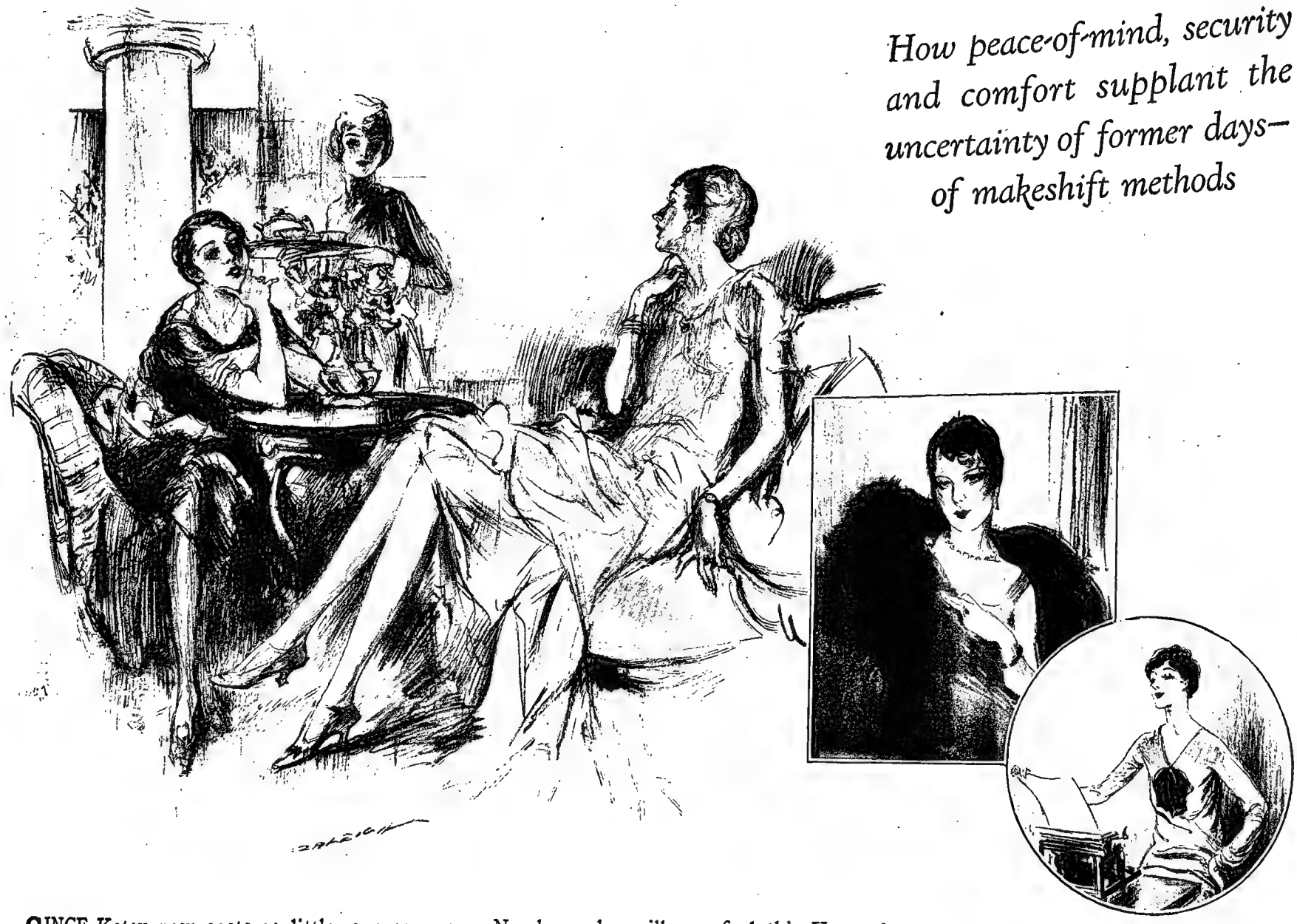

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Use Super-size Kotex

Formerly 90c—Now 65c

Super-size Kotex differs from Regular Kotex only in giving the extra protection of additional layers of Cellucotton absorbent wadding. The advantages in using it in connection with the Regular are thus obvious. Disposable the same way. Doctors and nurses consider it indispensable where extra protection is needed. At the new low price, you can easily afford to buy one box of Super-size to every three of Kotex Regular. Its extra layers of filler mean much in added comfort and security.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

*Kotex is the only sanitary pad that deodorizes by patented process. (Patent No. 1,670,587.)

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A Telephone Call is the nicest sort of Remembrance

A Bell System Advertisement

ANNIVERSARIES to be remembered . . . friends convalescing . . . children away at school and feeling homesick . . . birthdays coming. . . .

Whatever the occasion, an out of town telephone call is the nicest sort of remembrance.

It is the quickest way to reach people. It carries with it your voice —a touch of intimacy no other means of communication can give. And it is surprisingly inexpensive. Few gifts cost so little, yet pay such big returns in appreciation and affection.

Upon many occasions a telephone call is most appropriate. From your own home, you can bid friends bon voyage. Wish them success in new undertakings. Invite them to social events —and know immediately whether they can accept. Make "voice visits" with them no matter where they are, or conduct business promptly and efficiently. Conclude vacation arrangements. Reserve hotel or camp accommodations. Plan to meet friends and relatives when traveling. .

And "family solidarity" is so easily accomplished. Even though other members of the family are in distant places, you can keep in close touch with them *by telephone!* Make it a practice to telephone friends and relatives regularly.

Please Accept 10c Package FREE

You Women are Clever

You know a good thing when you see it. That's why so many of you have written for a sample of Del-a-tone and are now using the large size package regularly in preference to razors, pulling out hairs, and all other methods.

Under-arm deodorant

DEL-A-TONE

Removes Hair in 3 Minutes

The standard depilatory for over 20 years. Removes hair in only 3 minutes from arms, under-arms, legs, back of neck and face. You obtain the same quick, effective results, whether you use the new snow-white Del-a-tone Cream or the old reliable Del-a-tone (powder). Send coupon today for FREE package.

Sold by drug and department stores, or sent prepaid anywhere in U. S. for one dollar. Money back if not satisfied.

Hair-free legs

Miss Mildred Hadley,
c/o THE DELATONE CO.,
Dept. 24, 721 N. Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

FREE TRIAL in U. S. only

Please send me FREE, prepaid and in plain wrapper, 10c size I have checked herewith:

☐ Del-a-tone Cream ☐ Del-a-tone (powder)

Name.....

Address.....

ROSE TREE

ONE TREE $1.00
3 for $2.50 PREPAID

The ROSE TREE OF CHINA (Prunus Triloba) is the most beautiful and showy of all small trees. It begins to bloom before the leaves appear in the spring, being literally covered with very double rose-like pink flowers. As an ornament from early spring until late fall it has few equals. This new tree is a thing of beauty, and the little tree grown easily to a height of just 8 feet, and is attractive as a specimen or when planted in groups or shrub border. It is hardy and easily grown, and no lawn is so small that room can not be found for at least one of these wonderful trees. Many who have seen it declare it to be the most beautiful tree they ever saw. The rose-like blossoms make fine cut flowers.

Choice trees for $1.00 each, 3 for $2.50, by parcel post, postpaid.

SPECIAL For 50c extra we will include three small VASE TREES—fine ornamental shade trees with tulip-like flowers.

Our stock of trees will not last long at these low prices. Order now, and state when you want trees shipped. CATALOG FREE. BURGESS SEED & PLANT CO., 238 T. B., GALESBURG, MICH.

Continued from Page 86

her blue dress, too, he could have done her in one brush-stroke.

Did he see how the branches swayed and touched the other trees? The roots were lonely—"that's life," she said. If he didn't like the sketch he was to tell her. She wouldn't mind. She only minded if he didn't tell her the exact truth.

What had he written? And she cupped her chin in her hand. While across the pages he could see his words spread a stillness on her face.

Afterward he scooped a hole in the ground, piled in the branches, made a fire. She spread out sandwiches, brewed tea, poured out his cup. Afterward she sat on a low branch. He lit his pipe and sprawled out at her feet. Smoke and talk curled in a thousand shapes.

"Your trees—people will beg for them."

"Your books—better and better—then the best."

Would she mind being poor? Anything would be good, as long as they could stay together.

Together—they would be together. If they had shabby clothes it wouldn't matter. If they were hungry, who'd care? His books, her pictures—how would they be strong unless hard luck went into them? People? They wouldn't have time for people, would they? Just working and each other. So he'd got caught up in her vision. So he saw his book as she did, permanent, eternal, growing out of stark little moments. "For it would be hard —desperate, sometimes," she said. But if they saw it through—if their roots were firm —she knew from her painting that real blossoms flowered out.

They walked home hand in hand. Between them a silence that was a living barter. The sound of rows of columns. So they passed through a temple. Night filtered through the branches. Through the windmill door he saw the rafters of the roof, her cot behind her in the shadows.

The way she looked at him—pristine—withholding nothing—their first kiss!

"Quit your kidding." "Don't hand us applesauce." All the way back to town the words had scanned with the engine. Forty-eight hours away from her was a little death. Going away, he knew how terribly he loved her.

HE HADN'T expected Bennett to be waiting for him in these very rooms. "Work for another gentleman!" Not he. He'd given warning last week so as not to keep Mr. van Zile waiting. He hadn't liked to think that his master had been without any one to look after him all Summer. The suit he was wearing now needed badly to be pressed. And he'd have to let a man like Bennett go! He wondered that Bennett didn't see the guilt upon his face.

"Would you care to open your mail, sir?" "Mrs. So-and-so's" requesting the pleasure were bulging from his desk. No one had forgotten him. "A hot bath after your journey, sir?" Would he care to rest? This place had fitted him like an old shoe. Bennett was an economy. Peter would wait until to-morrow to tell him he must go.

"VERY fit if you take life easy," the doctor said to him at twelve Old dodo-birds, doctors, giving out ultimatums! "Take it easy." Pete about to marry. Would Mr. van Zile be inconvenienced if he was asked to settle his little bill? Two hundred dollars was so small, it wasn't worth while to carry it on the books. He remembered now how the man's fingers curved around the bank-notes piling on his desk. And that morning he had two hundred and fifty dollars in cash. Then he was out on the pavement suddenly, with forty dollars in his pocket. Tickets, porters, tips—he couldn't figure where the extra ten had gone. New York just guzzled money. "Taxi, taxi!" Well, if he was to take it easy he couldn't go down-town to his lawyer jerking on a car-strap, could he?

His lawyer! He could tell himself he was mighty glad he hadn't gone into the law. Didn't a writer have it all over these men who lived in cells? No heart in this cold, thin-lipped man who told him without so much as the batting of an eye that he had sent for him to tell him that his securities had shrunk. "You'll have to skin along on four thousand for a while. Lucky you're not married, young man; extremely lucky," the old joker said, his mouth closing like a vise, telling one as plain as anything that he hadn't another moment to spare for a four-thousand-dollar client.

"Good-by, sir." It had been hard for Pete to speak politely when he longed to land a sock right on his jaw.

Out in the street with his heart throbbing in his throat. With a buzzing in his ears. His clubs—he'd have to leave them then! Only four thousand—and he needed a fur coat. "Take it easy," the doctor said. He couldn't work then, could he? "Four thousand!" Harbor House must have cost more than that. They might take one room in town—maybe—suppose he had kids—how could he write? The thoughts kept punching at his heart, bruised it all up. If he had to give her up! That was a knock-out punch. So he stopped and sent a telegram. "Coming to-morrow." It eased him up.

AT THE club he'd forgotten how food A could taste. He hadn't had a thing to eat all Summer. The waiter served "your own special omelet, sir," all to himself, every morsel of it. It was in the city that one got lovely pats of butter, thick cream to pour into one's coffee. And after all he'd never said, "Will you marry me?" But he wanted her, sick for her now. But a man was lost without his club. But he wanted her—more and more.

All day the thing had pulled him this way and that. Dismembered him, that was it—torture. He knew how the victim felt. So at five he was a rag. He flopped into a chair, backbone all limp. And was it any wonder that a slap on the shoulder —"Well, if this isn't Pete! Where you been, old boy?" hand holding out a drink, and then another—fetched him, pulled him up to say he'd dine on the yacht. Glad to? You just bet he was! He'd leave this whole problem alone for a night, decide to-morrow what to do.

The yacht was hard white paint and knobs of brass. Under his feet a thick red carpet. He'd got so used to green spaces, at first he couldn't breathe, or sit easy at a long table burgeoning with fruit and flowers. Yesterday in the forest with her he'd never meant to be there watching his glass filling and filling.

And he'd forgotten too that there were women in red velvet who ate one's bread, lit one's cigaret, leaned heavily against one. "We ought to have met years ago," a woman said as he watched how her dress cut across the full whiteness of her breast. Her name? Couldn't recall it now. Call her a Mimi—for that's what those women were, sharks cruising about for titbits. If a man was drunk, so much the better—for it made him easier. He must have taken quarts. Then some one must have dared him, for he kissed her. "Brave, boy Pete!" he heard a great roar round the table.

Four thousand—but he had to marry The One Girl. And he drank more to make the things he wanted come together.

Up-stairs in the lounge he could feel the Mimi close to him. She seemed to know him very well. "Nonsense, Harbor House," they were calling for his pantomime.

It seemed to him he'd never done the monolog before. He wasn't doing Mr. and Mrs. Tom. It was he and The One Girl that were living in Harbor House. Peter van Zile was mowing the lawn. She was calling sharply from the window, "You're keeping the children waiting for their dinner." Children—they were smothered by them. Pete rocked the

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baby, wiped the eldest boy's nose, saved the third one from falling down the stairs. He was caught; that's what he was. Write? He couldn't even eat, couldn't sleep, couldn't anything. And he had left his friends, his clubs, all for this. Love? She'd caught him, that was all—he couldn't get away. What could be done about it? He asked his audience. What could a man do when a woman made him want her so that he couldn't save himself from walking into a trap?

"Encore!" They clapped and clapped, but the thing to them was Choctaw. The tears were streaming down his face. The Mumi wiped his eyes. "Pull yourself together; have a drink. Home? Nothing!" The host would give him clothes. No party without boy Pete. They were sailing in an hour. They crowded round him.

Well, if she'd cared so much she would have waited, wouldn't she? Just two weeks for her to wait—that wasn't much, was it? For when he landed in New York the railroad-track was an elastic pulling him back to her. What a walk back in the country, down the wood path where they had gone together! The trees had spots of red on them bleeding they seemed to him as he walked over dead leaves, the Autumn chill feeling for his marrow.

The door of the windmill was flapping open; he saw the empty cot inside. Not a trace left of her. Not a thing.

He loved her. Was just as great a fool as Tom had been! The postlady's words, "No address left," made him feel as tho he had stepped out into air. Going back to the city, his hat over his eyes, he had cried like a baby in the rain.

It was later that he thought it out. She'd been reasonable—that was it. Seen the thing fair and square, had taken the chance he gave her. Finished it herself For if she'd wanted him, she would have written, wouldn't she? "Peter van Zile" —there was his name in every social book. She could seek him out. He hadn't hidden, had he? That's why his conscience was as clear as crystal.

Finished!—it was finished. People stared at him mumbling it on the streets. At night he'd tell it to himself over and over like beads strung on a rosary.

But it didn't finish—that was the trouble. It grew worse under layers of Mimis that he used to cover it. If any doctor would tell him, it would be good to ask—how a girl could come back after fifteen years, so a man couldn't sleep for thinking of her. Why, at a crowded theater, would he push past a woman who thought he was her lover, because he saw a girl in front moving her hand to her hair in a certain familiar way? Only last night, hadn't she changed Mimi's lips to artificial flowers blooming in cosmetics?

Finished!—it was to laugh. Whatever the reason was there must be some name for the way he felt her looking now across his shoulder. So if he put his hand up, he would touch the softness of her hair. She was not asking her question for a moment, she was so busy reading the head-line with him: "Harvard Beats Yale—Score 7 to 0." And he felt her start with him to see: "Tom Sherwood Catches a Forward Pass, Runs Forty Yards to Touchdown."

Tom Sherwood! That must be Tom Sherwood's eldest boy—the one with snuffles! He hadn't thought of Harbor House kids like that. Tom Sherwood—easy to picture him—great muscles, body bending, swerving, making great strides, catching the ball now, starting, turning —the Blue team all around him. Holding out a stiff arm, twisting, screwing, scratching ahead—on to the goal-line! Then that moment that you held your breath, and the goal was kicked! Score 7 to 0. The sea of faces. "Rah! Rah! Rah!" —the noise quaked in the air.

"Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood—proud parents," the paper said. So old Tom was there too. Sitting on the bench with his fat wife—probably—talking about his alma mater. Shabby as he had come out of the subway. Gray hair and deep-lined face! Well, he didn't have to worry over the wrinkles—now that his son Tom was on the football field, going strong and carrying on.

He could see a young Tom there on the football-field, plain enough—but the other boy, Pete, that used to run the team—where was he? By rights he should have been there, too. Pete, the quarter-back, working with Tom, always a gain of at least ten yards when he was there. He was needed—the old Tom couldn't have made a yard without him. Young Pete! He should have been there, gripping young Tom's hand, and hearing the cheering, "Rah! Rah! Rah!"—the sound that made a man feel he stood up for his college. Not a sign of him!

A longing could be so strong that it could bend and twist you. Knock you down upon your knees—old, flabby muscle before the blows it gave. No need to ask a doctor now. No need to ask at all.

"Why did you miss him, Pete?" That's what The One Girl meant then! She knew it right along!

A son you missed could grow up like Tom's kids. You never noticed until it had a strangle hold on you. No carrying on any more.

"Why did you miss him, Pete?" The corners of her mouth were lifting—but it was the first time he'd seen tears in her eyes. He had to reach right through her to the telephone to hear: "Hello, boy!"

And it would be Mimi talking. Would he come to lunch with her?

Yes, he'd always come.

But he hadn't said, "I love you"—not in their own especial way. So he heard his voice calling, "I love you." Well, she didn't mind saying she adored him. He was to remember to be punctual. They were lunching at the Ritz!

THE EASTER LUNCHEON

Continued from Page 37

Strawberries à la Femina

(An Easter Fruit Pudding)

¾ Cupful Sugar
¾ Cupful Peach-Juice
3 Egg Yolks
1½ Tablespoonful Gelatin
¼ Cupful Cold Water
¾ Cupful Lemon-Juice
¾ Cupful Peach Purée
3 Egg Whites, Beaten Until Stiff

ADD the sugar to the peach-juice, and heat until the sugar is dissolved and the syrup boils. Add gradually to the beaten egg yolks, stirring constantly. Cook over hot water, stirring to prevent curdling, until the mixture thickens. Add the gelatin, which has been softened in the cold water, and stir until it is dissolved. Add the lemon-juice and the peach purée, made by pressing sliced peaches in a potato-ricer or rubbing them through a sieve. Cool. When cold, and slightly thickened, fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites.

Dip the mold in which the pudding is to be shaped into cold water, as this makes it easier to unmold. Around the sides of the mold lay a row of peach slices. Pour in the peach mixture, and place in a cool place until it becomes firm. This will require at least two hours.

Since fresh peaches are not in season at Easter time, canned sliced peaches should be used for the molded portion of the dessert, just described. From a No. 2½ can you can obtain the necessary amount of juice and the fruit for the purée, and have enough slices left to line the mold liberally.

This dessert takes its name from the garnish of strawberries served with it. If your mold has a hollow center, fill the center of the unmolded pudding with strawberries and whipped cream just before serving, as follows:

Sweeten 1½ cupful of whipped cream. Add ¾ cupful of fresh strawberries cut into pieces and well sweetened. Pile this in the center of the molded pudding, mounding it up so that it stands above

Distinctive

....the importance of being in earnest about developing the natural beauty of hair....

Women who possess really lovely hair attract much attention and appreciative comments. Hair is truly one of Nature's greatest feminine gifts; it is important that its glory be not lessened.

Consider the natural charm of women whose hair reflects the greatest care and attention. You we'l know that dainty hair often replaces personal allurements that are not present among our gifts.

So, when beautiful hair is associated with other womanly glories, the result is fascinating. Hence, women everywhere who achieve the utmost with their hair have long recognized the importance of the California Lemon Rinse. They insist their beauty shop supply it... or rinse, themselves.

Fresh Lemon Juice contains a delicate, harmless acid that removes the soapy curds left on the hair strands after the ordinary rinse. That is why hair given consistent Lemon Rinses comes out true in color, rich in lustre, silky... *it is absolutely free from the curds, and sweet and clean!* It is worth while to personally prove the value of rinsing with fresh Lemon Juice. You will soon see the permanent, vital improvement in the color and finer texture of your hair. The Lemon Rinse is very simple. After the usual shampoo and clear water rinse, squeeze the juice of two Lemons in four quarts of clear water. Mix well. Then rinse the hair thoroughly. Rinse again in clear water. That is all there is to it. Let us send you free "Lemon, the Natural Cosmetic." It tells a lot of Lemon beauty secrets you should know. Mail the coupon.

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MAIL THIS COUPON FOR THIS EVERY-DAY USEFUL FREE BOOKLET

California Fruit Growers Exchange, Sec. 404 Box 530, Station "C," Los Angeles, Calif.
Please send me FREE book, "Lemon, the Natural Cosmetic," telling how to use lemon for the skin, manicuring, and beautifying the hair.

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Compare your Sweeper with this . . .

Amazing Improvement

A NEW improvement, the "Hi-Lo" Brush Control, makes the latest Bissell twice as good. This *improved* sweeper sweeps *every surface, from bare floors* to heaviest tufted rugs, with magic ease. No need now of "bearing down." Just the *slightest* pressure, or no pressure, on the handle for the average carpet or rug. Then the revolving bristles swiftly pick up every speck of dirt and lint. Once you see and try the improved Bissell, you'll want it. Ask any leading hardware, furniture or department store for a demonstration. A Bissell with the new "Hi-Lo" Brush Control (on all "Cyco" models) costs only the price of a few brooms—$5.50 and up (50 cents more in West and South). "The Bissell Booklet" mailed free. Address Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.

The new **BISSELL** *Sweeper* with Hi-Lo Brush Control

So, you're going to clean house . . .

Well, the standard all-round cleaner is SAPOLIO. It thoroughly cleans, scours and polishes kitchen ware and cutlery . . . is wonderful for aluminum. It keeps metal and glaze enamel bathroom fittings sparkling bright, and quickly freshens drab, dusty woodwork. No disagreeable dust or odor.

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SAPOLIO

1869 – SIXTY YEARS OF GOOD SERVICE – 1929

The Cook of Spotless Town,
you see,
Who takes the cake,
as you'll agree.
She holds it in her fingers now,
It isn't light—but anyhow
Twill brighten
her domestic woe—
A cake of plain SAPOLIO

the gelatin ring. On this cream, as it rises out of the ring, lay large ripe berries.

If there are no fresh berries in your market at Easter time, canned berries may be used instead, as follows:

To 1 cupful of canned berries and juice add 1 cupful of sugar, and cook together for about 5 minutes, until the sirup is thickened. Cool. Fold into whipped cream and use as a garnish.

SHIPWRECKED MARINERS

Continued from Page 21

"Afraid that's the last of the bacon." She sipped tea.

"There's more, but it's off. Tinned sausages to-morrow."

"Reminds you of France?"

He looked at her. "No. By Heavens! I hadn't got you."

With studied insolence she drank more tea.

"Wonder what they're all doing," he said. He was feeling rotten. Must be the hot blazing sun. "Another oliver?" he asked. "Bit sandy this morning."

"Not more so than yesterday. You might like to know I'm getting acclimatized."

"Good egg!" he said cheerily. "You'll be back in your old form in a day or two."

"No, I find I can stay."

"Here?"

"As long as you can. I'll fight you to the last ditch. Our temperaments, you know, are incompatible. I'm through with you."

He stared at her.

"Why did you marry me, Vi?"

"I wasn't very old, was I? You had been to the War. You limped and smiled and had a way with you."

He said brokenly, "Then it's all been a—" And suddenly he fell forward.

She laughed. "More fooling, Jimmy?" Then she went rigid. "Jimmy!" she cried. "What's the matter?"

She was petrified. Was he dying? He couldn't be dying. He was young, strong. She shook him. She felt sick. The yacht was in Cuba. There was only the sea and coconuts and sand. What did one do when some one was ill? She was terribly frightened. She must act!

He was like fire—she must get him to bed; she must put cool things on his forehead. She got him into his tent, undressed him.

She half filled a bucket with water, tore a towel in strips and soaked them. But fast as she applied one it dried.

They must be near America. She had friends who holidayed every Summer in the Bermudas, and the Bahamas were off Florida. Surely there should be steamers, launches, yachts.

Running out, she snatched up the table-cloth, and, struggling up somehow, tied it as a pennon to a coconut-palm. She searched the ocean with her eyes. No smoke, no sail. "O God in whom I have never believed since I was a girl, help me!"

Little things she thought of—mostly pathetically useless. But she raised his head, applied wet strips incessantly, and time stood still. She became calmer. Moistening forehead and lips and sometimes even holding him down, she tried to be just both to him and herself in the hopeless tangle of their marriage. *Was* she to blame? She couldn't help being shallow. She had wanted fun—did still. If she were back in the old life again would she be any different?

Night fell. The blackness was awful. Sick at heart, she went out on the beach to set a match to the dry wood she had piled. It kindled. Some one must see her beacon-fire.

But a sudden fury of rain, riding on the trade-wind, extinguished it. Her thin frock drenched, she saw the cone of light that was the bell-tent.

She slipped off her frock, her shoes; she did up the canvas shutting out the night and the rain. It beat a tattoo, even drip-

Miss Jeannette Loff of Pathe Studio never worries about spots on clothing—she keeps a can of Energine handy for their quick removal.

ENERGINE Helps to Keep the Movies Clean

WHEN you see priceless gowns flitting across the silver sheet take note that they are immaculate. They have to be. For, the eye of the camera sees spots that the human eye would overlook.

How do the great movie studios keep the garments in their costly wardrobes clean? With *Energine*, of course.

Energine removes spots—quickly, easily, completely. Leaves no ring, no clinging odor. *Energine* is pure—contains no acid, alkali or caustic to injure the most delicate skin or daintiest fabric. Constant use maintains the original appearance and prolongs the wear of garments.

ENERGINE Cleans Everything

Nothing can take the place of *Energine* for quick removal of dirt and grease spots from suits, neckties, coats, hats, scarfs, dresses, gloves, shoes.

For a quarter of a century *Energine* has been used with success by millions of people. Insist on *Energine*.

Druggists everywhere sell Energine. 35c for 10 oz. can; 60c for 20 oz. size. Slightly higher prices e5rocad.

Largest selling cleaning fluid in the world

LEAVES NO RING OR ODOR
ENERGINE
THE PERFECT CLEANING FLUID

Mothers—Try Mild Children's Musterole

Just Rub Away Pain

Of course, you know good old Musterole; how quickly, how easily it relieves chest colds, sore throat, rheumatic and neuralgic pain, sore joints and muscles, stiff neck and lumbago.

We also want you to know CHILDREN'S MUSTEROLE—Musterole in milder form. Unexcelled for relief of croupy coughs and colds; it penetrates, soothes and relieves without the blister of the old-fashioned mustard plaster. Keep a jar handy. It comes ready to apply instantly, without fuss or bother.

CHILDREN'S MUSTEROLE
WILL NOT BLISTER
MILD
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

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3-in-One oils perfectly all light mechanism in home, office, factory. Penetrates quickly. Stays put. Doesn't gum or dry out. Use frequently and liberally.

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Neat simple and illustrated Dictionary of Uses. Request both on a postal.

Prevents Rust. OILS. Cleans & Polishes

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When sickness threatens, don't gamble on the accuracy of your fever thermometer. The stakes are too high.

If the thermometer you use is marked Tycos, you may be sure that it is the best that money can buy

A Tycos Fever Thermometer should be in every home, ready for use. The children can't tell you when they have a fever. A Tycos can!

We have an interesting illustrated book entitled "Childhood, Youth and Old Age" that we will send free on request.

Taylor Instrument Companies

Tycos Fever Thermometer

STEAKS
are at their best when served with Lea & Perrins' Sauce. Have a bottle on the table; everyone will want it. Serve with a dressing of 3 parts hot melted butter, and 1 part
LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE
Write for free recipe booklet.
Lea & Perrins, 211 West St., N.Y.

ping through in places. She didn't understand her feelings.

It was ten or eleven or twelve? It made no difference. Her eyes ached for sleep, her arms from applying soaked strips of towel. He murmured in his delirium.

Rain dripped on his shoulder; she moved the flea-bag. She sank on the ground, applying strips mechanically At last he was quiet; yes, sleeping There was no longer a beating of rain overhead She thought of the raft she had ordered for the shipwrecked mariners.

And then it came to her. Shipwrecked mariners. Jimmy and herself.

She awoke to see chinks of moonlight streaming through the canvas and to hear his weak voice saying, "Vi!"

She turned round. He was looking at her out of conscious eyes.

"The yacht's not in Cuba. It lies off this side of the island at night. There's a pistol over there. Bring it to me and I'll show you how to load it. Fire it and they'll come for us. I've an idea I'm too weak to walk. They'll carry me. They can drop me in the Indies and take you back to England."

She moved out to the beach. She pulled the trigger. She loaded and fired twice more, then returned to him.

"Before they come"—and she sank down beside him—"I want to tell you something Oh, Jimmy, I've been in hell!"

His voice shook. "You weren't to blame—we're just incompatible."

"It's not true."

"You said so."

"I thought so. But when I found I was all alone here—and you perhaps dying—I knew that I had been a beast. I had been a beast because I had hurt the man who loved me. I haven't been bad, Jimmy—only heartless. There was nothing in anything I did, anything I prized." She lifted his hand to her face "I want you back because you are all I have and I love you. Don't you care any more?"

"Good Heaven, care! You mean it?"

Oars plashed in the water, but neither heard them. She was in his arms, her lips on his. It was wondrous sweet to him.

THE GENTLEMAN KING

Continued from Page 15

but wait there by the château. I'll bring the girl there before they get to the shack."

"Here! What are you two plotting?" The baron swaggered up with folded arms. But apparently he had not heard them, for he turned to Lucy and said, "I've got a job for you to-night."

Peter's heart sank. Would Lucy, his last refuge, be taken away from him?

"I want you to ride to the cache and bring up those six horses we left there," the baron said. "You can start any time. Come on, Peter You've got to get married, boy."

It was all right, then. If only Lucy would show some sense.

The farcical ceremony began. Philippe was forced to give the bride away, and now she stood beside Peter in that windy brigand chapel, shivering. Peter had to hold her hand. It was soft and cold. Was this the realization of his boyish dream? The baron gloated behind them. After their marriage he was simply obnoxious.

"Madame, allow me to be the first to congratulate you. I arranged the match, you know. It has been on my heart for a long while, in one form or another."

The crowd gathered at the door of the chapel, shouting.

The baron was ordering horses to be prepared for the departure of Monsieur Philippe. Everything of value was taken from him—his rich suit, his jeweled cap, even his leather riding-boots. He went away clothed as a peasant, accompanied by the lamenting notary. Peter watched Renée as her brother vanished, and on her face he saw her suffering. And then she fell to the ground exhausted.

"Troubles people never talk about"

—*are often caused by harsh toilet paper*

OVER 65 per cent of all men and women past 40 years of age are suffering from some form of rectal trouble.

Obviously you don't hear much about these ailments. But they exist. And are even common among younger people and children.

How are they caused?

In many cases inferior bathroom paper is directly responsible. The harsh, glazed papers so frequently sold for bathroom tissue may be severely injurious to sensitive membranes.

223 hospital superintendents and 580 doctors recently listed the three qualities a toilet tissue must have to be medically safe: *great absorbency—special softness—chemical purity.*

Millions of careful housewives today ask for two tissues they know are approved by medical authorities—Scot-Tissue and Waldorf.

Scott tissues are made from specially processed fibres. Crumple a sheet in your hand. Note its unusual softness. Almost cloth-like in texture. Examine it closely. You see no harsh particles—no tiny splinters to injure the delicate skin.

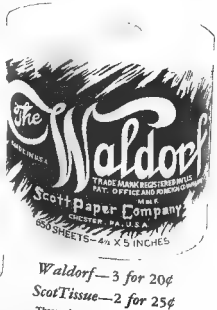
You can prove the absorbency of ScotTissue or Waldorf by dropping a wadded ball in water. It sinks quickly. Ordinary toilet paper remains floating on top for several minutes.

These Tissues are Safe

Scott processed tissues are always chemically safe. Made from the finest fresh materials. They tear easily—squarely at the perforations.

Never again submit your children, your family, or your guests to the risk and discomfort of inferior bathroom paper. Always be sure of safety by asking for ScotTissue or Waldorf. Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pa.

Soft as old Linen
ScotTissue
The absorbent soft white Toilet paper
Scott Paper Company
Chester, Pa. U.S.A.
1000 SHEETS — 4½ X 5 INCHES



Waldorf—3 for 20¢
ScotTissue—2 for 25¢
These prices for United States only.
Fit all standard built-in fixtures.

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At the end of the evening

—the men avoided her

You can't tell when a temporary deodorant will cease to protect you

"EXQUISITE"—her last glance in the mirror had told her! Four years away from home and her old friends had found her lovelier than ever!

But their first enthusiasm wore off quickly. At the end of the evening the men were positively avoiding her—even the women seemed to. Why was it?

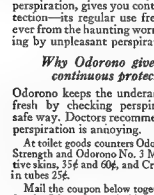
The explanation is that you can never know when a temporary deodorant will fail to protect you. Odorono, which a physician developed to check perspiration, gives you continuous protection—its regular use frees you forever from the haunting worry of offending by unpleasant perspiration odor.

Why Odorono gives you continuous protection

Odorono keeps the underarm dry and fresh by checking perspiration in a safe way. Doctors recommend it where perspiration is annoying.

At toilet goods counters Odorono Regular Strength and Odorono No. 3 Mild for sensitive skins, 35¢ and 60¢, and Creme Odorono in tubes 25¢.

Mail the coupon below together with 10¢ for the Odorono sample kit.



Odorono No. 3 Mild (colorless), for especially sensitive skins and for hurried use. Use daily or every other day, night or morning. Paton freely. Allow plenty of time to dry.

Odorono Regular Strength (ruby colored), use twice a week at night. Paton freely. Allow plenty of time to dry.

NEW 10¢ OFFER: Mail coupon and 10¢ for the complete underarm toilette: samples of Odorono Regular Strength, Odorono No. 3 Mild, and Creme Odorono.

The Odorono Company, Inc., Dept. B-4
214 W. 17th Street, New York, N. Y.

.....

.....

Peter claimed the right to carry her to his room in the stable until the feast was ready. He took his sword and scabbard from Henzau and buckled them to his side.

"Take her to your kennel," said the baron. "We'll come after you presently."

Peter gathered Renée in his arms and pushed his way through the leering crowd.

"Back, comrades!" he cried. "Surely I have won a few minutes with her."

They laughed. But it was the only way he could get her there, to banter and jostle them aside. He was going to escape. He would get her out of this.

When they arrived at the stable he was panting with excitement. "Mademoiselle," he whispered, "we're going to escape! You are out of it now!"

He felt as if she ought to thank him. Unfortunately, Peter had forgotten that he had forced her to marry him by the worst slander that a man could invent. He knew nothing of women. But she was outraged. She would rather die than trust Peter again.

They entered the stable-door, and Peter slid a bolt across the feeble door. Renée was on the floor, leaning against the wall. Peter was stooping over her. "Come quickly, Mademoiselle!" he whispered. "We have not a moment to lose!"

And then he stared at her in hopeless amazement. Her lips were trembling. "Go with you? I will not go anywhere with you! I would kill myself first!" she said.

AS HE knelt before her Peter could hear the rioting of the brigands near the château. In his imagination they were already descending on the stable. He knew it would not take them long to prepare their feast. He knew that the baron would give him only a few minutes with Renée. Then they would snatch her from him.

"Not go with me? Not go? Why?"

She did not deign to answer. She sat on the floor. She was breathing with difficulty.

Peter's voice was acute with pain. "Mademoiselle!" he cried. "If you do not escape with me you will have made of me the dirtiest villain in France!"

She opened her blue eyes. "I will have made you? You accuse me?"

"Listen. Had you married the baron he would have had power to protect you. As terrible as he is he would have defended you jealously as his wife. But now—you will be ruined!"

Peter pressed his hands together in the knowledge that he had only a few minutes.

"Mademoiselle," he cried, "I risked all our lives out there. I told lies, I slandered you and monsieur, your brother, because I know a way of escape from here. I am the only man who knows that way. I found it myself. I took it for granted that you would trust me!"

"Trust you! Why should I trust you? Everything I have seen you do has been dishonest. You ran like a coward from Ardente. To-night you stood on that platform and lied most horribly. And now you ask me to believe you!"

"Hurry! Hurry!" cried Peter. "They're starting over!" He heard the baron's voice far away, assembling the crowd. He pulled the rags from the hole in the wall, and by reaching through it got them on the ledge that lay between the stable wall and the edge of the cliff. He dug up the rope. Feverishly he reached through the hole again and attached the rope to a beam which projected outside the stable Then he allowed the rope to drop over the cliff, so that it would look as if they had used it for escape.

"Don't you think I'm human, even!" he cried. "I haven't married you for profit! But that contract gives me no power over—them! They will take you away from me."

Renée had risen to her feet. "If you did it for my sake let me go by myself!"

"You can not. The way is impossible for you. It is past the guards. A man waits out there to help us. He would injure you without me. For pity's sake come!" He held out his hands.

"Then let me throw myself over the cliff!"

"If you do I shall throw myself after you." She drew in her breath.

The brigands were almost at the door. Peter reached into his pocket and drew out a large knife.

He handed her the weapon silently.

"What do you want me to do with it?" she asked.

"Use it against me or against yourself," he said.

Then, since the crowd was almost at the door, Peter took Renée by the shoulders and pushed her toward the hole in the back wall. He climbed through himself and drew her through after him.

"Hi, there, bridegroom! Open the door!" Some one was pounding on the door. The frail walls of the stable shook.

"Hold on to this crack along the wall," Peter whispered. "This ledge is just a foot wide." He grabbed a handful of clothes and sacks, began stuffing them into the hole. She stood beside him, her fingers in the crack above her head. "Don't look down!" Peter said.

"Hey, you bloody rascal! Open the door!" They hammered and swore. Through the last hole in the sacks Peter saw the door shaking. Then there was a loud "Heave-ho!" They were forcing it.

Peter closed the hole at last. "Follow this way!" he cried "Slowly now! Don't get excited. There's no danger."

Step by step they moved sideways, to the right. Peter was afraid one of the brigands would look around the end of the stable, not ten feet to the left. On his right, in the direction they were working, the stable stretched a hundred feet along the top of the cliff.

There was another "Heave-ho!" as the crowd pressed against the flimsy door, which gave way with a crack.

"They're gone!"

"Call baron"—it was Henzau's voice. "They ain't far away. He's run off with her onto the plateau, the little varlet!"

Renée and Peter sidled cautiously along the stable wall, foot by foot, hidden in the shadow. Yet the distance between them and the cloth-stuffed hole was still not enough. And they dared not hurry.

The baron's voice suddenly dominated all others. "Escaped! It is impossible! There is no escape from Our Lady of the Mountains!"

Fifty feet remained between the fugitives and the end of the stable.

"Look at those rags over there!" cried the baron. "They've been removed and replaced from the outside." He crossed to the hole. "George!" he commanded. "Pull out those rags!"

George did so, removing most of them with a kick of his foot. He squatted at the hole and looked out. He did not, however, look along the ledge on either side of him because the first thing that caught his eye was the rope that Peter had left hanging just in front of the hole.

"There's a rope here!" George shouted. "Get on it and climb down!" commanded the baron.

Reluctantly George began crawling through the hole, legs first. On the ledge, not yet a hundred feet on, Peter and Renée stopped. They pressed themselves to the dark wall.

"Oh, we're lost!" Peter whispered hoarsely. "Thank you for coming with me—Renée."

"Peter! Peter!" she sobbed. She pressed her cheek to his shoulder.

George was on the rope. At last his head disappeared below the cliff. In his excitement he had not seen them.

THEY were still ten feet from the end of the stable. Peter was afraid to move because another brigand was leaning out of the hole to watch George as he descended into the cañon. Meanwhile the brigands were scouring the plateau with torches. Peter could see the flares around the end of the stable, ten feet away.

"We've got to get out of this," he whispered to Renée. "Keep your eye on that fellow. I think we're enough in the shadow so that he won't see us if we move slowly."

Slowly they reduced the distance to the corner of the stable. Nine feet, eight, seven—at last! Peter drew Renée around the corner.

Continued on Page 106

"..flames licked her thin dress.."

CRUEL SCARS from burns have brought hideous, life-long disfigurement to many children. Is there a mother who does not fear them for her child?

Yet how needless are such scars! How needless, too, the searing pain of all burns and scalds!

Almost instantly Unguentine eases pain, starts quick healing—very nearly always no scar remains.

To ward off scars, stop pain — use Unguentine.

Eight out of ten hospitals rely on Unguentine, the standard, *antiseptic* surgical dressing. In seven million homes it is the first thought for burns, scalds, bruises, cuts. Its antiseptic qualities form an effective safeguard against infection.

One tube should be in the bathroom medicine chest—always. Keep extra tubes in the accident danger zone—kitchen, office or shop and automobile.

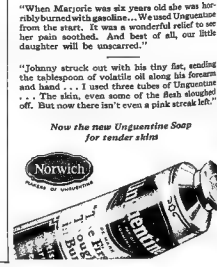
Buy these extra tubes today. At your druggist's—50¢. Send for free household manual "What To Do," by M. W. Stofer, M.D. The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, N. Y. Canadian address, 193 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ontario.

"... *not a sign of a scar*"

"When Marjorie was six years old she was horribly burned with gasoline... We used Unguentine from the start. It was a wonderful relief to see her pain soothed. And best of all, our little daughter will be unscarred."

"Johnny struck out with his tiny fist, sending the tablespoon of volatile oil along his forearm and hand . . . I used three tubes of Unguentine . . . The skin, even some of the flesh sloughed off. But now there isn't even a pink streak left."

Now the new Unguentine Soap for tender skins



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A sunbeam made her cry . . .

HER MIRROR was dimly lighted—a compassionate mirror that told only of lovely contours, charming hair and eyes, white teeth. But one morning a spying shaft of sunlight pitilessly revealed the truth. The skin of her face was *wearing out!* Rounded shoulders still kept the silky softness of girlhood, but the face! In spots it was actually *rough*. She had been so proud of her skin—thought she had cared for it.

The cause of roughened skin is really very simple and may be simply met. Your face is exposed to many drying conditions. Wind dries it. Dust is very harmful. Smoke, always in city air, is bad. Cooking over a hot stove is ruinous. Your face constantly undergoes a weathering process that robs it of its natural moisture. And it's the natural moisture that makes the skin velvety, dewy, soft.

You can see what weathering does to the skin on your very own self. Just compare the satin smoothness of the skin on the protected part of your body with the texture of your face and hands. You started life with the same exquisite skin all over. Exposure—weathering—has made the difference. For it isn't the years that make the skin grow old—it's weathering.

What to do about it? Obviously, this natural moisture must be replaced, otherwise the skin is certain to become rough and coarse.

As a child, when your hands and face became almost brittle from chapping, didn't you always smooth on Hinds Honey & Almond Cream? And didn't the skin miraculously grow soft again—and stay soft?

The truth is that this fragrant liquid Cream possesses just what dry skin needs. How else could it have remained a household necessity for generations?

Will you be fair to your face—will you believe the truth of your mirror? Examine your skin honestly in a strong light. When you are convinced, please try Hinds for a week or two. Smooth it in gently whenever your face is exposed to weathering conditions.

Use it in the morning—as a base for your powder. Smooth it in during the day when you are freshening up. Use it when you come in from outdoors. And last thing at night. Softly work it in until the skin has absorbed all it will take. And we know you will be delighted at the result.

Your skin will grow softer day by day. That rose-petal texture will return. Hinds Cream really never fails. Its many years of universal use for the more serious cases of skin drying (chapping) prove it to possess invaluable power to restore natural skin moisture.

And don't be content to use it only on your face. Your hands need care also—perhaps even more than your face. For hands have not only weathering conditions to contend with, but other things too. Dishwashing, dusting—all the hundreds of things that go with keeping house—to say nothing of sports and the other active ways in which women use their hands these days. No wonder hands soon show wear and tear—begin to look old. They need the gentle care Hinds Cream gives them.

So keep Hinds Cream on your kitchen sink. Then when your hands have been in and out of water, smooth in a little of it. Keep it in the bathroom, and have a third bottle of it on your dressing table. For it's the sensible thing to have Hinds Cream always within reach when you need it—and the secret of beautiful hands is to use Hinds Cream often. It will keep your hands white, and all smoothed out—lovely to look at, soft to feel. Try it and see.

Would you like to try Hinds Cream? We know that even a brief trial will convince you of its benefits in keeping your face and hands soft and smooth. So sure are we, that we shall be glad to present you with a sample bottle of generous size. To get it just send us your name and address on the coupon below.

Even a few days will show some improvement, although, naturally, it's the persistent day-in, day-out use of Hinds Cream that brings real results.

To get this sample bottle, just send us your name and address on the coupon below. Fill it out and mail it now—while you think of it.

"Lehn & Fink Serenade" — WJZ and 14 other stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company—every Thursday at 8 p. m., Eastern time; 7 p. m., Central time.

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HINDS *Honey & Almond* CREAM

LEHN & FINK, Inc., Sole Distributors, Dept. 89, Bloomfield, N. J.

Please send me a free sample bottle of HINDS Honey & Almond CREAM—the protecting cream for the skin.

(PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Name.....

Address.....

This coupon not good after April, 1930

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FASHION TURNS A CHIC BACK TO THE MODE

4737 4767 PARIS—AUGUSTA-BERNARD 4774 4788

4738

PARIS -WORTH 4783

PARIS—AUGUSTA-BERNARD 4784

4738—Louiseboulanger made Paris—and America—adore this butterfly effect on one side, with balancing draperies. Designed for 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 39-inch blue sheer material. Width about 2⅜ yards.

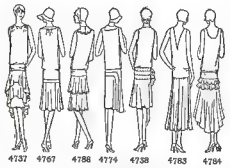
4737—It's important to turn one's back smartly to fashion. The amusing bow and graceful drapes are reasons why. Designed for 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 5⅛ yards 39-inch printed sheer material. Width about 1¼ yard.

4783—The molded hipline, the chic irregularity of the bodice, the floating panels—all mark its new smartness. Designed for 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 5 yards 39-inch yellow sheer material. Width about 1¼ yard. All lace might be used.

4767—The jacket's at the peak of fashion, but this version uses a bow to attain a molded hipline and a newer smartness. Designed for 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 6⅛ yards 39-inch printed material. Width about 3 yards. Twin prints may be used.

4784—Tiny ruffles in a V-shaped bodice simulation point the way to a Parisian chic which is altogether different. Designed for 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 39-inch printed sheer material. Width about 3¼ yards. Chiffon is smart.

4774—The skirt and collar speak of Paris in terms of newest chic. Designed for 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch chartreuse material for dress—⅛ yard 39-inch white material for collar. Width about 2⅛ yards.



4737 4767 4788 4774 4738 4783 4784

4788—Bertha collars, especially when scalloped, are superlatively chic this season. And the bow, the softly tiered skirt, are correctly feminine. Designed for 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 5⅛ yards 39-inch dotted material for dress—7⅛ yards red binding. Width about 1¼ yard. Cottons are suitable.

Patterns, including Pictograf—"step-by-step" directions for Cutting, Sewing Together, and Finishing—are obtainable at leading shops throughout the world, and at Pictorial Review offices; prices given on Page 127.

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PARIS MODES FOR SUMMER AFTERNOONS

PARIS—MOLYNEUX 4787

PARIS—VIONNET 4761

4780

PARIS—ROLANDE 4747

PARIS—WORTH 4758

4771

PARIS—BLANCHE LEBOUVIER 4744

4787—The combination of plain and dotted silks is very new. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 39-inch green material—1¾ yard 39-inch dotted for skirt and scarf collar. Width at lower edge is about 2 yards.

4761—Soft silks fall gracefully into the lines of this frock with its modish interpretation of the peplum flounce. Designed for sizes 14 to 44. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 39-inch printed material. Width about 2½ yards. Rayons are also smart.

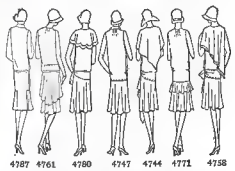
4780—The scalloped edge of the chic cape collar is a clever decorative detail. Designed for sizes 12 to 40. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch printed material—⅝ yard 39-inch plain blue to edge collar. Width about 3 yards. Chic in soft chiffon.

4747—A slenderizing afternoon model with molded hipline, this frock combines a dark print with a sheer pink jabot to produce an effect distinctly Parisien. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 39-inch printed material—⅜ yard 39-inch plain. Width is about 2¾ yards.

4744—The graceful draping of the modish cape collar gives a novel and flattering effect. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 39-inch chartreuse material, 3¾ yards lace banding. Width at lower edge is about 3⅜ yards.

4771—Blousing at the waist and the circular ruffles give this frock its Frenchy air. Designed for sizes 14 to 44. Size 36 requires 4 yards 39-inch printed material—¼ yard 39-inch plain. Width about 3⅜ yards. Chiffon is a chic medium.

4758—Most sleeveless afternoon frocks use one of the chic versions of the cape collar. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch red material—¾ yards two-toned binding. Width about 2¾ yards. Georgette is suitable.



4787 4761 4780 4747 4744 4771 4758

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That delicious interval

When the curtain goes down, and the lights come up, and the landaulet is waiting . . . in that interval, so to speak, between supper and Sardou . . . a good cigarette seems to acquire a New Significance. . . . And perhaps you have noticed that Camels always play the leading rôle in these gay little comedies of pleasure.

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NATIONAL HOME SEWING WEEK

THE week beginning April 15th will be National Home Sewing Week, and all over the country, stores, schools and manufacturers will offer special services to women who are making smart new clothes for their Spring wardrobes.

The clothes that the women make for themselves these days *are* smart, distinctive and individual. They are the true expression of the maker's personal taste and creative ability. Modern sewing machines and patterns have reduced the labor to a minimum. The style knowledge which women have acquired through all the wonderful fashion publications, the stage, the movies and the radio talks, together with the marvelous fabrics which textile artists have produced, make it possible for any woman to create really beautiful clothes for herself and her children.

It is often extremely difficult to find in a ready-made dress a combination of style, color and fabric suitable to your type. The style may be good for you but the design of the material or the color be wholly unbecoming.

When you make your own clothes you have full opportunity to express your individuality. Your charm can most effectively be brought out by the selection of the style that will produce the most becoming lines in your finished dress; by a fabric the design of which will lend itself most admirably to the lines of the dress; by the color that will be most becoming to your type and by trimmings—those subtle touches which give the dress its final stamp of smartness.

This National Home Sewing Week is another inspiration and incentive that has been arranged for smartly dressed women who wish to make their own clothes, and it will pay any woman to visit the shops that are co-operating in this event, and avail herself of the special services which are being rendered her during this week.

Pictorial Printed Patterns are the highest achievement in pattern manufacture. They are smart in style and line, perfectly proportioned, and instructions for each step of the work are printed right on the sections of the pattern. They are cut out ready for use, and there is no margin to trim away or overlap. Each pattern contains a Pictograf which is a complete dressmaking lesson for the pattern which it accompanies. Any woman, no matter how inexperienced in dressmaking, if she will follow her Pictorial Printed Pattern accurately, can produce a garment which will possess all the chic of the Paris original from which it was copied.

4772

PARIS—JENNY
4745

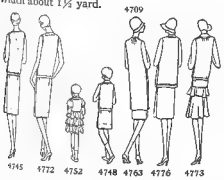
Coat 4709
Frock 4763

4745—Smart for tennis. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch material—1⅜ yard two-toned banding to trim. Width is about 1⅜ yard.

4772—This smartly tailored sports frock may be made of gingham, piqué or shantung. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 32-inch material. Width is about 1⅝ yard.

4709—In heavy flat crêpe this modish three-quarter length jacket finishes many of the newest ensembles. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 39-inch material. Linen is smart.

4763—The jaunty bow and the box-pleats are smartly distinctive details. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 39-inch dotted material. Width about 1½ yard.



4709

4745 4772 4752 4748 4763 4776 4773

4752

4748
Monogram 558

PARIS—
AUGUSTABERNARD
4773

PARIS—
SUZANNE TALBOT
4776

4752—A tiny basque model for parties. Designed for sizes 2 to 6. Size 4 requires ¾ yard 36-inch material for waist—2⅛ yards 36-inch printed.

4748—Monogram 558. 2½ inches, trims pockets. Designed for sizes 6 to 14. Size 12 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch material—⅝ yard 36-inch material to trim.

4773—Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch print—⅜ yard 39-inch plain—7¾ yards contrasting ribbon to trim. Width 2¾ yards.

4776—Checks are modish. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 39-inch plaid material—2 yards 39-inch plain. Width 2 yards.

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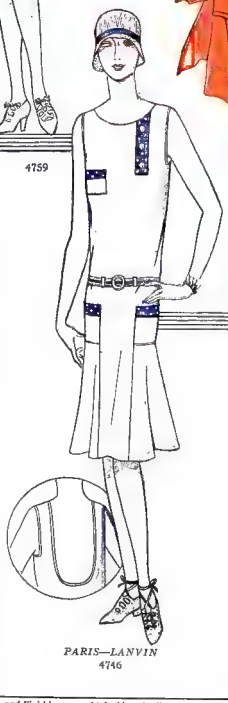
SLEEVELESS FROCKS *with* SHORT JACKETS

4722 Jacket 4404 Frock 4733 4759

4757 Jacket 4258 Frock 4731



PARIS—LANVIN 4746

4722—Light dots on a dark ground make the jacket while the skirt is just the opposite—a smart note this season. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2 yards 39-inch material for skirt—2¾ yards 39-inch for jacket—1⅜ yard plain. Width at lower edge is about 3¼ yards.

4404—Another version of the short jacket is this with notched collar and patch pockets. It may be worn with almost any straight frock. Silk, linen, piqué and flannel are all suitable. Designed for sizes 14 to 48. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 39-inch blue material. Linen is smart.

4733—The bow is very chic this season and here the blouse is slit and fastened in a large bow. The waist smartly extends below the belt. Designed for sizes 12 to 40. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 39-inch checked material—¼ yard 39-inch trimming. Width about 2 yards.

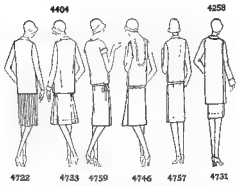
4746—This is one of the new frocks designed to show the sunburned back which is a very effective fashion during the season for tan. Designed for 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 39-inch plain material—¼ yard 39-inch dotted. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard.

4759—Excellent for the resorts and for wear at home during the Summer, is this frock with short sleeves—cut with the frock—and circular inset. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 39-inch print—3⅛ yards binding—⅛ yard white. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard.

4757—Simple lines make this frock very wearable. Its back may be low after the new sunburnt fashion—when, of course, sleeves are omitted. Designed for 14 to 48. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 39-inch check—⅜ yard 39-inch red—⅜ yard plain. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard.

4258—Coat. **4731**—Frock. This coat of the seven-eighths variety, which is also a season's favorite, is especially modish when fashioned of a printed linen or cotton and worn with a plain frock. This frock combines two plain colors which are repeated in the coat trimming, making a striking ensemble. The coat is designed for sizes 14 to 44. The frock designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 39-inch blue material for skirt and coat trim -2 yards 39-inch white for waist and coat trim—2¼ yards 39-inch print for the coat. Width of frock about 1⅜ yard. The new silks are also chic.

One of the very smartest of the season's costumes is that made of twin-prints. A short jacket is fashioned of a print like that of the frock, but the background is dark and the figure light, while in the frock this is just reversed.



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SUNBURNED BACKS MUST BE SEEN—SAYS PARIS

Jacket 4404
Frock 4718

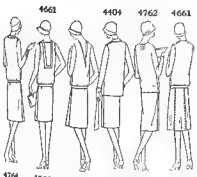
Blouse 4762
Skirt 3828

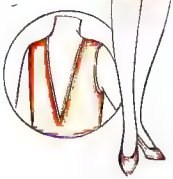
Blouse 4661
Skirt 4777

4764

Blouse 4661
Frock 4766

The mode dictates the vogue of sunburn first—and then reveals the back to show the tan! Smart women will have bare arms and backs all season, wearing the charming tennis frocks shown here. On coolish days, jackets are liked.





PARIS—JENNY
Frock 4745
Monogram 573

4764—These sleeveless, low-backed tennis frocks are the season's most important fashion. The V front and U-shaped back are outstanding. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 39-inch printed for dress—½ yard 39-inch white to trim. Width is about 1⅞ yard.

4661—This blouse, worn under the chic backless frock, enables the smart women to subscribe to this important style without becoming painfully sunburned. The laced front is quite smart. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 1¼ yard 39-inch white material.

4766—Here are the two styles uppermost this season: the vogue for checks, and the vogue for the sleeveless, low-cut tennis frock. Note the U-shaped armholes. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 39-inch check—½ yard 39-inch blue to trim. Width about 1⅜ yard.

4404—All this Summer smart women will be wearing little jackets over their sleeveless tennis frocks. They are most fashionable when simply cut, and patch pockets are much liked. Designed for sizes 34 to 48 bust, 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 39-inch white linen material.

4718—Shirring at the V neck, the low-cut oval back, and the skirt of bordered fabric are distinguished features of this sleeveless frock. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 39-inch dotted silk for waist, 1¾ yard 39-inch bordered. Width at bottom about 1⅝ yard.

4762—Blouse, **3828** Skirt. Blouse designed for sizes 14 to 46. Skirt designed for sizes 14 to 38. Width about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 39 inch blue for skirt and blouse—1⅛ yard blue ribbon—1⅛ yard red ribbon to trim. The sailor collar is a smart new touch.

4661—Blouse. **4777**—Skirt. Blouse designed for sizes 14 to 42. Skirt designed for sizes 14 to 36. Width about 2 yards. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 39-inch lavender for waist—1⅜ yard 39-inch darker lavender for skirt and trimming. Note the tuck-in blouse and yoked skirt.

4745—Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 3 yards 39-inch red—⅛ yard 39-inch print to trim. Width about 1⅞ yard. Plaids are high in the mode, and the circular skirt is popular. The frock may be low-backed and sleeveless. Monogram 573, 3 inches high, is smart.

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JUNIOR MODES FOR SUMMER

4628

4719

4742

4754

4769

4752

4789

4768

4786

4765

4756

4748—The coat is gathered to a smooth-fitting yoke in pointed outline. Designed for sizes ½ to 3 years. Size 2 requires 1⅞ yard 39-inch material.

4628—Chic jacket suit for Summer days. Designed for sizes 8 to 17 years. Size 10 requires 2¾ yards 39-inch checked material —1¼ yard plain.

4719—Shirring at center front gives ample fulness to this party frock. Designed for sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch material.

4786—This frock shows a youthful version of the peplum flounce. Designed for sizes 10 to 16 years. Size 12 requires 3 yards 39-inch checked.

4765—Girls will love this jaunty blazer in gaily printed piqué. Designed for sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch printed material.

4657—Monogram 544, 3 inches high, trims this sleeveless sports frock. Designed for sizes 8 to 14 years Size 12 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch material.

4754—Smocking decorates this adorable little dress for the tiny miss. Designed for sizes ½ to 3 years. Size 2 requires 1¼ yard 36 inch material.

4769—Charming is Chinasilkcora soft voile Designed for sizes 1 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2⅜ yards 39-inch material -1¼ yard ribbon for bow. Rayon is chic.

4752—A quaint model with ruffled skirt. Designed for sizes 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2⅜ yards 39-inch material—8 yards contrasting binding.

4789—Notice the smart bow trimming. Designed for sizes 10 to 16 years. Size 12 requires 2⅞ yards 39-inch material—¼ yard 39-inch contrasting.

4768—Attractive in silk and cotton prints. Designed for sizes 6 to 16 years. Size 8 requires 2¼ yards 39-inch printed material —¼yard 39-inch plain.

4756—The ruffled skirt and jabot make this party frock delightfully chic. Designed for sizes 10 to 17. Size 12 requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch material.

4786 4657

Blazer 4765
Frock 4657
Monogram 544

4628 4719 4742 4754 4789 4769 4752

4768 4756

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4723

4646

Brother and Sister Suit 4750

CHIC FOR THE GROWING GIRL

4750—A charming suit for little brother in red and white. Designed for sizes 2 to 8. Size 4 requires 1¼ yard 36-inch red material—1 yard white.

4723—A short-waisted frock, whose sleeves may be long or short. Designed for sizes 2, 4 and 6. Size 4 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch material.

4646—A smart party frock with circular flounces for the young girl. Designed for sizes 10 to 17. Size 10 requires 3¼ yards 39-inch material.

4092—Pointed lines give interest to this model. Designed for sizes 8 to 14. Size 12 requires 2 yards 36-inch piqué—⅝ yard 36-inch contrasting to trim.

4329—Linen is suitable for this costume. Designed for sizes 6 to 15. Size 10 requires 1¾ yard 39-inch print —1 yard 39-inch plain for the trimming.

4729—Inset pieces give a slight flare to the skirt. Designed for sizes 6 to 14. Size 10 requires 2 yards 36-inch material. (With short sleeves.)

4750—A gay and becoming costume for the small girl. Designed for sizes 2 to 8. Size 4 requires 1¼ yard 36-inch red material—1 yard 36-inch white.

4755—Very suitable is this little frock. Designed for sizes 2, 4 and 6. Size 4 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch white material—⅜ yard 36-inch green.

4725—This model may have sleeves if preferred. Designed for sizes 1 to 6. Size 4 requires 2½ yards 36-inch white material—3 yards binding.

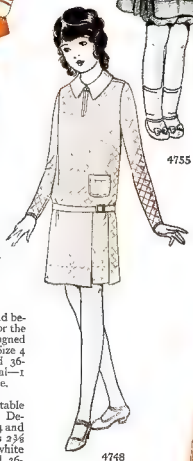
4748—A sophisticated long-sleeved frock. Designed for sizes 6 to 14. Size 10 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch checked material —⅛ yard 36-inch plain.

4724—The pleats are cleverly arranged. Designed for sizes 8 to 15. Size 10 requires 2 yards 36-inch orange material —⅜ yard 36-inch white material.

4668—A smart and youthful ensemble. Designed for sizes 8 to 16. Size 10 requires 2¼ yards 39-inch polka-dot material—1⅛ yard 39-inch plain material.

4755

4725



4748

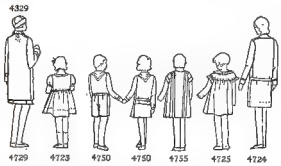
4682

Coat and Hat 4329
Frock 4729

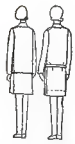
4724

4668

4682 4646



4329
4729 4723 4750 4750 4755 4725 4724



4668 4748

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CHECKS AND PRINTS FOR SPORTS ATTIRE

4782—This jersey jumper, worn over sports frocks, is trimmed by Monogram 540, 3 inches. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch material.

4662—This sports frock illustrates the chic of checked cotton. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch material. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Rayon may be used.

4779—In white tweed or flannel this is a swagger model. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch material —2¼ yards 39-inch crêpe de chine for the lining.

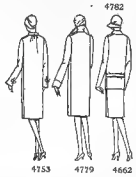
4781—In velveteen or linen you may slip this sleeveless jacket over sports frocks. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch material. Bright flannels are also new and smart.

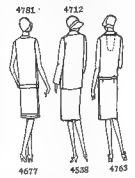
4712—With a sleeveless frock this jacket forms the latest thing in checked suits. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch material. Linen is especially chic.

4538—Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch plain material—2½ yards 36-inch checked for skirt. Width about 1¼ yard. This costume is ideal for sports.

4677—Monogram 558, 3 inches, decorates this frock. Designed for sizes 14 to 44. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch material —⅜ yard darker. Width at bottom about 1⅝ yard.

4763—Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch print—¾ yard 36-inch plain for collar—⅝ yard 36-inch darker. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard.





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THE *modern Singer Electric is most frequently used in the living room. There it is admired by guests for its simple beauty in design. They would never guess, unless you chose to tell them, that your charming table is really a sewing machine.*

The Mark *of a* Modern Home

Its simplicity of design makes this new Singer Electric a piece of fine furniture appropriate for any room

IN *many homes, this new Singer Electric is placed in the boudoir. Here it may be opened and used on a moment's notice. At night the Singerlight on the machine itself throws a perfect light on your materials.*

THIS is the modern sewing machine, created for the modern home. Here, encased in a cabinet of graceful charm, is the finest electric that Singer has ever built. Just to sit before it is to feel the temptation to sew. There is no thought of effort. Press a lever gently and hidden power works for you while you watch.

And when sewing time is over, close this new Singer Electric with two simple movements and set it wherever you would like to have a convenient desk or table.

This new Singer Electric is so new, so different from any sewing machine you have ever used that there is only one way to know its full story. You must see it, try it for yourself in your own home. And we invite you to do just that without the slightest obligation.

When the Singer man calls at your home, let him give you an interesting demonstration. Or simply telephone or call at the Singer shop in your neighborhood and ask for a machine on the Self Demonstration Plan.

WHEN *you see this modern Singer Electric open, ready for use, you will be delighted with the refinement and quiet beauty of the machine itself. The streamline head, the small disc wheel, the concealed motor, the shaded Singerlight—all its lines express the simplicity and good taste that you expect in modern design.*

IN *the dining room the modern Singer Electric is admirably adapted for use as a sewing table. As the cabinet may be had in walnut, mission or mahogany, you can choose a finish to match your other furniture.*

The New SINGER ELECTRIC *Sewing Machines*

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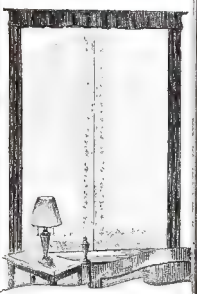
for EVERY WINDOW



FOR THE BEDROOM—Graceful, straight-hung Quaker Tailored Net curtains assure privacy and admit light and air and will replace the tie-back curtain. For the living room and dining room where a more formal style of curtain is required the smart fringed Quaker Net Panels are most appropriate. Smartness and good taste do not mean high price. At modest cost you may curtain every window in your home with Quaker Transparent Net Curtains.

See the new Quaker curtains at the best stores.

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Philadelphia, Pa.

QUAKER TRANSPARENT NET CURTAINS

QUALITY—The Best at every price—$2 to $20

The Spring Wedding

PARIS—BLANCHE LEBOUVIER
4744

4756—A frock for youth's more formal functions and one which may be worn by the flower girl. Designed for sizes 10 to 17. Size 15 requires 4⅞ yards 39-inch material.

4780—A charming design for sheer, summery materials. Designed for sizes 12 to 40. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 39-inch printed material — 1⅜ yard plain. Width 3 yards.

4744—Dignity and chic unite to give this new Spring bridal gown individuality. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch material. Width about 3⅜ yards.

Patterns, including Pictogral—"step-by-step" directions for Cutting, Sewing Together, and Finishing—are obtainable at leading shops throughout the world, and at Pictorial Review offices; prices given on Page 127.

WHEN THE KING COMMANDS

PROVOCATIVE red heels in a swirl of silken skirts... lace mantilla enhancing the charm of coral lips and starlit eyes... and then... the king's own compliments!

This was the triumph of our own American danseuse, Doris Niles, commanded to dance before King Alfonso of Spain!

Such conquests do not depend upon skill or grace alone. Miss Niles makes no secret of her reliance upon Tangee to perfect the charm of her personal make-up. Says she: "Never was I more grateful for Tangee's perfect help than in the land of castanets and mantillas, where standards of feminine beauty are so high."

Demand Tangee today! One lipstick and rouge for all complexions. On sale everywhere. Tangee Lipstick $1. Tangee Rouge Compact 75¢. Tangee Crème Rouge $1. Also Tangee Face Powder, clinging, fragrant, $1. Tangee Night Cream $1. Tangee Day Cream $1. Twenty-five cents more in Canada.

If the name Tangee does not appear on the package it is not Tangee.

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Twenty cents brings you the miniature Tangee Beauty Set—all six items and the "Art of Make-Up." Address Dept. N. R.4, The George W. Luft Co., Inc., 417 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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ZIP ACTUALLY DESTROYS HAIR

Smart women keep their skin immaculate . . .

Unwanted hair not only removed, but destroyed!

Thanks to *ZIP* this year, even if one chooses to eliminate sheer hose, her limbs can be as smooth as if sculptured. Well-groomed women are switching to *ZIP*. No longer do they experiment with old-time methods, for in *ZIP* they find a harmless, fragrant, non-irritating, and non-offensive compound . . . a product which not only removes, but permanently destroys the growth . . . coarse hair as well as fine down. Besides, *ZIP* leaves the skin charmingly attractive, soft as a child's, and banishes enlarged pores. Each treatment further destroys the growth.

It is so simple to use . . . so pleasant. And after a few seconds, *ZIP* . . . IT'S OFF! *ZIP* is the product which can be guaranteed to *destroy* the growth on face, arms, legs and back of neck. I stand back of every package, and speak from eighteen years' experience.

Treatment or FREE Demonstration at my Salon

Madame Berthé Specialist

562 FIFTH AVE., New York. Entrance on 46th St.

IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT

Tell your ZIP Question. Packets contain a full size package of ZIP, and you are sure to get full size packages of my Face Powder, Mascara, Cleansing & Tissue Building Cream and mine Shampoo. Don't miss this offer.

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Please send me in plain envelope full information about *ZIP*, and your guarantee.

Name .....

Address .....

City and State .....

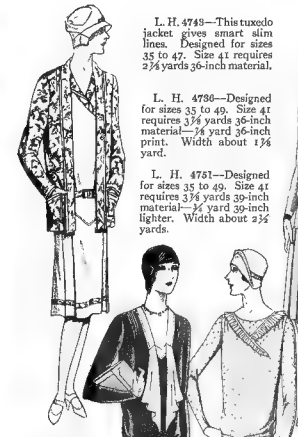
This is a ZIP year SORDENO This is a ZIP year

New Slim-line Frocks

L. H. 4749—This tuxedo jacket gives smart slim lines. Designed for sizes 35 to 47. Size 41 requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch material.

L. H. 4736—Designed for sizes 35 to 49. Size 41 requires 3⅛ yards 36-inch material—⅞ yard 36-inch print. Width about 1⅞ yard.

L. H. 4751—Designed for sizes 35 to 49. Size 41 requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch material—¾ yard 39-inch lighter. Width about 2½ yards.



L. H. Jacket 4743
L. H. Frock 4736

L. H. 4778

L. H. 4751

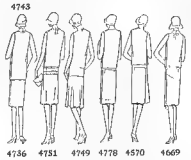
L. H. 4749

L. H. 4749—The molded hipline gives slender chic. Designed for sizes 35 to 45. Size 41 requires 4¾ yards 39-inch dotted material—1 yard 39-inch plain to trim. Width about 3¼ yards.

L. H. 4778—An attractive street model. Designed for sizes 35 to 49. Size 41 requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch material—⅞ yard 39-inch to trim—⅜ yard 39-inch contrasting. Width about 2 yards.

L. H. 4570

L. H. 4570—Plain and dotted silks make this smart combination. Designed for sizes 35 to 51. Size 41 requires 2⅛ yards 39-inch material—1⅞ yard dotted. Width 2¼ yards.



L. H. 4669

L. H. 4669—You will look very slender in this tailored frock. Designed for sizes 35 to 49. Size 41 requires 4¼ yards 39-inch print—1¼ yard 39-inch plain. Width about 2 yards.

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A Smart Fabric is a sure way to have A Smart Frock

Lovely designs and colorings make all ABC fabrics smartly distinctive, and the three letters on the selvage assure you that the loveliness is permanent! Innumerable launderings will leave the color as fresh, the design as clear, the texture as soft to your fingers as they were originally. ABC fabrics are guaranteed to give complete satisfaction. If for any reason they do not, we will gladly refund the cost of the material and making.

See the new ABC spring designs for women's, misses' and children's frocks and for home decorations. You will find them all pleasingly moderate in price.

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ABC *Silk and Cotton Prints* ABC *Batiste*
ABC *Butty Satinette* ABC *Dimity*

Write for "Fashions for Flying Fingers," a booklet which adapts the new spring mode for the home dressmaker, and interior decorator.

ARTHUR BEIR & CO., INC.
41-45 White Street, New York City

ABC Fabrics

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The Little Milk Rebel's

"I Won't"

is easily changed into

"I Want"

THE war is over. The battle of "three glasses of milk a day" is won. Little milk rebels who never before would touch milk are surrendering. And that other bigger army of children who never quite finish their glassful have forgotten their "won'ts" and now have the "wants"... all since the coming of this creamy, delicious chocolate "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk mixed at home.

Builds Normal Weight

Thompson's, you know, is whole cream milk "DOUBLE MALTED". When you add it to plain milk, oh what a change it makes! The monotonous taste of plain milk changes to delightful chocolate malted milk. And when children add this "DOUBLE MALTED" nourishment to their meals they soon add weight and gain strength.

Thompson's doubles the nourishment of the plain milk to which it is added. It supplies quantities of organic calcium and phosphorous to help strengthen teeth and bones and growing muscles. No trouble at all to prepare. Children make it for themselves—and drink it without coaxing.

Your grocer or druggist has Thompson's "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk —Chocolate flavor or plain. 30 servings to every pound.

Special Shaker Offer

Thompson's Malted Milk Co.
Dept. 45-A, Waukesha, Wisconsin
Please send me a large size, 75c value aluminum shaker and a sample of Thompson's "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk. I enclose only 25c to cover packing and mailing costs.

Name_____
Street_____
City_____ State_____

Continued from Page 92

The danger now was from the searchparties on the plateau. But no one knew the plateau as well as Peter. He took Renée's hand. Crouching over, they ran through paths in the tall brush, keeping near the edge of the cliff, pausing once to hide as a party passed close with flaming torches.

Peter began to wonder about Lucy. Suddenly he realized that he had no weapon but his sword, which would be an awkward one at such close quarters. He turned to Renée. "Mademoiselle," he said, "I shall presently need a small weapon. Would you trust me enough to let me have the knife a moment?"

She had forgotten the knife.

"Oh, Peter!" she cried. "I don't want it."

She reached into her bosom and drew it forth. He took it from her and pressed her fingers. "You are an angel from heaven—to trust me."

They crept forward and at last he saw the thin form of Lucy standing with folded arms at the corner of the château wall.

Hand in hand, Peter and Renée approached. "Peter, you're going to get us into a lot of trouble. The devils are mad." Lucy whispered.

Peter did not answer. He had opened the knife. He walked straight up to Lucy and pressed the blade to his stomach.

"Lucy, if you move I'll rip you up. Quiet now. Any noise will be your last."

"Peter!"

"Are you going to do as I tell you?" Peter's face was two inches away from Lucy's. "Don't you think I can fix the baron?" he whispered fiercely. "I'll just tell him I wanted you to have this girl. Haven't you got the courage to take her?"

Lucy could not answer. And Peter suddenly gave the knife a little push.

"Are you going to take this girl where I tell you to?"

"Yes—I'll take her——"

"Good! Do you see that ledge along the château wall?"

Lucy nodded nervously.

"Just go along that to the other side of the château. I follow you and the girl follows me. And no noise."

A strange group of fugitives glided noiselessly between the dark hulk of a robber castle and a seemingly bottomless cañon! The excitement upon the plateau increased, for Henzau had returned from the blackness of the cañon, reporting that the rope simply ended in air.

Meanwhile the fugitives were making good time, for the ledge along the château was much wider than that along the stable. They reached the small open space between the château and the needle-rock. Here the ground was unfamiliar to Peter, since he had never been allowed to traverse it. Nevertheless, he ordered Lucy ahead, and by dodging through the thick brush they were able to reach the needle-rock without being observed. Peter whispered further directions.

THE great rock bulged out above them, shielding them from the observers on top of it. As they followed a precarious shelf around it, they could hear the guards shouting to the search-parties on the plateau.

Peter and Renée and Lucy circled the giant rock and stood at the base of it, looking out to the stars across the precipitous cañons that led down into the valleys of France. Just to his left Peter could see the trail, glittering white in the moonlight, exposed to the eyes of the brigands' guards. Then it disappeared and plunged down, down, down!

"Name of Mary, Peter, where are you going?" Lucy was whimpering.

Peter did not answer at first. Then he extended his arm. "Down there!" he said.

"No, no! I don't dare run away! And, Peter, they'll see us!"

"Do you see that shadow reaching down into the cañon?" Peter pointed. "A little spurt across the moonlight, and then we reach the shadow. If we keep to it they can't see us. The devils are making so much noise on the plateau that they can't hear us. When we get far enough along, we can cross over to the trail and run down faster than the horses."

"Peter, you've ruined me!"

Peter put his hand on Lucy's shoulder. "If we get out of this you'll never be able to thank me enough!"

For a moment Lucy hesitated. Then he set forth down the side of the mountain, dashing like a sprinter across the moonlight. Peter and Renée followed.

JUST then the baron on the plateau, standing with folded arms not a hundred yards from the base of the needle-rock, cried, "Keep your eyes open for the horse-boy, guards! He's run off with the mademoiselle. We think he went over the cliff. But watch the trail."

"Very well, sir!"

And just then Lucy and Renée and Peter reached the shadow which would lead them safely down the mountain. The guards had all turned toward their leader as he shouted his command, and thus had not seen them dashing across the moonlight.

Peter turned to Renée.

"Are you all right, Mademoiselle?"

"Yes, Peter."

"We have a terrible descent for a hundred yards. Then the trail will be easier. You must let me help you."

"Already you have helped more than I could have asked."

"If anything happens to me I think you can handle Lucy. You see how I do it."

"Yes. You are wonderful. But if anything happens to you I won't want to go on, I——"

"Well, nothing will," he interrupted her. They were balancing from rock to rock as they spoke. Peter was supporting her. "Not so fast, Lucy," he said to the hurrying form ahead of them.

There were many dangerous drops, places which, it seemed to Peter, were impossible for mademoiselle to cross. And yet they reached the trail.

In spite of Lucy's terror, Peter insisted upon a pause so that mademoiselle could rest a while. He saw that her shoes had been cut by the rocks. He tore strips of cloth from his coat and bound them around her feet. When he was through she smiled, and put out her hand to him. He took it in his and drew it to his lips.

"Forgive me for all the offense I have given you," Peter said. "If we get out of here perhaps you will let me tell you—"

"Perhaps I understand already."

"Hereafter you will trust me?"

"Of course, Peter."

"You give me all that I could ask!" he cried. He turned resolutely toward the drop below them. A few feet away Lucy stood in the moonlight. He was on the point of rebellion.

But just then they were all three terrified by the sound of firing above them, of shouting and oaths. It was as if civil war had broken out in the brigands' camp.

"Dear Mary!" cried Lucy. "We're lost!"

Peter replied, "Not yet! Hurry. We can go faster than the horses!"

Lucy turned and fled down the trail.

They stumbled on, falling, sliding. That diabolical plateau vanished farther and farther above them. They reached the cache, retreated among its sheltering pines, saddled three horses; rode down, and down, and down, toward the valley, toward the opening of the cañon jaws. The vexing question now was what to do with Lucy. Peter did not want him to accompany them any farther.

So Peter said to him, "You have rendered me a service to-night for which I can never repay you, Lucy. But if you stay in that brigand camp you are going to be killed. I want you to get on a horse and ride away, and spend two years working hard. At the end of that time, if you've been honest, you are to go to Paris. There you are to look up Mademoiselle Renée Duprès, who will reward you beyond your dreams. She will be able to tell by your eyes whether you have made good or not."

Peter turned and looked shyly into Renée's eyes. He grinned. "She knows everything," he said. "She knows much more than I do, Lucy."

Continued on Page 108

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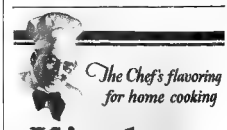

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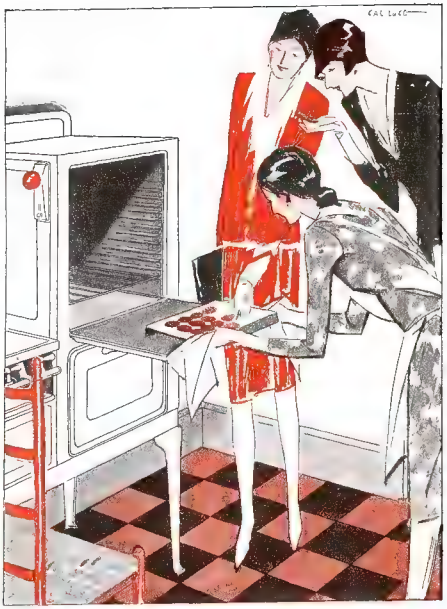

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FOR THE GUMS

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

Continued from Page 106

Renée laughed. "Nonsense, Peter."

And so it was decided. Lucy swung into his saddle and led them at a gallop to a fork in the trail. Here he himself followed the main trail to the left, planning to reach the nearest town as soon as possible. He had a little money with which to give himself a start in life. Peter and Renée chose the small path to the right, which led through a cañon toward the Paris highway.

By dawn they were almost out of reach of the baron, and about nine o'clock they reached a sycamore-grove at the foot of the mountains. Here they sat down to rest by the side of a clear spring. Renée bathed her face and hands and then lay down at the foot of a large tree. After tying the horses some distance away, Peter returned and sat near by.

Renée lay back on the soft earth and looked up at the sky. Last night, at sunset, she had been riding toward Savoy to be married to a great prince. Now, by early morning, she had lost her father, had been separated from her brother, and married to a ragamuffin. She looked at Peter curiously.

Then, as she studied his dirty, unshaven face, she realized that she had grown up overnight. In twelve hours she had been converted from a girl to a woman. And Peter had had something to do with this. She could not explain what it was about him that gave him such an influence over her. She set it down as his courage. Or was it perhaps his quick mind? Last night she had thought him the most depraved ruffian in the world. This morning he had become a kind of hero. He had dared to thrust himself forward, in the guise of a clown, with the purpose of outwitting the baron.

How had he been able to tell that this was the only way out? It seemed miraculous to Renée. And then she remembered suddenly that she was married to him. How dispassionate had his motive been there? He had her at his mercy now, didn't he? The horse-boy, her former lackey, was her master!

She certainly did not like the feeling of being in Peter's power. That was what had balked her in the stable. She shuddered as she remembered how Peter had handed her the knife. Very coolly of him. But she did not know whether to distrust his cleverness or to love his courage.

Peter, too, sitting cross-legged a few feet away from her, was thinking how much he had changed. His life with the outlaws had been a stage in his career. It was passed now; he would never be like that again. No. From now his prey would be gentlemen rather than brigands.

The end does not necessarily justify the means, he thought, but it might. Had he not been justified in accusing Renée—for he had saved her life by that. He looked over at her. He could not trust his eyes.

THEN she looked up at him.

He thrilled as he looked deeply into her violet eyes. But as he looked Peter felt that he had gained power in another way too. He had gained the power to make a woman do his will. Then something went wrong with Peter's heart. This was his wife!

"Renée," he said. "You are——"

He stopped.

She stirred uneasily. After all, anything in the way of sentiment between them, now that the night was over, would be impossible.

"You have changed me," Peter said softly. "I can go further now."

She did not answer. She wanted to get up, but she was very tired.

"You have changed me," Peter said again. There was silence. Presently he reached into his coat pocket and drew out two papers. His hands were trembling. He put his father's letter back in his pocket. The other paper was the marriage contract. Without unfolding it he passed it to her.

"I don't consider you married to me," he said.

Renée looked at him inquiringly. Why shouldn't he consider her married to him? She dropped her eyes.

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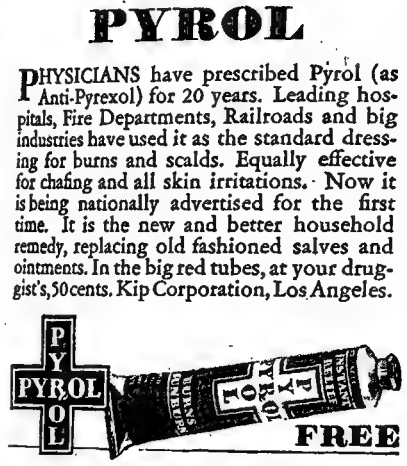

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"Take it," Peter said. "Throw it away whenever you want, but don't throw it away until we reach safety, because we may need it."

Renée looked at him intensely. Something in his eyes forced her to reach out and take the paper from him.

"Why did you make me marry you?" she said, and her voice was sharp.

Peter was astonished. "But there was no other way out."

"Was that your only reason?"

"There are many reasons for everything I do, Mademoiselle," he said.

Renée bit her lip. She was going to cry, perhaps. At last she managed to say, "Thank you, Peter—anyway."

"I married you," Peter said, "to save your life. But you must know that I love you."

She turned on him, her eyes flashing. "What right have you to love me? You!" Then she caught herself. She covered her face with her hands and struggled to keep back her tears.

Peter was simply helpless. He decided that he didn't know so much about life, after all. Why was she so ungracious?

He rose violently. "Come on, Mademoiselle," he said. "We are getting nowhere."

She allowed him to help her up. Then she slipped the marriage contract into her bosom, and followed him toward the horses.

THE girth of Peter's saddle had slipped and he spent some moments adjusting it. While he did so Renée stood beside her horse, fingering the saddle-skirt reflectively.

Peter fixed his saddle and crossed to Renée, to help her to mount. Unexpectedly she reached out her hand and took his, and pressed his knuckles with her slim fingers.

"I'm sorry for what I said, Peter."

He smiled. "But you were just, Renée. I have no right to love you." He looked down at her beautiful, tired face.

"Perhaps," she said. "But if you love, you can't help it, can you?"

Peter thrilled. He put his hands on her shoulders gently. "No. I can't help it. You mustn't mind."

What were they waiting for? They had forgotten social castes. They stood close together, he looking down at her.

Renée regarded him seriously. They spoke to each other without words. He could not resist bending down to her face. Then suddenly his lips were on hers. He gathered her to him in despair and love. He felt her breast pressing against him.

"Renée," he whispered. For the first time in his life he was afraid. "It's just one moment," he whispered. "Then I'll go. I'll never trouble you again."

She could not speak. She took a deep breath and threw her arms around his neck. "Peter—dear."

She kissed him again.

A little later he smiled down at her. "You're the only thing in the world that I don't understand," he said.

"You must be awfully stupid, Peter." She sighed and smiled in a way that made Peter kiss her again. They had forgotten the brigands behind them. They had forgotten the civilized world ahead of them. They were happy and alone.

AND yet fate was pressing on them; they could not stay here long. Peter released her and helped her to mount. She leaned over from her saddle and looked into his eyes. She patted his cheek.

"You're a wonderful person, Peter."

It was high noon when they reached the main road. They stopped on the edge of it because Renée thought that she recognized it. She thought her cortège had driven along it last night. Taking a chance that this was so, she and Peter turned to the right.

They made a curious pair. Peter's coat was torn; his trousers were bagging; his legs were bare. Renée held a cloak close around her. Under it she wore a rich dress that had been studded with jewels. Her hair was tumbling about her shoulders; her face was tired and worn; her dress, stockings, and shoes were in tatters.

They rode wearily for about three

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miles before meeting any one. At length an old peasant approached. They drew rein and asked if there was an inn near by. Yes, there was an inn two miles down the road. The fugitives started on again bravely.

"I haven't a sou," said Peter.

"Neither have I, Peter. But I have a diamond ring which used to belong to my mother. I keep it on a chain around my neck. We could give it to the landlord until some one helps us."

"Yes," said Peter. "We can put it up for security without any danger of losing it. You stop at the inn. I'll borrow a fresh horse and go to the governor of the nearest town. A diamond ring would impress the landlord with our wealth."

When they were almost at the inn Peter turned to her timidly. "Renée," he said.

"Yes, Peter?"

"Mr. Landlord will be very suspicious of our looks."

"I should think so. But tell him who I am, Peter."

"Yes, yes. But he'll want proof. Now, if you would let me have that marriage contract I could prove enough to satisfy him."

"Peter, you should not have hesitated to ask me," she said, looking up at him.

She produced the contract and the ring from her bosom. Peter put them into his pocket.

At the inn the landlord was indeed suspicious. Peter told him a good story. Peter claimed nobility for himself, as well as for Renée, and as added proof drew out the marriage contract. He shoved it energetically under the landlord's nose. Peter watched the landlord, and saw by a slight flinching that he could not read; whereupon Peter bullied him the more.

THE landlord consented to take the ring as security for a room and a horse if the lady would stay behind while Peter departed. Peter saw that Renée was comfortable in her room, and urged her to go to bed until he returned.

The landlord said that there was a town in either direction. The governor of the nearest town was unknown to Renée. At the village in the other direction, however, there was a Monsieur de Gans. Renée, hearing this name, cried that she knew him well. Monsieur de Gans had fêted the Duprès family on their unlucky trip just one night before they had been attacked by the brigands. She shuddered. Yesterday.

When the landlord left them in their room Peter turned to her. They faced each other. Peter wanted to kiss her, yet he had promised never to again. He must not presume; he must not make it harder for her. But then she was in his arms and he was kissing her without a word, and he could see nothing. He felt her pushing him away gently. He groped for the door, opened it; he was going down the stairs; he was on a horse, riding somewhere—riding to get Monsieur de Gans to take her away.

Peter rode hard. The highway wound in and out among the hills. It was a mountainous country in which he seemed to be curving to the left all the time. About two o'clock he caught sight of the town and was soon galloping down the main street, scattering the children and dogs. He inquired for the governor's residence and was directed to a château half a mile away.

Peter had difficulty in getting past the governor's guards with his ragged clothes, but the jeweled hilt of his sword, which he displayed ostentatiously, was for once an advantage. He raised such a clamor that they sent to inquire of the governor whether a ragged person with a jeweled sword might be permitted to see him. Upon hearing the nature of Peter's errand de Gans rushed out of the château and interviewed him in the courtyard.

"I caught up to the party with papers for mademoiselle the morning after the family left your château," Peter said hurriedly, by way of explaining his own situation. "That evening, toward dusk, we were attacked and overcome by a band of outlaws."

"The Thousand Devils!" cried de Gans. "We have had about enough of them. Sergeant! A horse! Two horses!

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and three grooms! Go on, Monsieur," he turned back to Peter.

"There was apparently an old feud between his lordship of Duprès and the leader of the brigands," Peter continued vaguely. "The outlaw's name was Riancourt."

"De Riancourt!"

"Monsieur," said Peter, "he has killed the count."

"Killed! But this is impossible! Oh, Heaven! What will the King say?"

"I will speak to His Majesty in your favor," interrupted Peter. "I do not see that it was your fault. The state itself is responsible."

The horses arrived with a clatter of hoofs on the stone courtyard.

"Monsieur Philippe is—where?" asked de Gans before throwing himself into his saddle.

"He is safe," Peter said, "tho I don't know where he is."

"And mademoiselle is at the inn?"

"Mademoiselle is at the inn. I was able to bribe one of the outlaws, who showed us down the mountain——"

And so forth. As they galloped away to rescue Renée, Peter managed to construct a very plausible story. He was mounted on a fresh horse The one he had borrowed from the landlord would be returned the next day by de Gans. Peter was dizzy with fatigue. Forgetting his promise to Renée that he would be Peter the horse-boy when he saw her again, forgetting that he could never really marry her, his one desire was to see her, to press his tired heart close to hers.

Monsieur de Gans refused to go to the inn by the highway; he knew a short cut which wound more directly among gulches and valleys and hills. Thus they cut off at least four miles. They reached the main road a couple of miles below the inn and were soon galloping up to the door. Two of monsieur's grooms threw themselves from their horses and helped Peter and Monsieur de Gans to dismount.

The governor ran up to the landlord. "The Lady Renée is safe?" he cried.

The landlord spread his hands. "I do not know, Monsieur."

"Well, tell her that Monsieur de Gans has arrived and waits below at her service."

"Monsieur," said the landlord, "the lady left these three hours ago."

"What! Where? Where did she go?"

"A gentleman, Monsieur, whose name I do not know, took her away."

Peter was falling forward. One of the servants caught him. "Away?" he cried, his face ghastly. "Gone away!"

"Yes, Monsieur," said the landlord again. "The lady left here these three hours ago."

HAVING ascertained from the landlord that the gentleman was accompanied "by many attendants" and had taken the lady off in the direction of his own town, Monsieur de Gans ordered his troops to mount. He certainly had no time to lose over Peter, who was seated at a table of the inn with a glass of cognac in his hand. All Peter had said for the last few minutes was, "And she left no word? She wrote nothing? She said nothing—not a word?"

And the landlord continued to rub his hands and bow. "No, Monsieur. Not a message, not a word."

"But what did this man look like?"

"He was pale, Monsieur, and thin. He was her brother, I think."

"He had a scar on his face?"

"No, Monsieur. A handsome face. No scar on his face."

"Did she go willingly?" he asked.

"Quite willingly, Monsieur—yes, yes, willingly."

"Did she leave that diamond ring, man?"

"Yes, Monsieur. The monsieur had no money and left it for security."

"Come on!" cried de Gans, hurrying for the door.

Peter watched his back for a moment. Then he said, "I have business toward Marseilles, Monsieur. I will not go with you."

Monsieur de Gans, not at all sure of Peter's pedigree, stopped and turned.

"Who are you anyway, Monsieur?" he demanded.

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"Well," said Peter slowly, "my true name must remain unknown. I am, however, intimately connected with Mademoiselle Renée Duprès. I have papers to prove my identity."

"Where are they?"

"Monsieur, as a gentleman I ask you not to demand them of me. They are personal to the demoiselle. She has conjured me to keep them secret." For the first time Peter remembered that he had not given Renée the marriage contract with which he had bluffed the landlord.

"Well, very well," broke in Monsieur de Gans.

"A moment, Monsieur. Those brigands took all my money. Mademoiselle Renée managed to rescue a diamond ring which she gave me to cover the expenses of my journey to Marseilles. This landlord has it in his possession. Will you please ask him to give me a reasonable price for it?"

"Oh, but, Monsieur," cried the landlord, "I can not——"

"The devil you can not, villain!" cried Peter. "Yes, you can lend me a hundred pounds for it! I'll pay you a hundred and fifty for the return of it when I reach my friends. But mind you don't lose it!"

THE landlord was overcome by the bargain. He rubbed his hands. "Yes, Monsieur, yes. I can do that if Monsieur de Gans says so."

"And how about pleasing me?" said Peter. "I will write you a receipt for the ring.

"But you can give me no proof of your identity, sir?" asked the governor.

"Monsieur," said Peter angrily, "under ordinary circumstances I would be offended by such a request. The only proof that I can offer you of my connection with Mademoiselle Duprès is this honest fellow's word. Did I not escort the lady hither, fellow?"

"Yes, Monsieur. Oh, yes, Monsieur."

"Will you kindly drop the 'Monsieur,'" said Peter fiercely. "I am his lordship."

"Ah, pardon, my lord. Certainly, my lord."

"And the lady showed you our papers from the King, did she not?"

"Yes, my lord; you showed papers."

"Where are those papers?" asked de Gans.

"She has taken them, Monsieur. They are hers." Peter eyed him steadily. He turned back to the landlord. "What was said about that ring by the gentleman who took her away?"

"The gentleman said that the brigands had taken all his money, my lord; that he would leave the ring for security; and that it would be redeemed."

"Well, that's just what I've been telling you!" cried Peter.

"Yes, my lord."

"You are quite sure that I am no brigand, fellow?"

"No, my lord—oh, I am sure you are not such."

"She was with me voluntarily?"

"Oh, Monsieur!"

"Well, then," said Peter, "give me pen and paper. I will write you a receipt for the hundred pounds and a promise to pay one hundred and fifty for the return of the ring within a year. And by this sword," he added, laying it openly on the table so that the expensive hilt was obvious, "you shall be paid."

"May I ask," said de Gans, "how my lord managed to escape the brigands with so handsome a sword?"

"Monsieur," said Peter dramatically, "my sword and my life are one."

The landlord produced writing-materials. Peter wrote his contract easily, with a flourish. This and the sword were his last cards. They had their effect. He kept talking while he wrote. The two men were shifting uneasily on their feet.

"Now, Monsieur de Gans," said Peter, "I will ask you to take no responsibility beyond signing this as a witness to the transaction. I know here will possess the ring for security. But one moment—"

He took another paper and wrote hurriedly:

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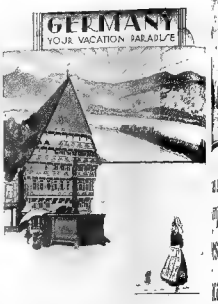

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Your humble and obedient servant,

PIERRE LORD P.

"Now, Monsieur de Gans," said Peter, "you had better hurry after the lady at top speed and deliver this to her."

Since the governor still hesitated to sign the contract, Peter read aloud his message to Renée, folded it, and handed it to him. There was no hesitation after that. Monsieur de Gans signed.

"Is that all, my lord?" asked the governor impatiently.

"That is all," said Peter, not deigning to rise. He must play his part. "Except to thank you, Monsieur," he added. "I shall report your courtesy and trouble to the King."

"That is good of you, sir. Farewell, sir." Monsieur de Gans retired, puzzled out of his wits by this strange fellow.

"Now, my man," said Peter to the landlord, "I am in a great hurry. How far is the nearest town?"

"Five miles, my lord."

"Well, send one of your varlets over to that town to buy me a decent suit of clothes. Modest clothes, but good ones. Something in deep blue," said Peter. "Have you a barber here?"

"No, my lord."

"Bring a barber from town likewise. I shall go to bed now and sleep until those things arrive. Mind you, no loafing. I will leave here at one o'clock to-night. If I am not properly clothed and shaved by that time I'll have the law on you."

"Yes, my lord. But there may be a delay. One of my men was carried off, you know."

"Carried off?"

"Yes, my lord. Forcibly. By the gentleman who took the lady with him."

"But you must send somebody at once, villain! And wake me as soon as he returns!"

He limped toward the stairs. Then he turned. "By that time I shall expect a horse to be saddled, and the hundred pounds in your hand."

"Yes, my lord. Is there anything else you need for your comfort, my lord? A perfume, perhaps?"

"Why, yes," said Peter. "If there is something choice in the village, have him buy me a bottle of it."

PETER entered the room in which he had left Renée. He noticed that she had lain on the bed. He crossed to it. He was careful to lie where it was wrinkled and creased. Why the devil had she kissed him? Peter dropped off to sleep.

He was wakened at midnight by a knocking on his door. He leaped from his bed crying, "Renée, Renée!" Then he stared about the darkened room. "Well, who's there?" he said quietly.

The door was opened by a little man with a mound, bald head, who inquired whether his lordship desired to be shaved. Peter said that he certainly did. Candles were brought and the process of turning Peter into a gentleman was begun. Toward one o'clock he was descending the stairs of the inn, very haughtily, in a suit of dark-blue cloth with lace on its sleeves. It did not fit very well. He was surcharged with a reeking perfume that the barber had insisted upon applying. His clean-shaven face, with the large bones under his eyes and the contrasting delicacy of his chin, had a forceful, dominating expression. The emeralds of his sword glittered at his side.

The landlord, at the foot of the stairs, was mightily inspressed. Peter had "breakfast" and, after selling one of the brigands' horses to the landlord, mounted the other and departed for Marseilles. After he had left the inn several miles behind, he reversed his course, and struck out over the fields toward Calais.

Peter had much to think about during that ride. He wondered by what right he had told all those lies at the inn, acted that part? But Renée would have wanted him to reach Calais; she had left him the ring—he was certain that she had left it for him. He had used it, and he would do his best to save it for her. Above all, he was glad that he had not betrayed the compromising fact of her marriage.

AFTER several days spent chiefly among the memories of Renée, Peter reached Picardy—for him a hostile land because his father had been murdered here. The English were always ravaging Picardy—even now there were signs of recent warfare. Thinking of his father and Renée made Peter inexpressibly lonely.

He pulled up at an inn, dismounted, and gave his horse over to the boy that ran out to meet him. He had a particular affection for horse-boys. He slipped this one a small piece of silver. He slung his saddle-bags over his shoulder and entered the front door. Here were three men at a table, two of them facing a gentleman with a reddish-golden beard who wore a green-felt hat in which a large ruby was flashing. The landlord bustled in and showed Peter a table. He sat down, idly watching the three drinkers. The man with the red beard was powerful, his nose somewhat blunt, his eyes blue. He was a person of importance, obviously. The two opposite him were likewise well dressed. Their attitude was decidedly hostile. Peter understood that they wanted an argument, a quarrel.

He finished an omelet and began munching some cheese. The voices of the two men became insulting. Presently one of them leaned over to fill the red-bearded man's glass, and in doing this his arm jerked so that the wine was spilled on the other's sleeve. Instantly Red-beard arose, dabbing his arm with a cloth.

"Monsieur," he cried, "am I to take that as accidental? If so, I await your apology."

"You can take it as you will!" cried the other, thrusting his face close.

"So!" There was a quick motion of the hand, e ry as Red-beard emptied his glass into the other's face.

"*Chien d'Angleterre!*" shouted the first antagonist, whipping out his sword. His companion likewise crying, "To him, to him! An English spy! Pass him through, Gaston!"

Instantly chairs were overturned and the Englishman was holding the two of them at bay with his sword, crying, "That for you! Take that, Brandy-face!" The speed of it was bewildering. The two Frenchmen forced Red-beard across the room. He would get the worst of this, Peter thought. He was no match for two such swordsmen.

They were opposite Peter, who was standing on a bench, a bit of cheese in one hand, a cup of wine in other. He could look down at the Englishman's wrist as it flashed through its parries. They were cowards to go after him two at a time. Peter dropped his cheese. He turned, with his cup in his hand, and threw its contents into the face of one of the Frenchmen.

"Take that, you!" he shouted. He drew his sword and jumped to the floor. The other, bewildered by this side-attack, stopped lunging at the Englishman, wiped his face with his sleeve.

"Well aimed! Well aimed!" shouted Red-beard, no longer retreating, but playing with his adversary's sword. "Have a care, there, Monsieur. That scamp is a killer!" But his warning was already too late. Peter found his sword crossed by a man who had all the attributes of a panther. The man rushed him, holding his sword straight outward, aimed at Peter's mouth. Peter retreated hastily toward the wall, tripped over a chair, fell, with the Frenchman's sword three inches from his face. There was no time to rise. Peter had managed to keep his hand in guard even while falling.

He now met the adversary's blade and whipped it with his own. He whipped it with a high septime, and at the same time raised his arm so that the sword of his opponent passed over his head. The man ran full upon Peter's extended weapon. It pierced his stomach. He fell over Peter with a cry, the sword leaving his hand and clattering along the floor.

Continued on Page 116

"No more shiny noses since I use MELLO-GLO Face Powder. It stays on longer and keeps ugly shine away. It spreads more smoothly and prevents large pores." Dietrich Tabor (operetta star famous for her beauty), 66 W. 46th St., New York City.

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Chief officer

Harry Manning
Chief Officer, who as a result of his heroism was appointed Acting Captain, "S.S. *America*"

Note: Authorities attribute the enormous increase in Cigarette smoking to the improvement in the process of Cigarette manufacture by the application of heat. It is true that during the year 1928, Lucky Strike Cigarettes showed a greater increase than all other Cigarettes combined. This confirms in no uncertain terms the public's confidence in the superiority of Lucky Strike.

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*The man mentioned by Chief Officer Manning was Boatswain's Mate Aloys A. Wilson.

H Manning

Harry Manning
Chief Officer, who as a result of his heroism was appointed Acting Captain, "S. S. *America*"

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"REACH FOR A LUCKY INSTEAD OF A SWEET."

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2. *No high laundry bills* that mount when you use one clean towel after another.
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Kleenex
Cleansing Tissues

Continued from Page 113

"Admirable!" cried the Englishman. He had expected to see Peter run through the chest.

The wounded Frenchman lay on his back, moaning and holding his stomach. Red-beard continued to play his antagonist. At length, with a sudden lunge, he aimed for the Frenchman's hand and gouged it with his blade. The Frenchman cried, "*Air*," and dropped his sword.

Red-beard grabbed Peter by the sleeve and dragged him with great force toward the kitchen. He rushed Peter into it, where the cook and chambermaid, seeing two men bearing down on them with drawn swords, fled into the yard. Red-beard bolted the door into the dining-room and commanded Peter to bolt the one leading to the yard. Then he faced Peter.

"I have you to thank, sir!" he cried. "I could not have managed the two of them. But I say we are in a nasty way, aren't we?"

"They are gentlemen of consequence?" asked Peter, motioning toward the door.

"Exactly. The knaves have large proportions. Look you, I can get out of this. I have the letters and the seals. But you? Who are you? Have you friends in this vicinity?"

PETER eyed him. "One," he said.

"Who? What is his name?"

"His name I do not know," said Peter. "His person—" he waved his hand toward the Englishman and bowed.

"By my soul!" cried the other. "You have a pocketful of address." By this time the watch was pounding on the door, crying, "Open up, Englishman. Open in the name of the King!"

"In the name of the King, hold your tongue!" cried Peter's friend in a rich voice.

"We arrest you for disturbing His Majesty's peace," cried the sergeant, "and for the wounding of my Lord of La Roche!"

"That's your man," whispered the Englishman to Peter. "Villains!" he cried. "Do you know whom you are addressing?"

"An English spy!"

"Hold your tongue!"

He turned to Peter. "You are my servant," he said. "Stand before me at the door. We must open it. Look lest they puncture your guts." Then he cried to the sergeant, "We are opening the door for parley, dogs. Mind you don't cross the threshold!" He threw the door open while Peter whirled his sword in front of him

"Now if you will lead us to the governor we shall go peaceably," said Red-beard. "Otherwise my servant has orders to kill every one!"

Peter grinned.

After a good many words they were conducted to the governor's, where the Englishman produced papers from the King of France as well as from the governor of Calais. He was well known at the French court, apparently, and was now engaged in secret business in Picardy.

"I am your typical peace-maker," he said to Peter as they walked out of the governor's office, "creating brawls wherever I go."

Peter laughed. "You travel alone, my lord?"

"Not ordinarily. The nature of this trip is such that I am forced to keep my servants at a distance. I have two in the next town."

THEY returned to the inn, chatting of their adventure. The wounded La Roche had been removed. Having made peace with the landlord, the Englishman ordered drinks for himself and Peter.

"Now, my good man," he said, seating himself opposite Peter, "what is your name and where are you going?"

"They call me Peter, my lord, and I am on my way to Calais."

"So? Peter what?"

"That is a secret I can not divulge, my lord, since I do not know it myself."

"How; do not know? You should at least conjure a pseudonym from the imagination."

"You may call me Peter P."

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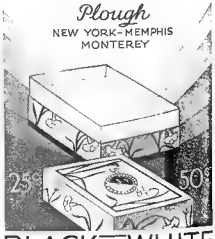

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"Ah, ridiculous! And your occupation?"

"My lord, I am a horse-boy."

The Englishman looked so puzzled and unbelieving that Peter had to grin.

"May I be so bold as to inquire who you are, my lord?" Peter eyed him under his lashes.

"I am Sir George Pentley," he said.

"My lord," said Peter, rising, "at your service."

"Sit down, my good man. I fancy you. I am at present engaged upon special secrecy for His Majesty of France. However, my residence is in Calais, whither I understand you to be riding. I shall return to Calais in a week and shall be pleased to repay you for the assistance with which you have already been so liberal. But you must tell me something of who and what you are."

"I am not what I appear, my lord. Perhaps I am not even what I am."

"Indeed," said Sir George, "that is an enigma for the angels. You speak like a schoolman, and were it not for that sword of yours, and the fingers that guide it, I would have noted you down as such. Had I time for a few cups I would soon cure your tongue of its constipation. But my days are spent upon my legs. Apropos of which," he looked out of the door, "there's that scoundrel William already."

Sir George arose, hastened from the door, and held a conference with a rider who looked like a messenger.

A few minutes later Peter had said good-by to his new friend, who rode off on some business at a near-by town. Then Peter mounted his horse and traveled a considerable distance toward Calais that afternoon, congratulating himself upon this bit of luck. Suddenly he sat stiffly in his saddle, thinking of his lordship's name — George Pentley — George P! Of course it was a coincidence. But there it was, nevertheless—George P. Was Sir George Pentley the son of the man who had written Peter's letter? Peter's brother therefore! Now, why in heaven had he not questioned his lordship; whether, for instance, his lordship's family had ever had relations with the exiled Suffolk? Well, he would be able to question him in a week.

His thoughts turned from this subject and reverted inevitably to Renée. In spite of his pleasant encounter with Sir George he spent a cheerless night thinking of Renée. He was still thinking about her two mornings later toward eleven o'clock as he rode down the streets of Calais, in the rain, to learn English.

NO SOONER had Peter left her at the inn than Renée threw herself on the bed. She was exhausted. She dropped into a profound but nervous sleep; a sleep so nervous in its character that the arrival of two dozen horses outside her window, and the racket they made, seemed to penetrate the innermost nerves of her body, so that she jumped from the bed with a delirious cry and ran to the window. After a few moments of gazing at the noisy group she realized that she was looking down at the pale, haggard face of her brother, just then on the point of riding on.

He had stopped to inquire the road, having gathered the remnant of his father's company, which had fled into the town near the foot of the brigands' trail. By his side was the sergeant who had served his father. They wished to find Monsieur de Gand, the governor. What? Eleven miles. Good! *En avant!*

But just then Renée opened the window with a cry and leaned out. "Philippe! Philippe!" Every one looked up. Philippe cried, "Renée! You!" He dismounted and hurried into the inn. He met Renée on the stairs. They embraced.

"How did you get here? How did you get here?" Philippe kept asking.

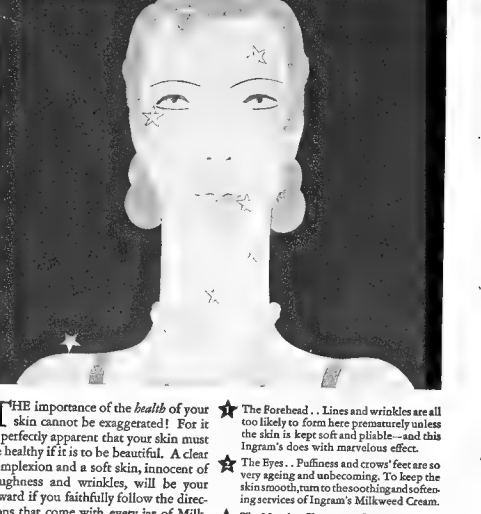
She outlined the story. Philippe was exasperated by the praise which she had to bestow on Peter. "It offends me to hear my sister speaking for a clown, exonerating a villain who has twice damaged me."

"No, Philippe, he has never damaged you!" cried Renée. "He never wanted to! I can not stand this now, Philippe!"

"Yes! Now you regret it. I told you that you would regret it. If you had

Below is the famous Ingram Mannequin. Her image shows the six spots most difficult to care for, and the text tells you how best to do so!

"Only a HEALTHY SKIN can stay young"



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listened to me and married de Riancourt you would at least have gotten out of this with honor."

"Honor?" She stepped back. "Honor?" What did Philippe mean?

"Yes, honor. The honor of your body."

"Oh, Philippe! There has been nothing like that!"

"Of course you would deny it!" He laughed.

"He has destroyed our marriage contract. It is all over!" Renée cried shrilly.

Philippe laughed. "You lie like a woman!"

"Be still, Philippe! How do you dare?"

"To think that you should protect him!" Philippe cried tauntingly. "I am ready to believe all the slander he indulged in about you last night."

"Be still, be still! I tell you there was nothing!"

"I repeat, you should have married the baron." He turned away with a shrug.

BUT he turned too quickly. Renée, carried away by the most primitive emotion she had ever known, caught him from behind, slapped him on the cheek with all her force. He turned back, his eyes blazing.

"Philippe, don't say the things you do! You will drive me mad."

"Do you wish to come with me?"

She hesitated. She would have had him wait until Peter should return. "Only wait a few hours, I am so tired."

He did not answer, but he smiled, contemptuously. And then he turned away.

"Philippe! I married him for your sake!" She sank into a chair, sobbing.

"I refuse to admit that. I asked you to marry the baron."

"Oh!"

"As I have said before, that was the only way to preserve your name, and hence my own. Now, are you coming with me?"

"If we go now—Philippe—we will—we will miss Monsieur de Gans. Peter has ridden for him."

"So you're still at your tricks! Can't you see that we are bound to pass Monsieur de Gans on the road?"

"Oh, Philippe, I will go with you if you will only, only be still!" She buried her head in her arm. Her body shook with sobs. For a terrible moment she had to choose between Peter and Philippe. She discovered that it was impossible to take Peter at the sacrifice of her brother But she realized that Peter might be terribly alarmed by her departure unless she left him some word. Philippe had gone out and was speaking to the sergeant. She hurried down-stairs and demanded pen and paper from the landlord. Her one thought was to give Peter a message that no one would hear. She wrote hurriedly:

Peter dear. Philippe has come for me, and it is my duty to follow him, for I am responsible to him, really. Anything else would cause so much unhappiness. I shall never forget what you have done, Peter. I do not know how to thank you, but if there is anything you want, communicate with me at the court of Madame Louise. Use a false name when you do. Peter, if you would make it easier for me to obey Philippe burn our marriage contract. I have already told him that you destroyed it. RENÉE.

A servant was standing at the front door. "Come here, fellow," said Renée.

The man hastened to her. "You remember the gentleman with whom I arrived?"

"Yes, my lady."

"Can I trust you to give this to him and to no one else?"

"Yes, my lady."

"It is most important. No one must see it, not a soul! I have nothing to give you, fellow." She paused. "Wait. Tell the monsieur, when you give him the letter, that I leave the diamond ring for him; that he is to sell it and give you a gold piece for the safe delivery of this letter."

The servant was overcome by Renée's generosity.

"Yes, my—" he began.

"Here, what are you giving that fellow?" Philippe had quietly returned. Renée gasped.

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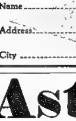

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"Who is that letter for, Renée?"

"I—it has—it is none of your business, Brother!"

"Not mine? But yours?" He advanced on the trembling servant.

"Go! Go!" cried Renée, pushing the man away from her. Remembering the gold piece, struck by the misery of her pale face, the fellow gathered his courage and ran for the kitchen.

"Get that knave! Seize him!" cried Philippe. He rushed to the courtyard, Renée following him, imploring him. He ordered the sergeant and five men to give chase. Some ran through the house, some around it. In two minutes the trembling man was caught, bound, and delivered to Philippe, who had by this time forced Renée to mount a horse for immediate departure. The landlord was standing beside Philippe, wringing his hands. The servant was brought to him.

"Cross my will, eh? You're a scoundrel. You've made yourself an accomplice of that villain Clos. It is dangerous to be connected with Clos, my man." He turned to the sergeant. "Bind him to a horse. I am going to rack him into a confession for His Majesty." Then he turned to the landlord. "What do *you* want?"

"My servant, my lord. Only restore my servant. My house will be destroyed!"

"Be still! The man is worthless!"

"And my bill!" wailed the landlord. "No one has paid me an account."

"Renée, have you no security you can give this man?"

She shook her head. She could not speak. She would not mention her diamond ring—she wanted Peter to have that. The landlord timidly suggested the ring. "Well, you fool!" cried Philippe. "Take it as security. It will be redeemed."

THE moaning servant was tied to a horse. Philippe had the sergeant help him to mount. They were off. Renée was carried away.

After a fast ride they reached Monsieur de Gans's château, where they found, as Renée had suggested, that the governor and Peter had hastened to the inn by another road. Philippe was in a fury. The master of the château offered him every hospitality. He decided to stay there for the night. He had no money and would have to borrow from Monsieur de Gans. While he was eating supper Philippe took Renée's intercepted letter from his pocket. She was up-stairs. He read it, swearing, and went immediately to her room. She would not let him in.

"You have lied to me!" he shouted through the door. "You have lied to me! You told me that your husband destroyed the marriage contract! I've a mind to send you back to him!"

There was no answer. He could hear her sobbing.

"From now on I shall never trust you again. Your every move shall be watched. I shall have you put in a convent."

Whereat he turned on his heel and went down-stairs.

It was after ten o'clock when de Gans arrived, booted and spurred and tired He found Philippe asleep in the salon. Philippe awoke and asked for cognac. "I must talk with you, Monsieur," he said

The drink roused Philippe sufficiently to put two impatient questions. Where was this fellow Clos? Why had he not been arrested? He was a murderer and a villain. He was responsible for the whole outrage against the Duprés family.

"Dear, dear! Monsieur de Gans.

"Who would have thought?"

"I think you should have, sir!" cried Philippe.

"Sir?"

"You must have seen by his clothes that he was a ragamuffin."

"Not so fast, Count!" cried the governor. "He had a plausible tale. He said that the brigands had captured him and had stolen his clothes. He said they dressed him like a horse-boy to amuse themselves. The landlord verified it. He said that Mademoiselle Renée's clothes were disgracefully torn——"

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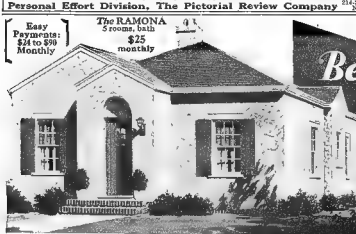

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"Torn! Yes! And you know who tore them!"

"Why, the brigands, I had supposed."

Philippe looked at him meaningly. "Clos," he said.

"Oh, it is terrible! But he did not seem like that. He exacted the title of lord!"

"Why, he is a peasant, a serf. My father found him at Ardente and raised him to a favor which he has now twice violated."

"Is it so? Horrible! My lord count, he was not on secret business for Mademoiselle Duprès?"

"What? Why, no! Unless she is deceiving me again."

"He had no papers by which to identify him in her employment?"

"He had a paper—yes—an illegal document which you should have confiscated."

"But there was his jeweled sword."

Philippe laughed harshly. "An emerald-hilted sword, yes! I gave it to him myself."

"Oh, Heaven! And there was the letter." Monsieur de Gans fumbled in his pocket, produced the letter to Renée by which Peter had bluffed him.

Philippe snatched it eagerly, scowled, laughed again. "Lies—all lies!" he said. "Monsieur de Gans, you must send a detachment after him at once!"

"Alas! He has probably fled."

"You must try! Have him tracked to his hole! I am off to the King to-morrow."

"Yes, yes, yes."

Monsieur Philippe swung his arms excitedly. "Tell the troopers to ride, ride!"

"Very well, very well." Monsieur de Gans called the master of the château and gave orders for a dozen troopers to ride at full speed to the inn, and thence to follow Peter.

BUT when they arrived Peter had already started up the road to Marseilles, and turned and crossed the fields toward Calais. There was no way of finding his trail.

And meanwhile Renée was wishing that she had allowed the brigands to kill her and her brother. But no sooner had she reached such a conclusion than she remembered her few hours with Peter! What else so tender had ever entered her life?

Brother and sister reached Amboise, where the King was residing. They were lost in the thousand gaieties of court life. But Renée's misery was soon intensified by Philippe, who began pressing another marriage upon her. She cried out with shame at his plan to overlook entirely her marriage with Peter. He claimed that it was forced and hence illegal. He wanted to know whether Renée had any reason to regard it as legal.

Then, a little while before the news of the sack of Rome by Constable Bourbon—news which scandalized the Christian world—Philippe learned of the death of his young cousin, Isabella of Savona. This left the Duke and Duchess of Savona without children. Philippe became heir-apparent to the duchy by his father's mother. It was welcome news not only to Philippe, but also to François I., who had always desired a foothold in Italy, and was delighted to find one of his subjects heir-apparent to a prosperous Italian town

Philippe had not been able to take his father's place at the French court. He did not possess the force of his father. François was rather tired of him. He therefore urged him to hasten to Savona, to offer His Majesty's consolation to the bereaved duke and duchess, and to make the future power of France secure in Italy.

Philippe desired that Renée should accompany him. As a lady of France she had a dignity and social influence in Italian courts. And supposing now, some Italian lord should ask her hand, would it be right to refuse? But she promised him that when they arrived in Italy she would secretly petition the Pope to annul her marriage with Peter. No one but Philippe and herself and Philippe's notary knew about it.

Renée, however, began to wonder why she must continually sacrifice herself to this brother who could not appreciate any act of self-denial.

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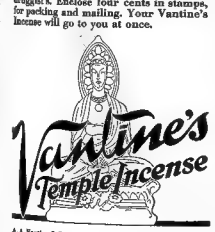

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Calais was a busy merchant city owned by the English. Surrounded by a harbor and marshes, it was considered impregnable. The English used it as a gateway to France. It opened a road to Paris, traveled time after time by the English kings claiming the French throne.

After stabling his horse Peter spent several hours among the coffee-houses, watching the soldiers, listening to the busy chatter of the merchants, who spoke so fluently the language he longed to learn. At length he decided to look for Monsieur Robert Tausanne, to deliver the message from Jean Sendrecy, and to obtain some occupation.

He inquired after the sign of the Cup and Cloth, and was directed to a small house with a low overhanging roof. Everything about the house was clean. It gleamed with prosperity. Peter stood in front of it for a few moments, realizing that by crossing this threshold he was about to change his life; to take that chance which would more or less define the remainder of his career. Well, who was afraid? He squared his shoulders and knocked three times on the heavy brass knocker.

Robert Tausanne proved to be a sharp-nosed Frenchman with a pair of shifty gray eyes. He was almost bald. He was sitting at a high desk, with a boy secretary at his elbow. He looked up when Peter was shown through the door, and scanned his face.

"Well, sir? What can I do for you?" he asked.

"I come with sad news of a friend of yours, Monsieur," said Peter. He proceeded to give a rapid account of the tragedy of Jean Sendrecy.

The old man shook his head. "Mercy, mercy!" he said. "Jean should have come to me."

Peter produced the message which the old burgher had scrawled on the plateau. Peter's heart ached to see it again. "This is my friend Peter. He has news of me. Help him.—Jean Sendrecy."

"A very fine man," said Robert Tausanne. "And they shot him, you say? Well, well. But now, Peter, what can I do for you?"

Peter explained that he had come to Calais to learn English.

"So? A remarkable ambition. You desire to become a clerk, a merchant?"

ALL this time Peter had been studying Monsieur Tausanne. He decided that it would be good to get this business of the letter dispatched as soon as possible. He would not show it at once, but he would lead up to it.

"Monsieur," he said, "I do not want either of those occupations in particular, I must inform you that I am ignorant of my parents, knowing only that my father was murdered and that he was an Englishman."

"Ah! So you are English and desire to learn your native tongue—natural, laudable."

"Yes, Monsieur. I am in possession of a letter written in English which, I believe, would shed some light on my father's identity could I only to read it."

"Ah, but to learn to read, that is different from learning to speak English."

"Yes, Monsieur. But I already read and write French easily."

"So? Very fine, very good indeed. I might put you to work right here, now. You have a high recommendation, Peter."

"Thank you, sir," said Peter. "Unfortunately I have already made a tentative connection with a certain Sir Pentley of Calais."

"A certain Sir Pentley. You mean *the* Sir Pentley?"

"Yes, Monsieur. I believe so. Sir George Pentley."

"Ah. He has enlisted you in his service?"

"He has promised to assist me in return for a slight favor which I was able to render him."

"Well, well. You are fortunate. Indeed, I don't see how I can be of any service to you now. Lord Pentley is one of the most distinguished knights of Calais—he can get anything for you. I am disappointed at your good fortune, because I would like to prove that I am

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your friend for the sake of the dead. Unless, perhaps, you wish me to translate your letter for you?" Then, seeing that Peter hesitated, "I will treat it in strictest confidence."

He was so obviously willing to please that Peter drew forth the precious letter. He drew it forth slowly. The letter was just a letter—a private thing—a thing of no consequence to Monsieur Tausanne, who would, however, tell Peter just what to do. Robert Tausanne was reading the letter now, his brows knitting, his fingers tapping the arm of the chair nervously. What was he reading? Peter was so excited that he found it difficult to breathe.

Robert Tausanne was looking at him now above his spectacles, with his mouth a little open. At last he said with difficulty:

"Where did you get this, Peter?"

"A woman named Clos, whom I had considered my mother, gave it to me on her death-bed. She confessed that she was not my mother; that her husband, Clos, had murdered my father in Picardy; that I had been with my father at the time; that she had taken a fancy to me, and had brought me up."

"Um. The story does not fit the letter," said Monsieur Tausanne.

"Does not fit?" He could not hide his alarm. "Will you not read me the letter, Monsieur?"

"Yes, yes. But tell me, is this murderer Clos living?"

"I do not know, Monsieur. When Mère Clos died he was living. That was nine years ago. But the letter, sir, the letter!"

"Yes, the letter. It is directed, Peter, to the Lady Pole, Duchess of Suffolk."

"Yes, sir. I already know that. Monsieur Sendrecy told me that."

THE merchant again glanced from line to line of the small script. He began to translate:

To the Lady Pole, Duchess of Suffolk
MADAM:We have met with misfortune in Picardy, where my lord's troops have routed the English, but with great loss, and my lord has repaired to Paris at the request of His Majesty Louis, who, it is said, intends to offer him a handsome pension as well as the assistance of public recognition. My lord the duke has left your beloved son in my personal charge, bidding me to protect him with my life and my honor, a command, Madam, which I intend to perform. I am to hold your son here at Vimy for a fortnight or thereabouts until my lord, your husband, has settled his affairs with His Majesty.

Madam, I am instructed by his highness to inform you that so long as you make your residence in Italy your son Peter will not be restored unto you, but that my lord intends to find a place for him at the court of France and to educate him there for the political reasons of which he has already informed you. I transmit this most humbly to your highness, begging you to take no offense with one who is in honor bound to my lord's wishes and commands. Madam, I am glad to report that a messenger has this moment arrived to announce that the good King Louis has promised the Duke M. men-at-arms and considerable financial assistance.

It gives me pleasure, Madam, to inform you of Mr. Peter's health. I await anxiously the day when you will come to join him at the French court. Meanwhile I shall stand between him and all danger.

Your very humble and obedient and faithful servant, Madam,

GEORGE P.

Written at Vimy, Picardy, this 17th day of December, 1508.

To the Lady Pole, Duchess of Suffolk, Rome, Italy.

Peter was silent. Now that he had the news it did not surprize him much. Yet the full meaning of the letter had not reached him—"Your son Peter"—son to the Duchess of Suffolk! The duchess! Why, then, to the duke! Peter's father a duke! Robert Tausanne was watching him closely. Seeing Peter's perplexity, he leaned forward in a fatherly way.

"My boy," he said, "as a man who has seen much of the world and studied human nature not a little, I have but one bit of advice at this juncture, which I offer in the name of my dead friend."

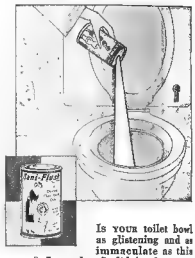
"Yes?"

"Burn this up."

"What? Burn it up? Why, it is my name, my life!"

"I say, burn it up. Destroy it. It will bring you nothing but trouble."

Clean toilets safeguard health!



Is YOUR toilet bowl as glistening and as immaculate as this one? It can be. It didn't take a moment to clean it. Sani-Flush did it.

Just sprinkle a little Sani-Flush into the toilet bowl, following directions on the can. Then flush. Stains, marks and incrustations disappear. Foul odors are banished, for Sani-Flush reaches the hidden, unhealthful trap.

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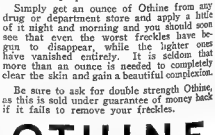
Simply get an ounce of Othine from any drug or department store and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful complexion.

Be sure to ask for double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

OTHINE
DOUBLE STRENGTH



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The best indication of how Bathasweet accomplishes its remarkable results is to be found in the fact that, if properly used, the Bathasweet bath leaves no sticky "ring" around the tub. Instead it holds soap and dirt in solution, so that they cannot wash back into the pores.

BATHASWEET *is so inexpensive. 25c, 50c, $1.00 and $1.50 at all drug and department stores.*

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The suggestion had made Peter angry. "And supposing I should choose to look for trouble?" he flashed.

"Yes, yes. You may. It is the right of youth. I merely advise you to lead a humble and happy life. I will see to it that you lead such a life if you should choose to burn this thing. I advise such a life in preference to the one as the son of a traitor."

"A traitor! You call my father a traitor!"

"Hush, hush now! Not so fast. I am merely advising as a friend who knows the chart of this harbor. The Duke of Suffolk, as you doubtless know, was banished from England. The title has been given to Charles Brandon, and has irrevocably passed from the house of Pole. Your father, if such he was, spent his days in trying to win back an honor which, to my belief, had been righteously taken from him. I see nothing but evil if you follow in his footsteps."

"You say my father *spent* his life? Do you mean that he is dead?"

"Ah! You do not know that the Duke of Suffolk was killed at the battle of Pavia in February?"

"Killed in February—less than a year ago?"

"Yes, my man. Killed at the side of His Majesty of France."

"Against whom?"

"Against the Spaniards."

Peter was silent. If only he had reached Calais a year earlier! How wonderful to know your father, to look into his eyes! Peter's emotions carried him away into a very distant place. At last he said:

"What did he look like, Monsieur Tausanne?"

"I never saw him." And then, since Peter did not speak, "You do not intend to take my advice, I see."

"No, Monsieur, tho I thank you for it," said Peter. "The wisdom of it is profound, Monsieur. But my heart does not point in that direction."

"Then I bid you have a care, sir!" cried Tausanne. "At least take my advice to the extent of leaving Calais."

"Why, no one knows of this but yourself, Monsieur Tausanne. And you promised to treat it as a personal affair, sir."

"I did. And I shall, to the best of my ability. But if you get into trouble on so large a matter I shall not be able to defend you."

"No, sir. And might I have the letter, sir?"

Tausanne handed it to him, and Peter thanked the merchant sincerely, offering to do him any service in his power. They parted with warmth, and yet Peter noticed that the man's eyes were not meeting his. But Peter was too elated to think. He passed out to the street with his head held high, his feet feeling absurdly light beneath him. So it was true —he was of the nobility. Banished or not, he had a name; he was worthy now. He had a father. And if only he had known a year ago while he was among the outlaws, learning to be their clown; if only he had known!

A KIND of delirium characterized his mind for the next week, while he drifted from one coffee-house to another awaiting the arrival of Sir George Pentley. He did not even plan the steps necessary to establish his name. He did not speculate on the means to obtain the necessary proof. Yet in his saner moments he realized that he would have to find objective proof.

Sir George Pentley returned. He seemed very glad to see Peter again, very grateful for Peter's assistance in the tavern brawl. He took Peter into his service as a kind of secretary and personal guard. He wished to make of Peter one of those servants who can perform a master's will almost without command. Peter, still concealing his identity, worked skilfully to obtain his lordship's confidence.

One day Sir George was riding out to the tilt-yard, and Peter, by way of instruction, was acting as his squire. Peter had expressed a wish to perform all functions of service at one time or another. The knight seemed pleased to gratify him. They had been speaking of the battle of Pavia, where François I. had

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...when you wear this remarkable new reducing garment a little while every day!

THROUGH an entirely new kind of rubber reducing garment, hundreds of men and women who only recently were burdened with disfiguring fat are now down to normal weight, have acquired trim, youthful figures and are enjoying remarkable improvement in their health and vigor.

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Athletes avoid weakening diets, reducing pills and chemical baths, for they have found that the safest, easiest and quickest way to take off excess weight is through the identical principle embodied in the Olympic Reducing Garment.

The healthful way to break up fat cells is through increased circulation. Stimulate an active circulation and you create oxidation which breaks up fat solids so they are carried off in the blood stream. The watery substances in fat are given off through the pores.

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As you wear the Olympic Reducing Garment, however, you need indulge in only the mildest of exercise. Because of its composition, this garment excludes air from the body and aids in increasing body-metabolism whereby oxidation is also increased to a remarkable degree. This allows you to reap much of the *benefit* of strenuous exercise without indulging in it. . . .For example, when wearing the garment, the mere act of walking a few city blocks gives you a substantial weight reducing result. Even such simple, everyday movements as stooping, bending, sweeping and dusting are transformed and multiplied so they fight fat. The result is frequently the loss of a pound or more each time you wear the garment!

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The Olympic Reducing Garment is not the slightest bit uncomfortable. Wear it while you are doing your daily dozen before the radio, attending to your household duties, taking a hike, playing golf or tennis. Every minute you have it on, it is taking off ugly disfiguring fat from all over your body and replacing it with firm, healthy tissue.

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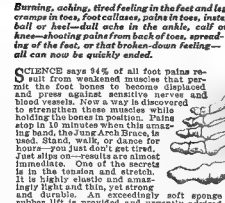
Wear it 10 days; if not delighted, your money returned.



1 Trouble starts in weakened muscles. Tiny bones of forward arch are displaced. Pain follows.

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Shoe Size..... Shoe Width.....
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Canada: 168 Dufferin St., Toronto. Add 25c to above prices.

JUNG'S ARCH BRACES

been captured by the Spaniards and imprisoned for a year.

"The Duke of Suffolk was killed there, wasn't he, sir?" Peter asked.

Sir George sighed. "Ah, yes," he said. "At the very shoulder of the King. His Majesty has told me that none fought with more ferocity than Suffolk."

"You knew him, my lord?"

"Strange to say, my eyes never had the happiness, tho my father followed him for fifteen years."

"Your father!" Peter spoke with such emphasis that Sir George started.

"Yes, my father. And why do you look at me like that? I say, do you suppose me fatherless?"

"I beg your pardon, my lord," said Peter hurriedly. "You must remember that the word affects me."

"Ah, yes. No offense, Peter."

"Is your father living, sir?"

"No." Sir George's forehead clouded. "He was murdered in Picardy." Then he turned to Peter with a kindly smile. "There is that similarity in our pasts."

Peter had difficulty to control his voice. "George P! George P! Murdered in Picardy. "It is gracious of you to say so, my lord. Yet I hope you are not so unfortunate as never to have seen your father."

"Not quite as unfortunate as you in that regard. But I was only five years old at his death. I have only the fantastic recollections of childhood."

"You did not follow him in the service of Suffolk?"

"No. My uncle of London became my guardian, who taught me to despise Suffolk as a traitor. They defined him as such in England. Not until I reached the French court did I apprehend the greatness of him. And the poor duke, you know, lost his only son by my father's murder. It is the way of the great families. They vanish, they fall."

Peter's eyes were flashing; his face was flushed. Sir George noticed his expression.

"But I say, why do you inquire about all this, Peter?"

"I am interested in whatever concerns you, my lord."

Again he experienced a happiness akin to delirium. Yet his interview with the merchant Tausanne had warned him not to proceed hastily in this affair. He must gather his facts cautiously. He would not tell Sir George yet. In the first place, in his present ignorance of the life of a noble, he could learn more as Sir George's servant than as his superior. Secondly, he recoiled from considering himself superior to Sir George. He did not want to exact obedience from a man of the caliber of Sir George Pentley. He would not be able to do it respectably.

Meanwhile Peter listened to everything that Sir George said, noticed everything that he did and the way he did it. The Englishman had a peculiar position at Calais. He was in the confidence of both the English and French governments, serving as a kind of liaison officer between them. When treaties were to be discussed it was Sir George who oiled the machinery. He was a knowing and a sturdy politician, tho he preferred to think of himself as a soldier.

DUE to the favor bestowed upon his uncle at home, he was trusted by Henry of England; and due to his father's connection with the Duke of Suffolk, he was received, and even regarded with affection, by François of France. All this Peter learned by way of an introduction to politics.

But while Peter was educating himself Robert Tausanne struggled with his conscience. Long ago Monsieur Tausanne had treated Monsieur Sendrecy rather shabbily in a business deal concerning some Turkish carpets. Monsieur Sendrecy had never discovered the shabbiness and had continued to serve Monsieur Tausanne at Paris, obtaining him the patronage of the court. For this reason Monsieur Tausanne felt that he was indebted to Monsieur Sendrecy; that Providence had sent Peter as a quick and inexpensive means of paying his debt. It was easier to help Peter than to refund a dead man several hundred pounds.

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Most people become fat—not because they eat too much, or because they like the so-called "fattening foods"—but because they don't understand the science of well-balanced meals. Delle Ross teaches you how to follow combinations—menus that are fat-reducing simply because they are healthfully balanced. The menus are generous and delicious, built individually for each students, and based on the foods he or she likes best.

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Color of my hair.....

On the other hand it was confoundedly dangerous for a merchant of Calais to have the son of the rebel Duke of Suffolk under his protection. He did not trust Peter. What would happen to Tausanne's business when my lord the governor should learn that Monsieur Tausanne had been the first to translate Peter's letter? They would be accusing Monsieur Tausanne of promoting the interests of France and Suffolk with his vast wealth. They would exaggerate his wealth. They would run him out of town. Horrible! No, no, no!

Accordingly, after struggling with this problem for two weeks, he was to be found, one February morning, in the governor's chambers, drumming his fingers on the chair, leaning over near the governor's face, earnest, eloquent, practical. Monsieur Tausanne begged the governor not to disclose him as the informant. It would be awkward, he said. The governor looked at him, at first incredulous, and then, as he remembered a rumor to the effect that the Duke of Suffolk had lost a baby son in Picardy, conscientiously alarmed.

Thereafter events moved rapidly over Peter's head and beyond his comprehension. A couple of months after his arrival Sir George returned from the governor's house to look into Peter's eyes anxiously. But Sir George had been sworn to secrecy, and his conscience was of a different metal then that of Monsieur Robert Tausanne. Peter noticed that Sir George had become fidgety, that he often looked at him for several minutes. What was all this about, anyway? Did Sir George know anything about his identity? Had Monsieur Tausanne said anything about it?

PETER was not given time to decide. He was accosted on the street by a sergeant-at-arms commissioned by the governor; he was summoned to appear in court at once, upon His Majesty's business.

And so he found himself standing in a room before many nobles in velvet and silk, standing before the governor. His lordship was dressed in a magnificent scarlet robe fringed with fur, and had a scarlet cap on his head. A line of royal advocates in black robes sat at a long table. Along one side of the room several of its nobility were seated, while Sir George Pentley sat alone between the nobles and the governor. At first Peter was afraid. There was so much learning and power assembled here—the two qualities that most awed Peter. He was to be tested upon his own ground, by his own standards.

For as soon as he had run his eye over the concave he realized that somehow his parentage had been discovered to the authorities. How? Well, there was only one channel.

THEY were all staring so. Not only the governor and Sir George Pentley, but the dozen unknown lords. Peter could not help being reminded of his last night among the Thousand Devils. But he could not act the clown here. He must return haughtiness with haughtiness. He must appear at ease.

He stopped in front of the governor, turned, bowed to the nobles. Then there was a cry from the corner of the room. Before any one could stop him an old man with gray hair, holding a staff and dressed richly, hurried between the chairs. He reached Peter, his hands trembling before him.

"Master! Master!" he cried in English, dropping to his knees before Peter. "Master Richard, my lord!" He looked up at Peter. He had a long, sharp nose, weakened eyes, and an open mouth showing that he was gap-toothed. "Aye! It is thou! Thou art walkin' the green earth again, m'lord! Aye! Hast no word for me, Lord Richard?"

His voice was high and broken. Peter did not know him, and could not understand much of what he said, but was touched with pity for his eager face. Peter put his hands on the man's shoulders.

"Rise, rise," he said in French. "I do not know you. But I love you and I shall care for you. You shall never leave my side."

"Eh, Master, thou knowest me not?

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But thou'rt a livin' image of thyself when thou wert arunnin' from England with Sandy beside thee. Aye! An' what a ride we had! Dost not remember me?"

"Order in the court!" cried the governor, hitting the desk sharply with his gavel. Peter was helping Sandy to rise, tho the old man would not stop speaking. A guard led Sandy to a chair, and Peter was left alone to face the governor. The incident had given him courage, a definite evidence that he was the son of Lord Richard Pole. He looked around him proudly.

Peter discovered that this was in no sense a trial. It was a piecing together of evidence that some one had collected for several months. Monsieur Robert Taussanne had a good memory and had been able to give the governor the substance of Peter's letter. The governor had proceeded to gather witnesses and facts. At his command now a clerk arose. He read from a paper. It was a kind of testimony.

In pursuance of a paper known to be in possession of an individual named Peter, who styles himself "P," his honor the governor has been informed by a reliable witness to the said document that the said Peter considers himself, or is about to consider himself, the son, and presumably the heir, to the late Richard Pole, the *soi-disant* "White Rose," erstwhile of England. The chief witness, Gabriel Clos, under the pressure of the rack, confesses to the murder of a man named George Pentley at Vimy, Picardy, in 1508, or thereabouts; the motive of the murder being robbery.

THE said Gabriel declares that the said George Pentley was in charge of a child of three whom he called Lord Peter; that the said George Pentley was not the father of the child, but merely its protector during the stay at Vimy, Picardy. The said Gabriel Clos does not know, or has refused to confess, the name of the child's father. The said Gabriel Clos further confesses that his wife, Susanne, was terrified by his plan of murder; that to allay her fears he, Gabriel Clos, allowed her to believe the said George Pentley was the father of the child Peter, saying that the said Pentley was an obscure knight for whose murder no punishment need be feared.

The said witness, Gabriel Clos, finally confesses that his wife consented to the murder of Sir Pentley upon condition that she should be given his supposed son Peter, having no children of her own; that the murder was committed; that the two fled to Châteaubourg, Maine, where they remained in safety until the present time; that Mère Susanne Clos died in 1518, or thereabouts, and that the day after her death the said child Peter, being then about fifteen years of age, stole a donkey from the said Gabriel Clos and made his escape.

The second witness, Sir George Pentley, testifies that his father, Sir George Pentley, mysteriously disappeared in Picardy in the month of December, 1508, while in the service of the late Richard Pole, the *soi-disant* "White Rose"; that, at that time, there was a rumor that the said Richard Pole had lost his son and only heir in Picardy; that the said claimant Peter, so-called "P," has been in his service for the past three months, has served him honorably and with great intelligence and bravery.

The third witness, Signor Leonardo Thomaso of Rome, testifies, by proxy, that the Lady Pole, Dowager Duchess of Suffolk, wife to Richard Pole, the *soi-disant* "White Rose," resided at Rome until January, 1509, when she died; that she had been deprived of her son by the said Richard Pole, who wished to educate him at the court of France; that her son's name was Peter; that she had not seen him for a year previous to her death.

The said Signor Leonardo Thomaso testifies, by proxy, that he was in the confidence of the lady, who had complained to him of her husband's neglect; that he, the said witness, was chancellor of her villa at Rome.

All this research had been accomplished before Peter was summoned and while spies were watching his actions. His English was by no means far enough advanced to understand the clerk, so that the testimony had to be translated for him step by step. He stood in the center of the room, having refused a seat, listening keenly, nodding his head, pursing his lips, asking questions of the interpreter. Richard Pole's lost son was showing himself to be a capable fellow with a great deal of poise.

The fourth witness, who had not given his testimony, was now called to the stand. This was the old servant Sandy. He swore "by Almighty Gawd that his lordship here is the livin' duplication of his lordship in heaven. I mistook him for his father, Lord Richard, b'gawd, he was that wide in the brows and that sharp under the lips."

Meanwhile Peter had been asked to produce his letter, which the governor was inspecting. Sir George Pentley was called upon to testify whether the handwriting was that of his father. Sir George looked troubled. The knight produced several of his father's letters and compared the handwriting with Peter's letter, stroking his red beard. Yes, he said, it was the identical hand. He passed the several letters to the governor, who inspected them and passed them on to the group of nobles.

Finally a witness was called representing a lady of Metz who had known Richard Pole intimately. In the name of his mistress the witness testified that Richard Pole had often spoken of his lost son and had regretted that loss more than any other of his life, even more than the ruin of his title in England; that the son had been left in Picardy under the care of a knight, whose name, as far as the lady could remember, was Pentley; that, after leaving his son there, Richard Pole had never seen either him or Pentley again, tho he had searched Picardy thoroughly.

At this point there was a stir near the door of the large hall behind Peter's back, a scuffling of feet, a clatter of arms as the guards came to attention. Then the usher at the door cried:

"Attention of the court!"

There was complete silence.

Then the usher cried:

"His High Eminence Thomas, Cardinal Wolsey of Saint Cecilia, *legate à latere* to the Vatican, Lord High Chancellor of the Realm, Archbishop of York, Abbot of Saint Albans, Bishop of Winchester and Durham, Bishop of Lincoln, Bishop of Worcester and Hereford, Almoner to His Majesty the Eighth Henry, Chancellor of the Order of the Garter——"

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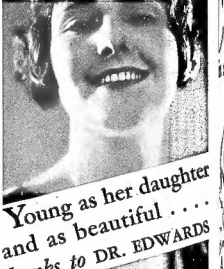
Peter saw a tall, bony figure at the door. He was dressed in a scarlet robe that dragged out behind him. He was the most magnificent Peter had ever seen, with his red cardinal's hat, his great golden chain and crucifix, his thin, white fingers flashing with jewels. His Eminence's face was long, reminding one of a horse. It had deep, vertical lines, a high forehead, a large sharp nose. The terrible figure advanced, bending over, his eyes on the floor, looking neither to the right nor to the left, acknowledging none of the homage rendered to him as he passed up the aisle.

In his folded hands he held the half of an orange, stuffed with priceless spices, which his Eminence raised to his nose from time to time. He carried this luxurious compact whenever he ventured out in public, and breathed across it whenever possible, not only to sweeten the smell of the publicans around him, but more especially to avoid inhaling malicious diseases, of which he lived in terror. He passed within a few feet of Peter, and ascended the judgment-throne. The



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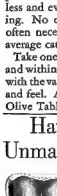

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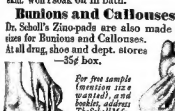

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governor bowed deeply and relinquished his seat. The cardinal stood behind the great desk for a moment, blessed them, crossed himself, sat down with a flourish of his wide sleeves.

THEN for the first time the eyes were raised. They were as terrible as hell and damnation. They fastened themselves on Peter.

"Well," he said. "So this is the Pole orphan."

Peter felt like a rabbit, a foot from the fox's jaws.

"I am the son of Richard Pole," he replied, meeting the haughty eyes.

"So? You believe that, do you? I would not proceed so quickly, sirrah! You will catch a hook bigger than the one you bit." He turned to the governor. "Has the testimony been satisfactory, my lord governor?"

"Everything has fitted together remarkably, my lord. I myself am convinced of this man's identity."

"The legal forms have been prepared?"

"Everything, my lord. There is only the chief witness. If his testimony coincides with the rest, this man is proved to be the son of Richard Pole beyond a cavil."

"Show him on."

The governor gave orders to a guard. Peter waited uneasily. Who would this witness be? At length a man carrying a stretcher appeared at the door that opened from a kind of prison. Upon the stretcher lay a man with a white face. The cloths that covered his legs were bloody. His limbs seemed twisted out of shape. He had come from the rack that morning! Peter started. There could be no doubt concerning those bloated cheeks, those small piggish eyes, those thick lips. It was Gabriel Cole.

He had heard the report of Gabriel's testimony without asking where and how it had been given. Now he understood that the merchant Tausanne had remembered Gabriel's name, his occupation, and the town where Peter had left him. They had traced the poor fellow, seized him, tortured him. Peter's boyish hatred and fear of Gabriel were turned to pity as he looked down into the bloodless face.

The guard jabbed Gabriel in the ribs. The governor asked loudly, "Fellow, who is that man standing before you?"

Gabriel's eyes surveyed Peter, too lifeless to express the surprize of recognition.

"Speak, or to the rack with you!" cried the cardinal in a harsh voice. Gabriel moaned and whimpered. The governor repeated his question threateningly. Peter was afraid they would rack Gabriel again. At last the blacksmith murmured, "How should I know who it is?" The guard prodded him in the ribs viciously. "*Aïe!* It may be, it looks like a boy named Peter."

"Who was Peter?" asked the cardinal.

"He was the child I told you of whose guardian I—we—" his words came thickly, each separated from the other by a pause.

"Well?" The guard prodded him again.

"*Aïe!* Oh! Killed! The guardian we killed!"

"Are you sure this is that child?"

"Oh, it is impossible to say so surely, your highness my lord. The scoundrel was but thirteen when he ran away—curse his soul, if this is he, standing here —*Aïe!* Oh!"

"Are there no marks by which to identify him, fellow?" demanded the governor.

"He should have a scar on the palm of his left hand—if he is Peter—where I cut him with a knife—once—when he called me a dirty blacksmith." Gabriel's voice was expiring. Peter was required to extend his left hand. The scar was verified by half a dozen witnesses.

"I THINK, my lords," said Wolsley, who had been reading the testimony rapidly, "that we have proved this fellow's name and heritage to every satisfaction. Does any one disagree?" The cardinal glanced around the room with his terrible eyes. No voice was raised. "Good," he said. He turned to Peter, "Now, sirrah, do I understand that you lay claim to the honor of being the heir to Richard Pole?"

"Yes, your eminence. In view of the testimony submitted to me to-day, I make that claim."

"The testimony submitted to *you?*" The cardinal raised his brows. "You take a haughty tone for one so lately elevated."

"I have been the son of Richard Pole for twenty-one years, your eminence."

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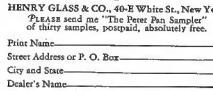

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He enjoyed the stir that went the rounds of the court-room.

"So?" said the cardinal. "You are impudent, sir."

"As you choose, your eminence." Peter did not like him, and Peter was uneasy.

"Is the petition prepared, my lord governor?"

"Yes, your eminence, it is here."

They gave Peter an English document to sign. Peter, braving the irritation of the cardinal, demanded that they translate it to him aloud. It was a petition that he be recognized by the King of England as the legitimate and sole son and heir to the late Richard Pole.

"I will not sign that," said Peter, eying Wolsey steadily, "without the addition of a clause."

"What clause?"

"I desire to add a clause to this effect: It is understood that I make no claim to the title of Duke of Suffolk, which my father forfeited."

"Aha! You are a clever dog! A Pole is sure to be cleverer than his own wits. Write the clause, master clerk; write it in! So, sir, you have been planning your tactics for a long while."

"For about five minutes, your eminence." Again there was a stir. Wolsey glanced at him suspiciously. Peter noticed that Sir George, at the mention of this clause, nodded his head, smiled, stroked his red beard.

WHEN his condition was inserted Peter signed, using the name of Pole for the first time. He wrote it firmly and proudly, with a great deal of satisfaction, thinking of the baron, of Renée, of Philippe. How surprized they would all be to see Peter write that illustrious name!

"Now, my lord governor," said Wolsey, "have you the papers of recognition?"

"Yes, your eminence."

Another document was produced, which was signed and sealed on the spot by the cardinal, the governor of Calais, Sir George Pentley, and several other witnesses. Then it was handed to Peter.

"By this document," said the cardinal, "and in the name of His Majesty Henry VIII. of England, you are recognized as the legitimate son and only heir to the late Richard Pole, and hence as head of the banished house of Pole. Sign it."

Peter signed.

"Is that all, your eminence?" he asked.

"That is nearly all. First, however, I would ask you just who and what you consider yourself to be?"

"I am exactly what this document proves me to be, your eminence. I make no claim beyond that which his majesty, in the person of yourself, has freely granted me. I claim no title and no renown."

"Brave words, sir! What is your guaranty?"

Peter flushed. He was no longer a horse-boy. "My words are my guaranty, my lord cardinal!"

"Hah! And do you expect me to let you leave Calais upon such flimsy security? To roam around France, stirring up her dregs after the manner of your predecessors? Sirrah, you are under arrest! Seize him, Guards."

Peter did not move a muscle. The two guards grasped his arms from behind.

"We have had enough of the family of Pole!" cried Wolsey. "You have been claiming the throne of England these fifty years with your dirty white roses! It is a pity that such villains should choose a color that is so easily smudged. Give you liberty for a year and the French King will have you at the head of an army claiming the English crown. So much for the French King and his peasant retainers!

"My lord of Pole," he cried sarcastically, "I regret that I can not at this moment put you in possession of the whole of your father's heritage. But the last title of it will be conferred upon you tomorrow morning at sunrise, when this idiot here"—he pointed to Gabriel Clos—"is hanged for murder. When your head rolls from the block you will have inherited all that Richard Pole bequeathed you!"

Peter had not moved. His face was expressionless, stubborn. But Sir George Pentley arose hurriedly, crossed to the judgment-desk, knelt on one knee before the cardinal.

"My lord cardinal!" he cried. "Grant me a word!"

"Not now, not now, Sir George!" cried the cardinal. "I know what you would ask. I hasten to an appointment with the Bishop of Calais. My time on this side of the Channel is too brief. I can not listen to you!"

"Your eminence, I insist! Have I never served you?"

"You have, Sir George. I owe you love." He paused, then said sharply, "Come to my chambers to-night at eleven o'clock. I will see you for a few minutes and explain to you the necessity of executing this fellow, the necessity, sir, of ending at one stroke this family of traitors!"

"I thank your eminence. I shall be there to listen and to answer." Sir George arose and gazed at Peter a moment. Then he went sadly to his seat. "A cool fellow," he thought.

Peter grasped very clearly the meaning of this. It was a trap, and he had entered it like a lamb! He hated himself for doing that. He had always admired foxes, and in spite of his danger he could not resist an admiration for the cardinal. To control such a smooth, machine-like organization! And Peter was worried about this poor fellow Gabriel Clos. Therefore, seeking his usual dramatic effect, he stepped forward and said:

"My lord cardinal."

"Well, sirrah?"

"As a condemned man who has as yet done no wrong, I have a humble request to make of you."

"Then do not make it so insolently."

"My request is humble enough," said Peter. He pointed to Gabriel Clos, who lay motionless, seemingly unconscious. "I hate this man; I hate him more than you would deign to hate the family of Pole. You have called me a traitor to your King, but I call him the destroyer of my name, my honor. I have not yet betrayed your King; but this man has long ago ruined my honor. And yet—and this is the last request of the doomed house of Pole—I ask you to forgive this fellow who has wrecked the house of Pole! I ask you to forgive!—or, if not that, commute his sentence to imprisonment!"

THE whole room gazed at Peter. The cardinal was more impressed than he would have dared to admit, by the angular face looking up at him. He was in a hurry. He waved his hand impatiently.

"Since this is all you ask, I shall put the bit of power in your mouth for just one second. The murderer shall have his life! Tell him he shall have his life, in God's name, and get it over with."

Peter turned dramatically to the half-conscious blacksmith. "Gabriel Clos," he cried, "my accusers have granted me a power which they themselves have not."

"What's this, what's this?" exclaimed the cardinal.

"Your indulgence, my lord cardinal, to execute your favor," said Peter.

"Mind your tongue then, sirrah."

"The power of mercy," continued Peter, turning again to Clos. "In the name of God, by permission of his holy representative on earth, the Cardinal Wolsey, I grant you mercy for the sin which you have committed against the house of Pole, and for that sin of murder against the family of Pentley. Take your life, Blacksmith! I give you more than I own."

He turned and bowed to the cardinal, conscious that he had made his gesture.

Then after a few formal words, Wolsey arose and strode down the aisle without glancing on either hand. Peter was led away by a dozen guards to the citadel, where he was pushed down a dismal passage and chained to the dripping wall of a dungeon.

The third instalment of "The Gentleman King" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published April 25th. If you prefer to read this story at one time save your Pictorial Reviews and read it all later on.

IMPORTANT

When you send us a change of address we act on it at once, but it is impossible for us to make the desired change until the second month following the date when we get your letter. This is because the tremendous circulation of Pictorial Review makes it necessary to have all addresses ready six weeks before the time for mailing comes around.

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